THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

SEPT. 21, 1918

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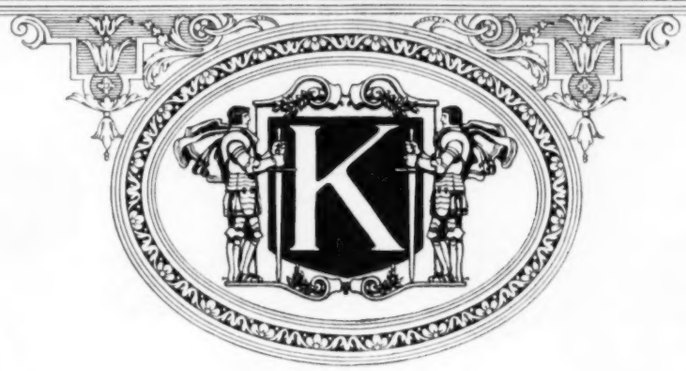
THE ZERO HOUR—By GEORGE PATTULLO

Cream of Wheat



Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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The COURAGE *to* BELIEVE IN *the* WORTHIEST *and* BEST

IDEALS in life and business are very potent things. We are at war for ideals of liberty and democracy.

CAN ANY MAN DOUBT the force of those ideals, or fail to see what they have done for America since she entered the war—in welding our people together; in giving life a loftier meaning and purpose; in wiping out class distinctions, race and religious differences; in teaching us all to live up to the best that is in us?

* * * *

AS FOR AMERICAN BUSINESS, there will be a new era after the war. We should all be preparing for it now.

WHEN THAT STAMP "Made in America" goes out over the world, the Government should see that it represents merchandise of honest merit—our worthiest and best. Otherwise it will be traded upon by makers of cheap and inferior goods: it will misrepresent the spirit of American business and of American labor.

AMERICA must maintain her quality standards in the eyes of the world. She must proclaim at home and abroad the undoubted economy of buying the best.

MORE AMERICAN MERCHANTS right now should put behind them the temptation of "seeming cheapness." In the present difficult conditions, with high costs and shortage of materials, it is plainer than ever that the only true economy is in buying worthy goods.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER for three generations has held to its belief in quality. As one of the very foremost clothing concerns in the world, it has an organization and buying power surpassed by none; and it places these at the service of all who believe that this is the time to hold high the banner of quality—to maintain standards—and to build for future trade and confidence.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

Makers of Civilian and Military Clothes

Specialty of Fractional Sizes and the "Forward" Model, originated by this House

Chicago





HAM CROQUETTES THAT ARE DIFFERENT



TO realize how dainty and delicious ham croquettes can be, use Crisco in their making and their frying as this conservation recipe directs. They are light and tender and of an unusually fine flavor. Just now when American housewives are asked to save beef, this is a most appetizing way to use odds and ends of ham and vary your menu.

Crisco is a cooking fat that gives good results in all frying. It is wholly vegetable, the solid cream of sweet, rich, edible oil. Without taste or odor, it enables you to bring out all the real food flavors. There cannot be a greasy taste to foods fried in Crisco.

CRISCO
For Frying-For Shortening
For Cake Making

Crisco is the most economical fat to use for frying, because there is little absorption and therefore very little waste. Then you can take the fat left over from your ham croquettes and use it for frying eggs or potatoes or even as a shortening, for Crisco absorbs no flavors. Simply strain it.

Crisco comes to you in air-tight, sanitary packages, one pound and upward, net weight, and it costs about the same as fats sold in bulk, not safe-guarded.

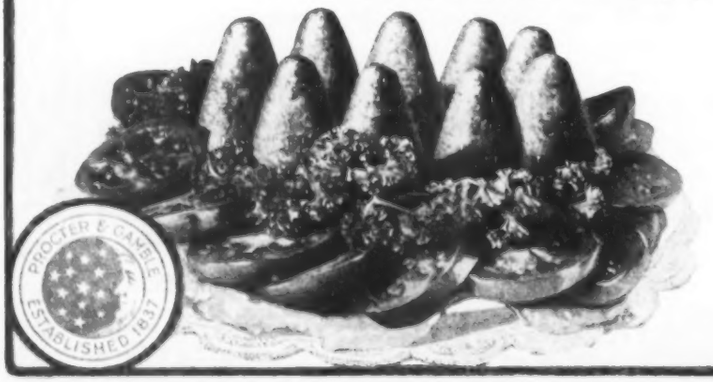
Ham Croquettes

This Recipe is Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

¼ cupful Crisco
6 tablespoonfuls corn flour
½ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful paprika
1½ cupfuls rich milk
1 cupful boiled rice
1 cupful chopped ham
1 egg, beaten light

(Use accurate **level** measurements)

To make the white sauce, melt the Crisco, add the flour and seasoning, and cook till bubbling, add the milk gradually, stirring constantly, and cook until the mixture thickens; then stir in the beaten egg. To this sauce add the rice and ham (cooked). Mix thoroughly and turn on a dish to become cold. Form into balls, cones or cylinder shapes, roll in dry, sifted bread crumbs. Fry in deep Crisco. Serve with peas, stewed tomatoes, or tomato salad.



You Need "War Time Recipes"

Janet McKenzie Hill has rendered valuable service in dedicating this new book to the American Woman. It is a timely volume of household information, illustrated in colors. The founder of the Boston Cooking School tells how to use successfully all the flours substituted for wheat. She gives over 300 recipes for economical and appetizing war foods. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send you a copy for 10 cents in stamps. Address Department K-10, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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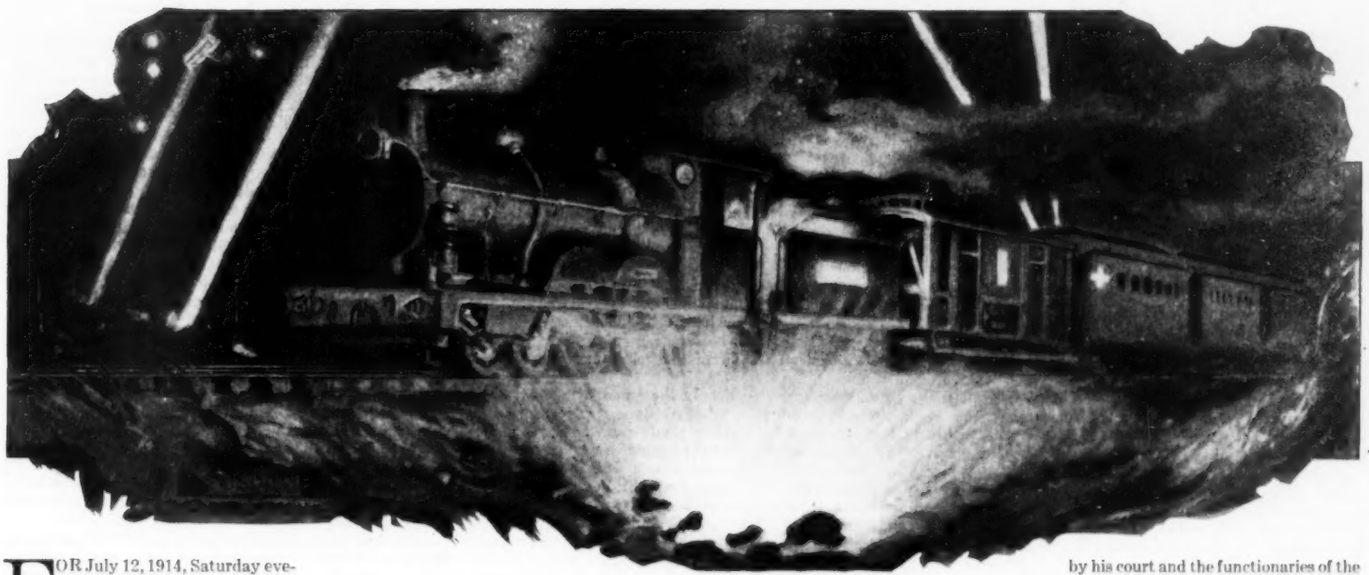
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LAST DAYS OF THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY

By Princess Cantacuzène
Countess Spéransky, née Grant



DECORATIONS BY R. SHERMAN KIDD

FOR July 12, 1914, Saturday evening, a gala performance of the imperial ballet was "commanded" in the quaint cottage-like theater of our military camp at Kraenoe-Celo. I have used throughout the Russian-Greek dating, which is thirteen days behind the Western time; consequently July twelfth would be the twenty-fifth in foreign style. Since the time of the great Peter the guard regiments of Russian autocrats have summered here, and this night, for the last event of the season, the pretty house and garden were illuminated and decorated with flags; our own and French. The latter were a remaining tribute to our allies, who had left us a few days previously, after a lengthy visit. We had fêted them with enthusiasm by dinners, parades, theatricals and races. There had been maneuvers also; while with speeches and conferences the serious business was done, which left each party feeling delighted with the other. Satisfaction in the past, hope for the future, showed on all faces, now that Poincaré and the brilliant Viviani were on their homeward route across the Northern Sea. We all breathed easily in the sense of relaxation from ceremonious functions; and we expected this evening to be one of unalloyed informal pleasure.

A few friends dined at our camp cottage; and in the party some diplomats come down from town brought us the unexpected news, which we called "sensational and exaggerated," of an agitated stock exchange, an anxious foreign office, complications with Vienna, and a possible crisis that might mean war. This set us all speculating, though we treated the subjects with only a passive interest. Troubles with Vienna were chronic; and we had been on the verge of war a dozen times. We even felt a certain humiliation, remembering how some years ago we had been obliged to swallow the insult of the Bosnia and Herzegovina annexation by Austria without a gesture of protest. After dinner my husband, who had been on the point of starting for a business trip to our estates, gave up his plan and his leave of absence, and joined our party for the theater. This was the first indication I saw that he regarded the table talk with any seriousness; though now he gave only his curiosity as the reason for deferring his trip, by way of explanation to our guests.

The Two Romanoffs at the Fairy-Tale Ballet

AS WE drove up to the playhouse, laughter and pretty clothes were the first impression, and we found the usual gay groups of officers, court functionaries and women standing about on the wide piazzas. Only to-night faces were more excited than ordinarily, and discussions more animated. All the conversations were on the same new subject that had occupied our thoughts since dinner. Here, too, had come the visitors from town with their gossip. The bell rang and interrupted comment, and we all entered to find our places in the pretty house, and to stand near them until the Emperor came in, followed by his court and the functionaries of the camp on duty, at their head the Grand Duke Nicholas-Nicholaïovitch, commander of the Imperial Guard and of the camp. Amid a great noise of spurs and sabers the sovereign having seated himself, with the Grand Duke on his left, the whole house did likewise.

The orchestra played its best under the imperial eye, and the curtain rose at once on one of the favorite fairy-tale ballets, of which we Russians never tire. The Emperor looked pleased and at rest, and seemed really to enjoy the scene before him. He loved to get away from forms and ceremonies; and this night, in the simple surroundings of our military camp, his shyness found relief from the duties connected with his rank. The effort of the French visit was ended, and the face I saw, when from time to time it was turned toward his splendid neighbor, bore no trace or shadow of anxiety for the future.

It would be difficult to find two faces more completely contrasted than those of the two Nicholas Romanoffs—our Emperor and his second cousin. The latter, in the small stocky form beside him, saw not only the person of a revered sovereign but also the embodiment of ideals of which he had made a second religion. As I looked at the two the childish, charming appeal for sympathy with his pleasure, expressed by the eyes and smile of the younger man, and the answering gleam of devotion and respect in the proud old face struck me forcibly.

Sazonoff Carries Off the Czar

QUITE evidently the political news we had heard had not yet reached the sovereign's ear or else had not impressed him, for his brow showed no trace of preoccupation other than that of interest and appreciation for the pretty ballerines, who danced and posed for his approval. In the light of later events I am inclined to think this act of ballet was the last hour of careless enjoyment our Emperor ever knew; and I am glad the deep preoccupation which at that moment clouded his companion's distinguished features seemed not to strike the younger man. Afterward I learned that Mike's—my husband, Prince Cantacuzène, Count Spéransky—trip had been given up at a telephoned word from the Grand Duke, who all that afternoon had been following the international news, with keen realization of its weight.

Toward the end of the first act a slight movement marked the arrival of Monsieur Sazonoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who quietly joined his colleagues in the front of the audience. It was so unusual for a member of the cabinet to be late when the sovereign was present at a fête that it at once set us whispering, and gave color to the reports of the early evening; especially as he looked weary and was quite evidently consulting with his neighbors on either side. All three were oblivious of the scenery and motions of the ballet. The act ended, everyone rose; and the Emperor, recognizing a face here and

there, left the hall, which at once emptied itself onto the piazzas.

More curious than ever was the crowd; and when, after a few moments' conversation with Sazonoff, the Emperor ordered out his motors and the whole cabinet followed His Majesty to the small palace he occupied in camp, we had reached the bursting point of excitement. All the diplomats present felt they wanted to return to town and send cipher messages to their capitals; and the military element became intensely anxious to leave our frivolous surroundings and to spend the night in offices and barracks, in case orders must be received or given suddenly. So we departed from the pretty building, where, alas, there will never again be such a meeting. What happened to the poor "ballerines" I have no idea; but I fancy they must have finished their performance to an empty house, and pined over their lost opportunity of winning imperial favor.

The news Sazonoff gave the Emperor was of so serious a nature that a council of ministers was called at once, the sovereign presiding in person. There it was decided what line of conduct the Foreign Minister was to take; to what extent he could count on being seconded by the Departments of the Army and Navy; and what was the state of those two arms of the government in case of war; also, how the Minister of Finance would supply the necessary funds. The council lasted late into the night, and was of immense historical importance. It left a feeling of confidence between the sovereign and those who formed his government. I was told by some of the ministers how shocked the Emperor was; and that he showed deep patriotism in his remarks. Sazonoff took courage from the promise of support; though he was put under orders to avert the catastrophe if possible; and this last was in conformity with his own personal feelings and desires.

How the Kaiser Treated Count Pourtalés

THAT night few slept in the cottages, barracks, tents and officers' mess rooms scattered over the hills of Kracnoe camp. Hearts were too heavy and anxiety was too keen, and we sat or lay awake, waiting for the ringing of our telephones. In the small hours of the morning the summons came—orders to move all our regiments to their winter quarters in the capital or its environs, wherever they belonged, as a mobilization might be called for in a few days. Our own unit, the Chevaliers Guards of Her Majesty the Empress-Mother, was to leave first, at nine that same morning, it being the ranking regiment; but it was to be immediately followed by other cavalry, then the infantry and artillery, regiments and batteries, till the whole busy camp should be turned into a vacant plain in unbelievably short time. Through the few days and nights I lingered in our pretty camp home I was never free again from the monotonous tramp of hoofs and feet past my garden gate. The troops moved in a continuous stream down the highroad to St. Petersburg; and the sinister procession was silent and orderly, and contained the flower of our empire, fifty thousand strong, who would be the first to go to the sacrifice if war was declared. I carried about with me an insurmountable depression, and tore myself with deep regret from the garden and cottage, which had been our summer home for many years. Not so the men, keen for the fray, and hoping this time we should not be led into giving way to the Germans' arrogance.

For two or three days there was some uncertainty, and the chance or hope of a peaceful solution; and there was as yet no mobilization—to the intense chagrin of the officers, I saw, who claimed that we should be far behind Germany in preparation for the struggle. However, on Wednesday, the sixteenth, Sazonoff seemed despairing of any further possibility of a peaceful issue; and mobilization was ordered, with the additional warning that our regiments must be ready at once because they were the first named to go to the Front in case of war being declared.

I shall never forget the stress and strain of those few days from the thirteenth till the sixteenth of July. Disturbances and strikes were feared and predicted in the capital, where German agents were arrested, and German money was found and confiscated among our factory workmen! Yet during this time the German Embassy remained with us, talking and negotiating, gaining time for themselves, and accusing us of having mobilized. All St. Petersburg lived in a state of indescribable nervous tension, and gossip said the pressure brought on the Emperor by certain court influences against war was so heavy that perhaps His Majesty would still be persuaded not to uphold our fine Slav policy of defending Serbia. During a week various parties talked, recommending this or that policy, but nearly all felt that the time had come when we must fight or lower our standards. After lingering over the discussion until Friday, the eighteenth, Germany's ultimatum was presented by old Count Pourtalés, who was so agitated that he made several mistakes in the papers he was to hand Sazonoff; and the latter preserved and showed to various people as a curiosity two contradictory documents written on opposite pages of the same sheet of paper, one of which the ambassador was too disturbed to notice and destroy.

Pourtalés was greatly distressed and surprised at our negative reply to his country's ultimatum. The old ambassador was a most charming man and showed himself always a true friend of Russia; and while he was kept in his post by a government anxious to mask its dishonest work he had near him as counselor of his embassy Von Lucius, who was the real agent, in direct communication with Berlin and the Emperor William, placed as a spy on his own ambassador. Pourtalés knew this toward the end, and suffered much from the system, of which he often complained; as well as of the fact that his recommending a course was generally sufficient reason for Von Lucius to recommend another. Von Lucius, ever since war was declared, has been at the head of the German spy organization for Russia with headquarters at Stockholm; and he conducted all the German revolutionary propaganda in Russia.

Pourtalés regretted deeply the trend of his country's action and the breaking off of relations; whereas his secretaries—Von Lucius at their head—were most inflammatory. It was reported by the person to whom she said it that the Countess Pourtalés, who had made a somewhat unsuccessful bid for popularity with St. Petersburg society, had vowed in leaving her embassy that within a few weeks no two stones of our city should stand one upon the other; that the German armies would take the place and burn it. The other members of the embassy had not been greatly liked in our usually kindly circle, but the old count's charm and culture had won esteem; and even in the haste of his departure the hospitality of the Hermitage Museum had been offered him for his valuable collection of Greek antiquities. The offer was refused from an excess of discretion on the part of the count, and a few days later this was deeply regretted by his many friends in St. Petersburg.

To us of the military element the week from the twelfth to the nineteenth of July was a time full of change and excitement, hard work and anxiety. Mike, at the first talk of war, had given up his leave, on the Grand Duke's suggestion. Then within twenty-four hours he had seen his chief and had had a long heart-to-heart talk with him, begging to be set free, entirely and definitely, from his duties as aid-de-camp to his Imperial Highness, asking permission, instead, to go under fire with his old regiment, the Chevaliers Guards. The chief listened to Mike with his usual kindly interest. Seven years this aid-de-camp had been constantly near him, abroad and at home. Through the hard period of the revolutionary days, when in 1905 the Grand Duke took over the command of St. Petersburg, quelled the troubles and brought order out of a chaos that had menaced the imperial throne, my husband served him. Also during the brilliant days that followed, when the Emperor had delighted to honor his cousin, and when the Grand Duke's place in Russia had been unique, he had always shown my husband the most generous understanding and confidence; had given him almost a filial place in his household, calling him familiarly "Mishka," and using with him always the "thou" of affection. He counted on him for various kinds of work of a delicate nature, charged him often with difficult missions, and accepted as if with grateful recognition the sincere devotion and loyal service my husband offered him.

The Grand Duke's Farewells

MIKE felt that perhaps his desire to leave the Grand Ducal court at this moment might be subject to misinterpretation, but his mind was set at rest immediately. The splendid old chief showed himself greatly touched and pleased with Mike's point of view, and replied that not only did he entirely sympathize with my husband and would grant his desire but, also, if he had been in his shoes he would have wished to act in the same way, and he envied extremely the possibilities Mike would have. He added his wishes for success, and said he would watch Mike's career with pleasure and interest and be ready to help him at any time. The Grand Duke also announced he hoped very much to reach the Front soon himself, as his present command, being mobilized, would be taken from him, and he had asked the Emperor to give him another corps of cavalry on the firing line.

My husband thanked his chief warmly, and the latter embraced him and blessed him paternally, calling in the Grand Duchess, who gave Mike the same cordial godspeed and a tiny ikon to protect him from danger.

When he returned home Mike was radiant from the spirit shown him in this interview. It was the only difficulty overcome. The old regiment hailed with delight the idea of having in its midst as a junior colonel such an old comrade, but he was considered somewhat crazy to leave his easy, safe and brilliant berth at court to chance the rough life at the Front.

After this Mike moved instantly to the regiment quarters in town, and because he feared for us at the deserted camp I packed and moved with the children to the Orloffs' villa at Strelna, where their kind and hospitable thought had called me in the first moment of excitement. This arrangement had the double advantage of keeping my little people in the country surroundings good for them, and yet bringing us considerably nearer the capital.

(Continued on Page 49)



THE SWEPT HEARTH

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE sleet was snarling at the windows of his apartment. Whitestone grumbled: "A beastly storm! Mother Nature trying to sneak back into New York." He drew the curtains of mulberry silk and hurried to the fireplace.

Louis Whitestone was thirty-four, but in the puttering exactness with which he placed the tasseled silver standard of the reading light by his chair there was dyspeptic old age. He knelt to sweep from the hearth a film of ashes and a cherry-colored lump of charcoal. He moved the deep chair an inch forward and an inch to the right, and strolled to the door for a comforting inspection of the room. Vistas were Whitestone's specialty in interior decorating. This vista he loved—the slide of glowing floor, the maroon glisten of mahogany table legs, the softness of Cashmere rugs.

He was moved to complain: "Why they should expect me to give up beautiful dreams and lie in the mud to be shot at! Unspeakable!"

He marched to his chair and resolutely opened a book of verse. It was a luxurious volume—clear type on wide thick paper. As he read he was conscious of the drowsy reek from the bowl of narcissus on the kidney-shaped table beside him. He forgot the actual world; he was lost in the amber dust of a caravan from Genghiz Khan. He sat among whimsical adventurers who apparently did not trouble about mud or violence or having typhoid, but rode on forever past sunny huts and graceful palms.



"You're Going to Marry Me! We'll Make an Island of Sanity Among These Winter Seas"

A log sputtered, the sleet slammed at the windows as though it would smash them in. He dropped the book, and for a terrified second fancied that into this room of powdery softness all the cosmic forces had been hurled. To his startled imagination he was no longer a prosperous urbanite, but aboriginal man, crouching by his tiny fire among half-gnawed bones, threatened by hurricane and volcano, by wild beasts, mysterious disease, malignant spirits. It seemed to him that an obscene giant hand swept out the lights; that in darkness he faced the roaring voices of abysmal Nature.

He tramped the room, tried to get hold of himself. He shut out the smokily flaming imagery, but in its stead came a vision of the trenches—the burst of shrapnel, men leaping down on him, coming irresistibly at him, shooting at him, stabbing at him.

To calm himself he picked up the most recent note from Mrs. Eaton—Rhoda Eaton, that tranquil yet eager widow of friendly twilights and most admirable tea. Her stationery was extraordinary—large orange sheets, covered with crabbed writing in intense black. He re-read her last paragraph:

"I went down into Chinatown yesterday. It is so beautifully free from the steel and glazed tiling of our wretched American reality. There were muted gongs, and dull gold thread upon musty fabrics of taupe and sapphire and violet; bamboo shoots simmering in copper vessels; the scent of orris root; furtive white women dulled by cocaine to a gliding death; children with flat glassy eyes and hair like varnished ebony; over all a wisdom decaying and undisturbed."

Tapping the envelope against his teeth Whitestone stammered: "Hang it, I'm not afraid of—things. It's simply that they're so crude. I'm cursed if I'll give up all this fineness just to go out and try to kill some poor devil that I haven't any quarrel with. B-but I'm not afraid!"

He threw up the window and let the gusty sleet drench his face. But he didn't insist on being foolhardy in his exploit. He popped in his head, drew the shades and curtains, wiped his hair with a thick towel, and again sought to find in the book of verse a cloistral content.

His crossed legs kept up a nervous wriggling; he knew that he was uneasy with the fear of fear.

That is the true and authentic reason why Louis Whitestone leaped up, telephoned, flung himself into evening clothes, called for a taxicab—with a careful driver—appeared at Mrs. Eaton's, comforted her in regard to the storm, the war, and a certain *peau de soie* frock that had turned out badly, and somehow, sitting with her curled against his shoulder in a small fragrant ball, became engaged to be married.

II

IN MARCH of 1918 the wolves were driven by hunger from the recesses of the Apennines, and came down on the Campagna, within a few miles of Rome. Here is the Eternal City, so old in civilization that two thousand years ago its refinements had rotted; so new and fresh and firm that to-day it quickens to the science of Montessori. Here is the stronghold of man's culture—and from it the ear catches the howling of wolves; detects the ironic jeering of Mother Nature waiting to cover the Colosseum and the newest laboratory with the oblivion of wilderness.

Numberless are the weapons of Nature in her war on man. Chuckling she sends tuberculosis germs to penetrate the book-barricaded refuge of the sapless professor. The prairie cyclone wrecks the tractor, the silo, the telephone wire, the wormy shed. The observatory in which man, master of earth, turns his conquering eye on Mars, is suddenly and cynically buried in lava. Cities pass, man still hovers, seeming everlasting; but if he endure the unwearying siege of jungle and storm, some day a few degrees of cold will drive his race, with all breathing life, from this satellite of an insignificant star; and unless his spirit live on in the morning meadows of some higher plane only the frosty heaps of dust will mark his brief and hectic chronicle.

Man forgets the immemorial enemy, and in the briskness of daily labor believes that the fragile walls of his shops are unconquerable bulwarks. But to Louis Whitestone all the forces of earth were sinister.

Two things in his adolescence developed his unusual consciousness and awe of Nature.

His home of boyhood was in a hill defile, battered by blizzard and maniacal wind all winter. Spring did not bring to his village the relaxation of clearing weather and downy boughs but daily anxiety about the floods, which every year turned the valley towns into grotesque wooden Venices, with boats crossing the streets from second story to second story.

The other factor in his sensitiveness was the influence of his aunt. His mother was dead; his father, the village doctor, was busy and aloof. His aunt babied him. She was always begging him to be careful of slippery ice or sunstroke or evil-speaking boys. Through tempests the boy and his aunt clung together. He could feel her shuddering, hear her asthmatic pants of fright. He caught the hysteria from her.

She had a habit of saying of every unpleasant trick of manners as well as of every violence of storm: "That's old Mother Nature." Louis saw Mother Nature clearly; she was the villainess of his tale; she was a dreadful but rather inconsistent monster, her head an icy mountain filleted with lightning, her teeth the fangs of a mad dog, her habits deplorable as regards dirty nails and washing behind the ears.

There were no other boys near; Louis' aunt was his companion. He built houses with her spools. Beside her, while she embroidered doilies and encouraged him to tell what he had read in Longfellow, he crocheted lamp mats. He became precise about the arrangement of their sparse wild flowers. He made patterns of ribbons and yarn, his eyes quick to note shades of color, his fingers affectionately touching the soft surfaces.

The world as he saw it was not the usual boyhood background of diverting streets or fields that enticed to distant tramps, but always an interior, a room warm and light and filled with colors, beyond which were unknown terrors.

He was equally distrustful of dogs and snakes. He preferred pigeons and kittens, even at twelve, when he was a broad-shouldered, sound-chested, tow-headed boy, with a voice that would be sufficiently deep. He was never hardened to endure the tormenting jabs of the cold. For months in the visionary moment before going to sleep he remembered his one boyhood fight, and he hated the grime and vulgarity of it, the rubbing of his face in the grit and the shouting of the other boys, quite as much as the recollected pain of having his head jarred by a blow on his chin.

Swimming was to him a fanciful dabbling on the edge of Green Pond. Even when he had learned to swim, when he knew the exultation of the water's sliding past his smooth body, he was seized by the panic fear that hideous black forms might loom up in the water to devour him. It was paralyzing to know that he could not touch bottom. Though no one had ever caught anything but beatific sunfish in the pond, he fancied great pickerel crunching his legs, dragging him down into horror.

Most fire-shot hysteria of all, with its apparition of Nature's final menace, death, was the thundershower. He hid in the house and tried to control his rearing mind by doing sums to prove that there was only one chance in ten million of being hit. But in the middle of a calculation he would leap at the sound of a thunderclap, run to his aunt and feed his terror upon hers.

Louis was a capable student. He combined imagination, which saw actual humanity in the stony chunks of Roman history, with meticulous exactness, which enabled him to carry out problems in mathematics. He won a scholarship in a preparatory school, where the ridicule of other boys made him conceal though it could not make him conquer his shrinking.

So he entered college, a solidly built, carefully reciting, rather commonplace boy—one of the fifty per cent of a class whose names no one quite remembers after graduation.

His hours of greatest eagerness he found in Benny Benson's room.

Benny Benson was the class Bohemian. He was the first to discover mulled wine, socialism, Frank Norris, and a peculiar cube-cut tobacco. He was fabulously clever. He could play the violin, paint in water colors, drive an automobile—a new and heroic accomplishment—sing from notes, give imitations of Nat Goodwin, talk about Keats, and quote Robert Hunter on poverty and David Starr Jordan on war. Louis was certain that Benny would be world-famous before he was thirty. He quoted Benny's quotations on poverty and war, and hung about Benny's room even when Benny was not there.

Louis was taking courses in the art department. He was not distinguished in his work; his sketches from the model were as spiritless as a tin soldier. But he knew color and form, and loved them with a hidden excitement. He believed that he was going to be an architect. He sketched pergolas and luxurious kitchens, and on walks with Benny he was superior and explanatory about the faults of every house they passed. When Benny went out on the lake or into the woods Louis did not follow him.

Benny introduced him to a girl as Bohemian as themselves. She worked in the public library, and terrified her meek father by giving Welsh-rabbit parties at midnight and decorating the house in chintz and wicker. Thus it came to Louis that he too would be an interior decorator. He fell in love with the girl, though whether with her eyes or with her opinions on carnelian velours it is hard to tell. He also fell violently out of love with her because of her indelicacy in having knees. He had thought of her as always sleek and silvery; but when Benny and he, with the girl and her friend from the library, went picnicking at the beach and the girl appeared in a baggy rented cotton bathing suit without stockings, her knees red and pebbly, she suddenly lost all magic and became merely a boy.

After graduation Louis went to a school of design in New York, while Benny blithely scampered off to law school, to worry his serious classmates by insisting that Torts was a subject lacking in humor.



He Shut Out the Flaming Imagery, But in its Stead Came a Vision of the Trenches

III

LOUIS was methodical and rather ingenious in the school of design. Saturdays and evenings he worked in an interior decorator's shop. He hated the dust and drudgery, but he loved the new fabrics, new woods, new patterns. He won the school's scholarship for study in Paris, and went abroad.

It cannot be said that he went gayly. While he was saying nice things about opportunity, while he was thinking of the violet-shadowed gardens and enormous theaters of Europe, his every thought was underlaid with a black muddy dread. He hadn't many friends; he was alone the evening before sailing; and he gave himself up to a litany of fear. He did not think of seasickness; he was patient in sickness; but his mind ran round and round the circle of foundering, collision, fire, explosion, reefs. He thought of the ship as very small, a thing for the waves to mock.

But when the network of passages 'tween decks opened before him, when he saw how extensive and firm was the steamer's deck, he was comforted. He was not sick; he was an excellent sailor. He even said some quite witty things to his table companions, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton.

Mr. Eaton was the vice president of the Loyalty Trust Company of Brooklyn—a broad-faced, abrupt man. His wife, Rhoda Eaton, was all languor and red hair and creamy skin and trailing gowns of silver tissue. She was given to cigarettes and novels by English realists, and interest in people, which interest took the form of saying interrogatively: "Poor Rhoda so neglected? Come sit down beside me and tell me why no one likes me?"

Men always sat beside her and told her earnestly that she was quite mistaken. Louis did, frequently. During these moments—Mrs. Eaton called them moments—Mr. Eaton was heard of as winning at poker in the smoking room. Mrs. Eaton said that Mr. Eaton was affectionate, but absorbed in business.

Louis indicated that he would as soon not talk of Mr. Eaton. She did not seem to be offended. Louis lay awake to mutter "Rhoda, my darling!"

He was only a little uneasy through the mystery of the Banks fog, though he pictured the world as vanished in the gray night of chaos. He was not agitated till, in the North Atlantic, they ran into a gale.

Then the orderly comfort of his stateroom and the sweet-scented brightness of the saloon were gone in a nightmare of rolling, trembling agony. The ship seemed powerless. He tried to take comfort from the calm way in which the ship's officers went about their routine. He assured himself that they were on the bridge, alert; they did not seem to be alarmed. But that reassurance failed him at each frantic creaking—the ship's moaning as she staggered under the attack of Nature.

He could not sleep that night. He tried to read himself into oblivion. Each stagger of the ship he followed with cramped heart; followed the walls of the stateroom, down, down, surely too far to come up again. There were quieter moments when, lying in his berth, he read Tapestries Suitable to Heppelwhite and Chinese Chippendale. He stared at the large prim pages till his eyes stung and he believed that he was blessedly sleepy. But as he switched out the light the ship seemed to turn a somersault, and he was shocked into wakefulness.

"It's come!" he quaked.

"It" was the hidden menace that all his life had leered from the thundercloud, from the uncanny stillness of woods, the mad eyes of barking dogs. The ship settled down to steady wallowing, but he was afraid to await It in the darkness, alone. He dressed and went to prowl through the gangways. No one was in sight. He seemed to walk, a dead man, in a corridor of tombs. He poked into the library, whose windows looked forward to the bow.

The room was dimly lit. Through the windows he could make out a churning waste of water tearing past. It was, he told himself, like Nothing made visible. He was afraid to look out again. He closed his eyes and discovered that he was also afraid not to look out.

He glanced wildly about the shadowy room, and in a corner under a steamer rug on a couch he saw Mrs. Eaton.

She was watching him. She seemed by her warm presence to have saved him from death. He lost shyness. He wavered over to her and sighed: "Fierce night!"

"Yes, it's unspeakable. Frankly, I'm afraid."

"Frankly, so am I! I wish I were a ship's captain with a beard, but I'm not. And drowning would be so—chilly!"

"It's dear of you to admit it. My husband laughed at me when I told him I was frightened, and he went to sleep again, and I felt so penned up in there—as if I couldn't get out in case of—of need—and I ran out here, and there wasn't anybody, not anybody in sight, and nobody to comfort silly Rhoda."

"I don't know how much I can comfort you, but I can be scared with you!"

"That's what I want."

He patted her hand and talked about things that seemed to him more sensible than being in a gale—neat things, like intaglios and colored etchings.

She slipped off to sleep, and he was drowsy beside her. At ghastly dawn he awoke her and sent her off to her stateroom. She nodded gratefully the next time she saw him, and they talked of the advantages of field cloth over chintz, and the advantages of Mrs. Eaton over Mr. Eaton. At landing they said good-by pleasantly but not effusively. Her slight creaminess was overshadowed by Mr. Eaton's bulk.

Louis spent two years in France, Germany, and the shop of Messrs. Charles Gordon Wambaugh & Bro., Old Bond Street, and returned to New York as chief assistant to Miss Farnham, Interiors, Park Avenue. He proved to be as efficient in collecting bills and following up clews to new business as in adapting period furniture.

In 1914, when he was thirty-one years old, he was the senior partner of Whitestone & Kent. He was also unmarried and, with the increasing cautiousness which marked him, mildly in love with Mrs. Eaton. She was now a consoled widow. She lived in the old Eaton house on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, a region of English nursemaids, grassy churchyards, fanlights and esplanades, above the docks where ships come in from Java and Rangoon and steaming ports of coral. Rhoda Eaton and he talked of the opera—not of the hours at sea when they had clung together, savages on a lost catamaran, terrified by the spirits of unpropitiated night.

Emotion never set them trembling. Indeed there was little of sharp emotion for Louis now in anything. The security and briskness of his office, his salesrooms, hid the expectant grin of Mother Nature. He was uneasy when a tender April day turned into a savage rain; when an acquaintance was crushed by a falling wall five minutes after leaving him; when fire swept the water front. But he had, he felt, mastered Nature.

Even the outbreak of the great war stirred him only to resentment that nations could not settle affairs more logically than by war. It was this resentment which drew him back to his idol of college days, the great Benny Benson.

Benny had come to a law firm in New York. He was still being clever about music, painting, motors, singing, acting, poetry, and a sentimental but unstatistical sociology; and these interests kept him from drudgery in the law office. While Louis had climbed to authority and a smart apartment, Benny had without worrying much about it sunk to boredom and a furnished room in Harlem. The two dined together at their college club once a month.

With the war Benny awoke and became a militant pacifist. He worked for leagues; he was always making

speeches; he lost his position with the law firm. Louis was uncomfortable in his presence. Louis disapproved of war, but he disapproved equally of being noisy about disapproving. He was relieved when Benny went West to preach pacifism and keeping out of the war.

The year 1917 is historical for Louis' thirty-fourth birthday, for his discovery of a profitable tone of Hungarian blue, and incidentally for America's entrance into the war. Louis had no more thought of taking part in this war than of enlisting in the Napoleonic Wars. It was to him merely contemporary history. It touched him only in its interference with the importation of furniture. Then, suddenly, he saw himself snatched into it.

Incredulously he read that men of his age—thirty-four—might actually be included in the National Army. For weeks the congressional committee was undecided as to the maximum age of the draft. Louis was moved to agitated excitement. At ten o'clock, at noon, at three, at six and in the late evening he sneaked out to buy new editions of the papers—two or three at a time. He smuggled them to his chair, looked cautiously about, tore them open, looked for the one item in all the world's news that meant anything, and read the latest speculation about the draft age.

He took seriously everything he heard or read about the decision. He pondered on interviews with congressmen, on editorials, on remarks in restaurants. He was kept awake by the casual shout of one young man to another: "Well, I should worry if I get drafted—the boss will get his too. He ain't only thirty-four, and he ain't married. Gee, wouldn't I like to be his sergeant!"

He lost all the fine calm of his disapproval of war in general, and thought only of himself in particular, in decided particular. He went over every way of keeping himself out of it. He planned to offer his services to the commissary department, but he did not want to be on record in the war office. He thought of lying about his age. He tore out the flyleaf of a beloved book that had the betraying inscription: "To Louis on his ninth birthday, from Aunty. January 23, 1892." He burned the leaf in an ash tray and rubbed the ashes between his fingers.

He was miserable when acquaintances jeered, "Oh, you'll be in it!" and overjoyed when anybody, from a customer to an office boy, assured him that he was above the age. In the sincerity of fear his secret spirit crawled; he went down into the depths of admitting that he was a coward; he was as abased as a drunkard in a gutter. Yet he was indignant when a young actor wailed to him: "I'm not afraid of war, but I couldn't stand being just one of a mob. Think of my having to present arms with a hundred other men!" Louis snapped that the actor lacked imagination. He was honest in his indignation. However helpless he might feel in the creeping flames, he could think with thrills of being one of many men, comrades in the same cause. He wouldn't at all have minded being a private and saluting a cub lieutenant.

He longed for the return of Benny Benson, who would sympathize with him. But he did not know where Benny was—he had heard rumors of him as lecturing against conscription in the West. Rhoda Eaton did sympathize. He called on her often, and she begged: "Don't go mad like everybody else, and get into the war! Oh, please don't, Louis!"

After much coaxing he promised it as a personal favor to her. It was impossible to be entirely frank with her. In her presence it seemed to be the purpose of the universe to provide her with affection, and deft service, and chiffon clinging to her pale skin, and a suffocation of flowers that drugged all energy and thought.

The limit of thirty-one years was adopted, and Louis felt like a man released from prison. There was nothing wrong with the world now, and never would be again. He began to be sorry, with a well-fed pleasant sorrow, for the men who would be drafted. He began to look at the officers in khaki on Fifth Avenue without the sensation of being wanted by the authorities.

He merely wondered when a man in the uniform of the officers' training camp, with the red-white-and-blue hat cord, stalked into his private office. Only his assistant and important customers had that privilege. He gazed in polite surprise. The man's hat brim was low. Louis could not see his eyes, but he saw that the man was grinning—and that he was Benny Benson.

"Hello, Whitey! Just back from Oregon. Been up at Plattsburg. How do you like my new suit of clothes?" said Benny boisterously.

Louis murmured exactly as in his Freshman days: "Well—I'll be—darned."

"Probably you will be, but what's your formula about Benny—'Is this a joke?' or 'And you call yourself a pacifist!' or 'Well, I'm glad to see you've come to your senses at last'? They're all good sound brainy comments. I've heard 'em all, lots of times."

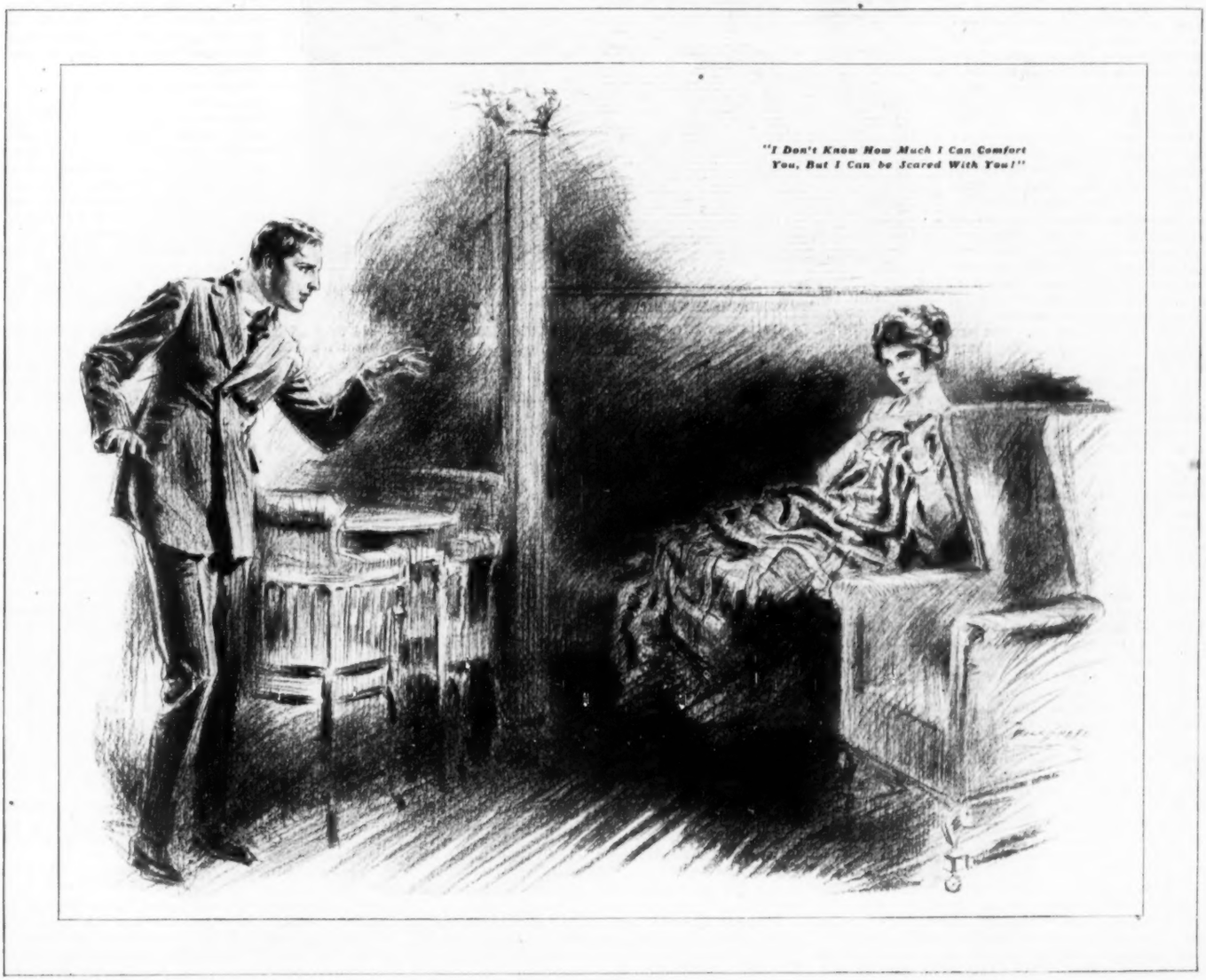
"You're really going to be an officer?"

"If I get through."

"Why?"

"Oh, why does one do anything? Why does a man work hard or get married? There's lots of different reasons. Except in fiction—which I define as psychology simplified to the point of absurdity—nobody ever does anything for just one detachable reason. Partly—mind you, I still hate war, and I find lots of nice lads in the training camp who hate it as much as I do, and are going to war to get rid of it. That's one reason—the passionate hope that this really will be the last war. Another thing—I don't know; we're all such selfish brutes, and maybe this

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"I Don't Know How Much I Can Comfort You, But I Can be Scared With You!"

THE ZERO HOUR—By George Pattullo

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION



A Company of German Prisoners, Captured in Belleau Wood, Being Conducted to the Rear by a Guard of United States Marines

"SAY," Wally whispered hoarsely along the trench, "what time is it, anyhow?"

A voice answered from the dark: "Half past two. Keep quiet, and go to sleep."

"What? You mean to say we been here only an hour? Boy howdy!"

And muttering to himself he settled down again. Huddled against the dirt wall with his arms wrapped round his knees he closed his eyes. His head sank slowly forward on his chest, a gentle purring sound issued from his nose, and he was off to bye-bye.

The company were in the jumping-off trenches, about a hundred yards behind the front line. Late the previous afternoon they had come up in trucks from a village thirty kilometers back, laughing and whooping as they careened along the roads, and at one-thirty they had entered the newly dug positions. They would go over the top for the first time in the pale gray of dawn. Yet they slept. They slept, curled up on the floor of the trench or with their backs arched against the side, as soundly as they had done in rest billets. Death would come to many with the rising of the sun, but nobody stayed awake to worry over it.

The night was calm. There was no moon, but myriads of stars powdered the sky. Away off on the horizon at their left sheets of flame zigzagged like heat lightning, and from them came a faint sullen booming as of heavy surf—the artillery was raising hell somewhere to the north.

But all was as peaceful as a country lane in Wally's sector; not even a machine gun had barked since their entry. It was hard to believe that thousands of men lay on their arms a few feet below the surface of the ground, waiting for daybreak to rush and kill.

A soldier stirred uneasily in his sleep, muttered some unintelligible gibberish and stretched out his legs. One heavy, groping foot poked Wally under the ear and he woke, very peevish.

"Why the Sam Hill can't you leave a guy sleep?" he inquired in a fiery undertone, rubbing his mouth with the back of his hand, for he had drooled. Getting no reply he asked: "Say, what time is it now?"

An officer told him: "Three o'clock. Cut out that talking."

Wally eased his cramped back and legs, and settled once more to slumber. It seemed to him that he had barely shut his eyes when the shriek of a shell sounded overhead. A moment, and a flock of them were streaming toward the American batteries far in rear. Mingled with the rending crash of high explosives was the muffled report of gas shells. The boches were going after our gunners with mustard, mixing the shells with heavies in order to drown their telltale "plunk!"

The Night Before the Attack

WALLY sat up straight and sniffed the air. All the men in the jumping-off trench were wide awake now. Somebody yelled "Gas!"

"Will we put on our masks, lieutenant?"

The officer tilted his nose this way and that. A soft breeze was blowing in their direction from the battery positions, but the odor it carried was very faint.

"No; it isn't necessary," he announced; and Wally relaxed. Some of the soldiers, nevertheless, donned their masks, but presently discovering that those who didn't showed no ill effects they removed them. And in a short while the firing ceased.

"Please, lieutenant, what time is it?"

"Three-forty-five. Cut out that talking."

Æons of waiting, represented on a watch dial by ten minutes, and: "Say, lieutenant, ain't it about time now, sir?"

"Not four yet. I'll tell you when to get ready."

Wally could not sleep. For one thing he was thirsty, having had nothing to drink since four o'clock the previous day; for another, he was longing for a smoke. His throat fairly throbbed with the craving, yet he had to deny himself that solace. There could be no smoking until daylight; and as for water, their sole supply consisted of what the men carried in their canteens, and that was to be used only in emergency.

Great as was his present need he knew that the canteen might have to suffice for forty-eight hours, so he gulped and endeavored not to think about it.

One form of relief remained—he could ask the hour. He did so half a dozen times in fifty minutes, with the result that a sergeant wanted to know what the blue blazes Wally took him for, anyhow? The latter retaliated by questioning the accuracy of the sergeant's watch.

"I bet you she's stopped. Bet you five francs."

The noncom held it to his ear to listen. "No, she ain't, either. Going fine. I tell you she's right to a second. All our watches was synchronized before we come up."

That settled it. Wally hadn't even a suspicion of what "synchronized" meant, but it sounded final, so he held his peace.

And gradually he dozed. His rest was fitful, broken by nightmares. Once he roused and muttered: "Gee, I was having a swell dream. At a picnic, and the girl says 'Have some more of this ice cream, honey.' The band was playing —— Say, what time is it now?"

As though in answer to the query the whole sky behind them suddenly spurted flame and the earth quivered under the shock of three thousand guns opening in chorus—the American artillery had commenced a smothering fire on all the enemy positions. They were pummeling the German trenches; they were smashing the villages of X and Z into powder; with gas and heavies they were trying to paralyze every battery that covered this sector. The battle had opened.

"My watch is wrong, hey?" cried the sergeant triumphantly, close to Wally's ear. "Take a peek at that. *Regardez!* Right to the second. Five o'clock! Wow, ain't that music?"

The upper air seemed alive with devils. They whispered and whistled, they whimpered and wailed, they shrieked. The big fellows went rushing overhead with a sound like a fast train on a still night. Others gave off a doleful, anxious whine, almost like a dog in sight of its quarry, but worried over it. And from in front came a rapid series of splitting detonations.

Pebbles and bits of dirt rained from the walls of the trench, and the men there could feel the vibration—steady, continuous. Wally reared himself for a look over the top. What he saw was a wide expanse of darting flashes, a wall of fire made up of innumerable bursts. Directly opposite there seemed to be a volcano in eruption. It was the village of X, belching flames and smoke. The outline of its treetops and roofs showed vividly at every flare, and Wally could distinctly see the church tower, as yet untouched.

Half in awe he said: "Holy mackerel! Maybe we ain't givin' 'em hell!"

The men round him were now making ready, and dawn was breaking. A pale shiver in the eastern sky, a few golden streaks, and presently they became aware that the earth was almost completely shrouded in low-hanging mists. From a clump of trees on their right came the notes of a bird.

The Bombardment

WAS it the chill of early morning or the tension of waiting that made Wally tremble? Probably both; but he was shaking like a leaf, and glanced cautiously about him to see how the others were taking it.

Nearly all looked wan and drawn, like men badly in need of sleep. There was a sort of damp pallor about their faces, and he noted that each soldier avoided meeting the other's eye. Only weather-beaten old Smith seemed as usual, grizzled and glum; but then this was a familiar business to him, and, moreover, he had a skinful of cognac.

They were puffing on limp cigarettes and hardly any of them talked. When they did it was in monosyllables and jerkily. Smith got off a joke, but earned only a sickly smile from the man nearest him.

Did they all have colds? Everyone was clearing his throat or coughing. Scarcely anybody sat still; they either fooled with their accouterments, testing and inspecting for the hundredth time, or shifted their feet, moving aimlessly this way and that. A few squatted on their haunches and stared at nothing.

"Say," inquired Wally in a voice that sounded reedy and far away in his own ears, "ain't it about time now?"

"Fourteen minutes yet," answered the lieutenant. "I'll tell you in lots of time. And remember, men—when you get the command to fix bayonets I want you to keep them down, so they won't show above the trench."

The artillery was still pounding away as though it had nothing else to do and meant to keep it up all day. Watching through an indentation in the top of the trench Wally saw a chunk torn out of the middle of the church spire in X. Dust and bits of stone geysered from it; the spire teetered, poised a moment and then came tumbling down. The walls followed, as shell after shell tore through them. The village was being wiped out.

When the mist lifted momentarily he caught a glimpse of the bombardment. Shells were spattering all along the German Front. First came the leaping flash, then a smother of dirt and dust and débris and a column of smoke. At one point far back rose dense clouds of it, with sullen flames below. Evidently the American fire had set ablaze a dump of some kind. "Somehow it ain't so loud as I expected," Wally remarked wonderingly to the man next him, but the other paid no attention.

It was now broad day and everybody was gazing toward the lieutenant. That officer was gazing at his watch. He seemed perfectly cool, but a trifle grim for a boy of twenty-two.

"Ain't it near time, sir?" asked a sergeant, licking his dry lips.

For answer the lieutenant barked out an order to fix bayonets. Clang! Clickety-click—clang! A resounding clangor swept down the line as they drove the bayonets home. The flash of them above the trench must have been visible a mile away.

Once more they waited. They waited with quickened breath and fast-beating hearts, trembling like dogs in leash. For zero hour was at hand; they all knew it.

Suddenly a great fear laid hold of Wally, a wild sort of panic that made his eyes stare glassily and started him breathing in long gasps. The perspiration began to pour down his face; it trickled into his mouth, dripped down under his arms. He glared all round him as though seeking a place to hide.

A few minutes and he would be going over the top, perhaps to death. A frenzied rebellion against such a fate surged up in him. Why should he die? Why should he be picked on? He had seen men broken and torn to hunks by shells, and faced by the same prospect he quaked to the soul. Sudden hate of the lieutenant, of the sergeants, of all his comrades caused him to grit his teeth. If one had addressed a word to him then Wally would probably have cursed him.

His roving, frightened glance happened to fall on a man they called Slum. Slum was an S. I. W. In a moment when his morale was low through lack of sleep, shortage of food and the strain of days of almost continual bombardment Slum had shot himself through the hand in order to get out of it all. Later he had repented in shame and bitter self-reproach, so they had given him another chance.

Now he stood with his back against the wall of the trench, his eyes half closed, his lips moving soundlessly. He was so pallid that Wally thought he was going to collapse.

Instantly his own fear fled. It is a maxim of psychology that will power is cultivated by contact with weaker wills—so did Wally overcome his own terror at the sight of the greater terror the unfortunate Slum betrayed.

Some Nerve-Racking Moments

HE WIPED his face and looked round him to discover whether his comrades had remarked anything unusual. Apparently they had not. He drew a deep breath, and a wonderful peace stole over him. Often and often, lying in his blankets in a rest billet, he had wondered what he would do when the critical moment arrived, and sometimes when, low in spirits, the fear of fear had laid hold of him. The awful thought that he might break had struck horror to the marrow of his bones, sending him into a panic. But now he knew that he would not, that he would see it through. He thanked God fiercely for that.

"Shucks," he thought, "they can't all be heroes. I bet they're just as scared as I am—most of these boys are."

He found consolation in that, and said brusquely to Slum: "How's she coming, Old Timer? I tell you what—you keep an eye on me and I'll keep an eye on you."

Slum looked at him, muttered something and straightened. He began to inspect his rifle again, very carefully and slowly, though his fingers fluttered.

But what time was it? The artillery bombardment was proceeding furiously, but no answering fire came as yet from the boche batteries. Would they get away before their barrage fell? Why didn't they start while the enemy guns were silent?

If they could only beat out the barrage—only get beyond the front trenches before it fell! Every man of them speculated on that, hoping against hope. The thought became an obsession with the lieutenant; it was uppermost in the mind of the captain of the company, of the major who commanded the battalion, and of the colonel who commanded the regiment.

There was no sign of an enemy barrage yet. Their own fell without even a symptom coming from the boches. It started close to their front, with a sort of rhythmic regularity that made Wally think of drums. Rum-tum-tum-tum! Rum-tum-tum-tum!

The suspense of waiting was horrible. They shuffled their feet and fidgeted, gulping and licking their lips. Every man was watching the lieutenant, who seemed to stiffen as he eyed the dial of his watch. His arm dropped to his side.

"Time's up. Let's go!" he shouted, and leaped for the top.

Young S—— had fondly hoped to lead them over. Many a time he had promised himself that honor, but he did well to be fourteenth. There was a mad scramble, and then they were out in the open, advancing in their first charge against the boche.



Towing a German Trench Mortar, Captured by Americans, Back to a Salvage Station

If a single man hesitated it was not apparent in the rush. Wally was third out. Slum came close behind him, but he fumbled and started to claw, whereupon Wally gave him a hand. Oddly enough Slum paused to brush the dirt off his knees before starting forward, but a few seconds later Wally beheld him on his left, moving resolutely.

There was no cheering. They went at a sober walk, fifty yards to the minute, and the men kept their gaze on the ground. They looked stern and intent. As for Wally he was taut with excitement. Every atom of fear had vanished the instant he got into motion.

The lieutenant was inwardly praying as he walked forward with them, stick in hand—praying that they would win well into No Man's Land before the Germans opened fire. Three-score yards and they had to jump across their own front trenches, empty of all but outposts, who proceeded to join them—and still no answer from the enemy. The first danger was safely passed.

They went through gaps in their own wire and moved slowly down the slope of a long ridge. Spread out, they maintained several yards' interval between men and their pace was little better than a crawl. So it seemed, at any rate, to the soldiers who were obliged to hold to it. They kept forging ahead, only to be called back by an officer or noncom.

In the Midst of the Barrage

THE lieutenant had to yell at Wally twice. Try as he would Wally could not accommodate his steps to fifty yards a minute longer than ten seconds, for a fierce eagerness drove him forward.

The barrage was moving ahead, flailing the ground like giant hailstones. More than once the gas of the chemicals in the shells nearly choked him, and he passed fresh craters in which flames still writhed. After watching awhile he shouted to Slum: "Why, there're great big holes in it. I bet a dollar I could go through."

He had always thought that the artillery made an impenetrable curtain of fire for a charge; everybody had told him so and he had read it dozens of times. As a matter of fact there are gaps in every barrage.

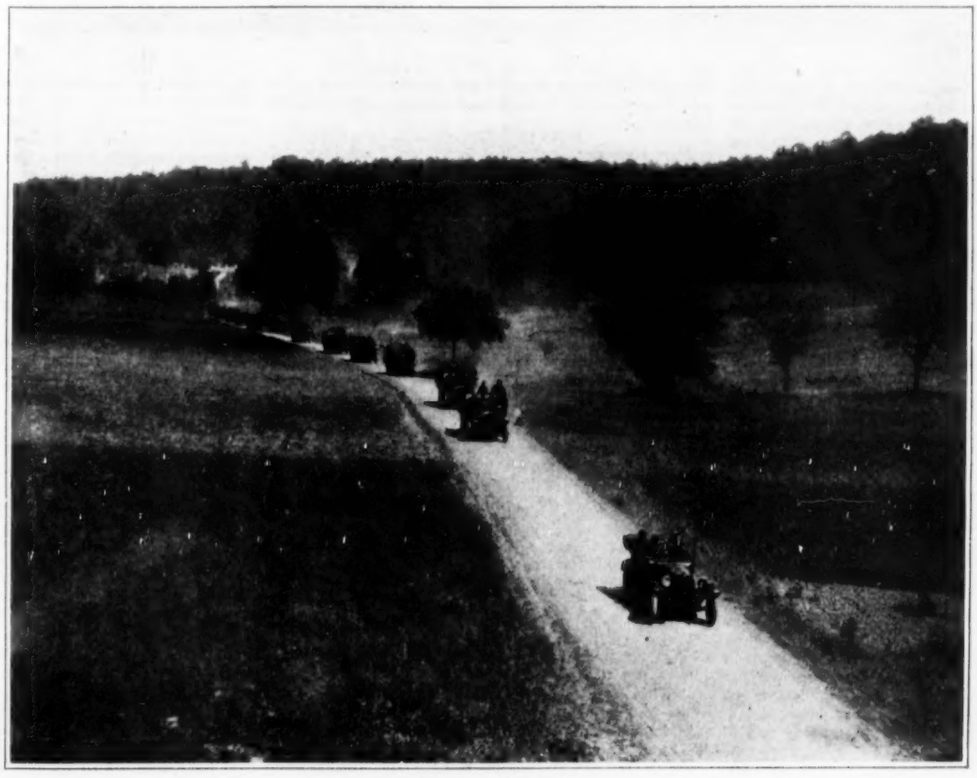
The man on his right presently remarked, "Say, it ain't as loud as I expected," and Wally agreed. All through the battle he kept thinking that it wasn't so loud as he had anticipated.

Halfway down the slope the mists parted momentarily and a magnificent sight was unfolded.

A line of tanks, appearing from nowhere, was descending into the little valley ahead of them. They lumbered along in echelon, spitting fire as they went, and men on foot were running to and fro, as though in attendance on the monsters.

Two lines of khaki-clad men followed at a walk; they stretched for miles; the lines spread out to the left as far as Wally could see. Six or seven sausage balloons floated lazily high in air behind the German front. A short distance separated them and from where he was they seemed to preserve it with perfect regularity, so that the effect was that of thousands of automatons. Ahead of them crept the barrage. The smoke

(Continued on Page 85)



On the Way to the Trenches

WITH THOSE WHO WAIT

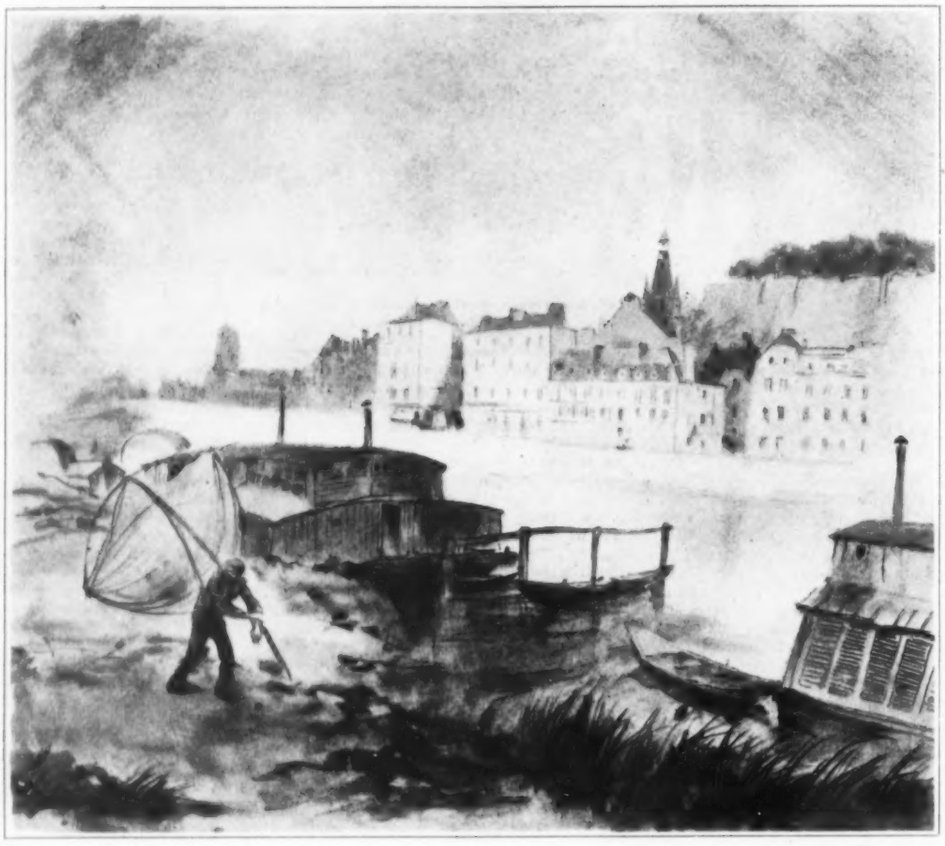
By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

ONCE upon a time there wasn't any war. In those days it was my custom to drive over to Château-Thierry every Friday afternoon. The horses, needing no guidance, would always pull up at the same spot in front of the station, from which point of vantage, between a lilac bush and the switch house, I would watch for the approaching express that was to bring down our week-end guests.

A halt at the bridgehead would permit our friends to obtain a bird's-eye view of the city while I purchased a measure of fresh-caught, shiny-scaled river fish, only to be had of the old boatman after the arrival of the Paris train. Invariably there were packages to be called for at Berjot's grocery store or Dudrumet's dry goods counter, and then, H. having discovered the exact corner from which Corot painted his delightful panorama of the city, a pilgrimage to the spot almost always ensued.

A glance in passing at Jean de la Fontaine's house, a final stop at The Elephant on the quay to get the evening papers, and then, passing through Essommes with its delightful old church, Bonneil and Romeny, our party would reach Villiers in time for dinner.



A certain mystery shrouded the locality where our home was situated. Normandy, Brittany, the châteaux of Touraine, the climate of the Riviera have at various seasons been more attractive, not only to the foreigners but to the Parisians themselves; so aside from the art lovers who made special trips to Rheims there was comparatively little pleasure traveling in our immediate neighborhood. And yet what particular portion of France is more historically renowned? Was it not on those same fertile fields so newly consecrated with our blood that nearly every struggle for world supremacy was fought?

It would be difficult to explain this neglect of the lovely East—neglect which afforded us the privilege of guiding our friends not only along celebrated highways but through leafy by-paths that breathed the very poetry of the seventeenth century, and stretched, practically untrodden, through Lucy-le-Bocage, Montreuil-aux-Lions, down to the Marne and La Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

It was wonderful rolling country that rippled back from the river, abounding not only in vegetation but in silvery green harmonies so beloved of the Barbizon Master, and sympathetic even by the names of the tiny hamlets that dotted its vine-covered hills.

Our nearest dealer in agricultural machines lived in a place called Gaudelu. We nicknamed him after a well-known reaper because of his absolute and loquacious partiality for those American machines. To reach his establishment we used to pass through delightful places called Le Grand Cormont, Neuilly-la-Poterie, Villers-le-Vaste.

As I write these lines—in July, 1918—the station at Château-Thierry is all of that city that remains in our hands.

The bridgehead has become the most disputed spot on the map of Europe; The Elephant a heap of waste in No Man's Land, while doubtless from the very place where Corot painted his masterpiece a German machine gun dominating the city is belching forth its ghastly rain of steel.

Two touching accounts of the second descent upon our country have come to my hands. A little orphan peasant lad, under army age, who fled with our caravan four years ago, is now pointer in the French artillery. He writes as follows from

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, June 6, 1918.

Dear Madame: Just a line to tell you I am alive and well; unfortunately I cannot say as much for my grandparents, for you doubtless know what has again befallen our country. All the inhabitants have been evacuated.

I am absolutely without news of my grandparents. I learned to-day through a word from my brother Alfred that they had been obliged to leave home and had fled in an unknown direction. In spite of the rumor of a new invasion they did not intend to leave Villiers.

My sister left the first, with some of the young girls of the village. After twenty-four hours in Paris they were evacuated to a village in the Yonne.

My brother was obliged to go the next day, and at the present time is at Rozy-en-Brie. I believe we made a halt there in 1914 when we fled as refugees. After three days at Rozy, Alfred could stand it no longer, and with three companions they started home on bicycles, in order to see what had happened. They reached Villiers to find every house empty, and were almost instantly driven out by shells. So now we are all scattered to the four winds of heaven. I am so sad when I think of my poor grandparents, obliged to leave home and to roll along the highroads—at their age. What misery!

I am afraid our village is going to suffer much more than it did in 1914. That horde of scoundrels will spare nothing! And when will it all be over?

I hope that my letter will find you well and happy, and I beg you to believe me gratefully and respectfully yours,

LEON CHATELAIN,
MARECHAL DE LOGIS,
206e Artillerie—28e Batterie,
Secteur 122.

"With the mayor, and thanks to a neighbor's car, I was able to get away," writes Monsieur Aman-Jean, the well-known painter, who had a home in Château-Thierry. "The situation was becoming unbearable and we three were the last to leave our unfortunate city. Behind us an army engineer blew up the post and telegraph office, the military buildings, the station, the storehouse, and finally the bridge. Our eyes were beginning to smart terribly, which announced the presence of mustard gas, and told us we had left none too soon.

"I shall never forget the sight and the commotion of the road leading from Château-Thierry to Montmirail. Interminable lines of army transports on one side, counterbalanced by the same number of fleeing civilians going in the opposite direction. Now and then a farm cart would pull aside to let a heavy military truck get by, and one can hardly imagine the state of a highway that is encumbered by a double current of refugees, and soldiers hastening toward the Front. The painful note was made by the unfortunate civilians who had put on their Sunday clothes, the only way they had of saving them. As to the picturesque, it was added by the multitude of little donkeys trotting beneath the weight of the machine guns, and by the equipment of the Italian troops. There were bright splashes of color here and there, together with a heroic and lamentable animation. It impressed me most violently. It was wonderfully beautiful and pathetically horrible.

"On one side old people, women and children formed a long straggling cortège; while on the other brilliant youth constituted a homogeneous and solid mass, marching to battle with calm resolution.

"The populations of the East are astonishingly courageous and resigned. That of Château-Thierry watched the evacuation of the government offices, the banks, the prefecture and the post office without the slightest alarm. The retreat was well advanced ere they dreamed of it. When finally the people realized that the enemy was at their very gates they moved out swiftly without any commotion."

The German onslaught at the Marne in 1914 had been terrible but brief. The life of our entire region was practically suspended while the Hun wreaked his vengeance not only on our Armies but on our innocent civilians and their possessions. Shot and shell, organized looting and cruelty were employed to cow the intrepid spirit of the French, but without success. When finally the retreat came hands were quick to repair material damage, refugees swiftly returned, and even the September rains joined in the effort to purify the fields that had been so ruthlessly polluted.

With the Hun on the Aisne and a victory to our credit there wasn't even a pause for breath. A new life seemed to surge forth, and all bent their energies toward effacing every trace of what had seemed like a hideous nightmare. Even the Eastern Railway, which had been closed on account of the destruction of some seven or eight bridges over the Marne, broke all records by repairing or replacing them in eleven days' time. And though this had no direct bearing upon our situation the moral effect of even hearing the trainloads of men and munitions passing through our region was certainly surprising.

Little by little things began to assume their normal aspect. Not that they ever entirely regained it, for there was always the dull rumbling of the cannon to remind us of bygone terrors, while the establishment of several emergency hospitals in the vicinity lent an animation to the highroads, formerly dotted with private cars, but now given over entirely to ambulances and supply trucks.

As to the uniforms, they quickly became such accustomed sights that a youthful civilian would have been the novelty.

Buoyed up by the success of our Armies everyone expected an early peace, and even the busiest of us began making projects for the fair future. In the odd moments of relief from my somewhat onerous hospital duties my only pleasure and distraction was to build castles in the air, and in the eternal winter twilights I laid many a plan for a little boudoir next my bedroom, which I had long desired to see realized.

When news of H.'s safety reached me my imagination knew no limits.

The convalescent patients from all branches of trade, who at different times had filled the rooms of the château, converted into wards, had been very deft at repairing everything in the way of furniture that the Germans had defaced or neglected to appropriate. There were many skillful carpenters and cabinetmakers among them, and I saw visions of employing them at their own trade, producing both occupation, which they craved, and funds, which they needed but were too proud to accept as gifts—and what a surprise that room would be for H.!

I even pushed my collector's mania so far as to pay a visit to an old bourgeois who lived in a little city called La Ferté-Milon, quite a bit north of us. The walls of his salon were ornamented with some charming eighteenth-century paper representing the ports of France, and in excellent condition. I had long coveted it for my boudoir, and in days before the war had often dickered with him as to price. I now feared lest it had been destroyed or disfigured, and regretted having wished to drive too keen a bargain, but on finding it intact I am ashamed to say the collector's instinct got the better of the woman, and I used every conceivable argument to persuade him to come to my price. The old fellow was as obdurate as ever.

"But," I suggested, "don't you realize what a risk you are taking? Suppose the Germans were to get back here again before you sell it; you're much nearer the Front than we! You will not only lose your money but the world will be minus one more good thing; and we've lost too many of those already."

The withering glance with which this remark was received was as good as any discourse on patriotism.

"The Germans back here? Never! Why, at the rate we're going now it will be all over before spring; and you'll see what a price my paper will fetch just as soon as peace comes!"

Peace! Peace! The word was on every lip—the thought in every heart; and yet every intelligence, every energy was bent on the prosecution of the most hateful warfare ever known. In all the universe it seems to me that the wild animals were the only creatures really exempt from preoccupation about the fray. It might be war for man and the friends of man, but for them had come an unexpected reprieve, and even the more wary soon felt their exemption from pursuit. Man was so busy fighting his own kind that a wonderful armistice had unconsciously risen between him and these creatures, and so birds and beasts, no longer frightened by his proximity, were indulging in a perfect revel of freedom.

During the first weeks of the conflict the cottontails, always so numerous on our estate, were simply terrified by the booming of the guns. If even the distant bombardment assumed any importance they would disappear below ground completely for days at a time. My old foxhound was completely disconcerted. But like all the rest of us they soon became accustomed to it, and presently displayed a self-assurance and a familiarity undreamed of, save perhaps in the Garden of Eden.

It is quite a common sight to see a brood of partridges or pheasants strutting along the roadside like any barnyard hen and chickens, and one recalled with amazement the times when, stretching themselves on their claws, they would timidly and fearfully crane their necks above the grass at the sound of an approaching step. At present they are not at all sure that man is their worst enemy. The government having decreed that there shall be no game shooting in the army zone, weasels, polecats and even foxes have become very numerous, and broods of quail and partridge that once numbered ten and fifteen have singularly diminished by this incursion of wild animals, not to mention the hawks, the buzzards and the squirrels.

One autumn morning I appeared at our gateway just in time to see a neighbor's wife homeward bound, the corpses of four white hens that "Maître Renard" had borrowed from their coop dangling from her arm. Her husband heard her coming, and on learning the motive of her wails the imprecations brought down on the head of that fox were picturesquely profane, to say the least. Presently the scene grew in violence, and then finally terminated with the assertion that the whole tragedy was the result of the Kaiser's having thrown open the German prisons and turned loose his vampires on France.

Be that as it may, there was certainly no more enchanting way of obtaining mental and physical relaxation than in wandering through those wonderful woodlands that abound in our vicinity, and that breathed so many inspirations to the Master of Fable, who at one time was their keeper. How I wished that good La Fontaine might have seen his dumb friends under present circumstances. What fantasies would he not have woven about them!

Larks are rare visitors these days, and the thrushes, which used to hover over our vineyards in real flocks, have almost entirely vanished. The swallows, however, are our faithful friends and have never failed to return to us. Each succeeding spring their old haunts are in a more or less dilapidated condition, according to the number of successful visits the German aviators have chosen to pay us during the winter; and I fancy that this upsets them a trifle. For hundreds of generations they have been accustomed to nest in the pinions of certain roofs, to locate in a determined chimney, and it is a most amusing sight to see them cluster about a ruined spot and discuss the matter in strident chirpings.

Last season, after a family consultation which lasted well nigh all the morning, and during which they made repeated visits of inspection to a certain favorite drain pipe, I suddenly saw them all lift wing and sail away toward the north. My heart sank. Something near and dear seemed to be slipping from me, and one has said *"Au revoir"* so oft in vain! So they, too, were going to abandon me!

In one accustomed to daily coping with big human problems such emotion may seem trivial, but it was perhaps this constant forced endurance that kept one up, made one almost supersensitively sentimental. Little things grew to count tremendously.

At lunch time I sauntered forth quite sad at heart, when an unexpected familiar twittering greeted my ear, and I turned northward to see my little friends circling about the stables. Life closer to the Front had evidently not offered any particular advantages, and in a few days' time their constant comings and goings from certain specific points told me that they had come back to stay.

But if friend swallow may be praised for his fidelity, unfortunately not so much can be said for another familiar passer-by—the wild duck. October had always seen them flocking southward, and someone of our household had invariably heard their familiar call as at daybreak they would pass over the château on their way from the swamps of the Somme to the Marais de St. Gond. The moment was almost a solemn one. It seemed to mark an epoch in the tide of our year. Claude, Benoit, Georges and a decrepit gardener would abandon all work and prepare boats, guns and covers on the Marne.

Oh, the wonderful still hours just before dawn! Ah, that indescribable, intense yet harmonious silence that preceded the arrival of our prey!

Alas, all is but memory now! Claude has fallen before Verdun, Benoit was killed on the Oise, and Georges has long since been reported missing.

Alone, unarmed, the old gardener and I again awaited the cry of our feathered friends last autumn, but our waiting, like that of so many others, was in vain. The wild ducks are a thing of the past. Where have they gone? No one knows; no one has ever seen them. And in the tense hush of the autumn nights above the distant rumble of the cannon rose only the plaintive cry of stray dogs baying at the moon.

Dogs! *Mon Dieu!* I wonder how many of those poor, forgotten, abandoned creatures, having strayed into our barnyard, were successively washed, combed, fed, cared for and adopted.

Some of them, haunted by the spirit of unrest, remained with us but a moment; others tried us for a day, a week; and still others, appreciative of our pains, refused to leave at all. Oh, the heart-rending, lonesome, appealing look in the eyes of a poor brute that has lost home and master!

II

CITIES, like people, seem to have souls, deep hidden and rarely ever entirely revealed. Ah, how well must one come to know them, stone by stone, highways, homes and habitants, ere they will disclose their secret! I have rejoiced too often in the splendid serenity of St. Jean des Vignes, felt too deeply the charm of those ancient streets, hoped and suffered too intensely within its confines, that Soissons should not mean more to me than to the average zealous newspaper correspondent, come there but to make note of its wounds, to describe its ruins.

Fair Soissons, what is now your fate? In what state shall we find you? What ultimate destiny is reserved for your cathedral, your stately mansions, your magnificent gardens? What has become of those fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred brave souls who loved you so well that they refused to leave you? *Qui sait?*

One arrived at Soissons in wartime by long avenues shaded on either side by a double row of stately elms whose centenary branches stretching upward formed an archway overhead. Then came the last outpost of army police; a sentinel stopped you, minutely examined your passports, verified their visés, and finally, all formalities terminated, one entered what might have been the City of Death.

(Continued on Page 36)



BLOOM OF THE PEACH

By George Weston



ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IF I WERE a sculptor clad in a smock, a beard and coquettish tam-o'-shanter, and if I were asked to carve a marble group of Commerce, my first impulse would probably be unconventional.

"In the center," I would muse, "seated in a revolving chair, an old gentleman, with a bag of golf clubs leaning against his desk. At the right, a young lady at a typewriter, holding in her hand a note engraved:

'*Dear Helen:* I'll be waiting outside. I got the tickets.
'ED.'

"On the left, a young gentleman in short trousers, moistening stamps with the flat of his tongue, while before him is folded a copy of the morning paper with the following lines chiseled in agate at the bottom of the column:

'To-day, Saturday, double-header. Giants vs. Cubs. First game called 1:30. Admission 50c.'

"And finally, on the wall of this masterpiece I would carve a stone clock, with the hands eternally set at five minutes to twelve, and each of the three figures in my group would be staring at this stone clock with expressions of eternal longing, impatience and hope."

Unconventional, I admit; but the more I think it over the more I am convinced that such a group would immortalize one of the most breathless hours that Commerce ever knows, as I believe even the Ancients would agree if they could rise some Saturday noon and watch the human floods that roll up Nassau Street toward Brooklyn Bridge—hurrying, scurrying; walking, stalking; whirling, swirling; laughing, chaffing; pushing, crushing—like the green water comes down at Lodore.

At first perhaps the Ancients would be confused, but it wouldn't take them long to see that this great army is composed of three groups: First come the young clerks and typewriters, ardent and happy as they think of their plans for the afternoon. Then come the old heads and graybeards, calm and serene with thoughts of rose-planting, golf balls, fish bait, William De Morgan, grandchildren, slippers and sleep. And finally, as the text of my story, come the middle-aged office workers—the middle-aged, who are neither ardent with youth nor serene with years, who have lost old enchantments and have not yet found new, who have made no plans, who expect no joys, who frown to themselves as they walk in the throng and have no whistle in them.

I

AS THE hands of the clock met at twelve on the Saturday noon when my story opens Paul Marson gathered together the cost sheets on which he had been working and slung them with a certain sour precision into the drawer of his desk. He sat then for a time drumming his fingers on the arms of his chair and listening to the chatter that came from the younger men:

"I wonder what sort of a show they've got at the Alhambra this week."

"Just got time to beat it down to Turkey Joe's and get a bite."

"You bet your sweet life she's a pippin! You bet your sweet life she's a queen!"

"Look out for poison ivy, Jerry. Last time I was up at Fort Lee I got mine, boys."

Gradually the noise subsided as the chatterers filed out, correctly clad, debonair, their partings brushed to a hair, and still Paul sat at his desk drumming on the arms of his chair—a sour, thoughtful expression on his face—as a blackbird in a cage might look, for instance, at seeing the robins play tug of war with the worms on the grass outside.

"Guess I might as well catch the twelve-thirty," he thought, slowly rising and yawning as he reached for his hat. "I've seen the time when I'd like to go to a show myself this afternoon—but when a man's married—— Ho-hum! It's a great life if you don't weaken."

The Consolidated Elevator Company had the upper floor of the Nassau Building, and as Paul walked through the maze of desks he passed near Tiesey, the star salesman. Tiesey the Tease, they called him at the office, and this will help to show you why.

"Why, look who's here!" he began as soon as he saw Paul. "If it isn't Little Sunshine—the merry little king of mirth and laughter. *N'est-ce pas*, old dear? *N'est-ce pas?*"

Paul stopped, knowing from long experience that he would get the worst of this encounter and already feeling uncomfortable from the smiles of those round him. Unconsciously he drew upon the repartee of childhood.

"You think you're pretty smart, don't you?" he asked.

Tiesey made a helpless gesture of admiration to those round him.

"Isn't he clever?" he murmured. "Did you ever hear anything like it?"

"That's all right too," said Paul, his voice growing threatening. "Whether I'm clever or not I'm clever enough to know your number!"

"Yes?" asked Tiesey, as cool and gay as ever, but staring now at Paul with a look in his eyes that might have reminded you of a flicker of light on a sword. "Tell me my number. Come now, right out like a little man!"

"Aw, go to thunder!" said Paul and, frowning, he made for the door, pursued by the laughter of those behind him.

On the train home he sat by a window, alternately reading and staring at the scenery outside.

"I wonder if Mary's got one of her headaches this afternoon," he thought once. "Probably has, the way she was this morning. I might have bought a box of candy, I guess, but the last time I did she said it upset her stomach." And perhaps because the phrase had fastened itself in his mind that day he added, with a touch of bitterness to the words, "Ho-hum! It's a great life if you don't weaken."

When he left the train and started for home he presently came to a pretty house, where a plump and smiling woman was raking the lawn. At first, from the way he smiled and waved his hand at her, you might have thought that this was Paul's wife who was raking the lawn and looking at him so provokingly from under her eyelashes. Tan shoes and silk stockings, pongee shirt waist, a bonnet that might have been designed by Fragonard, red cheeks, dark eyes and lips like two red cherries—she made such a picture on that green grass that Paul stopped on the sidewalk; and then you could have seen, of course, that he wasn't her husband at all, or he would have jumped the hedge with a spring in his heels and have helped himself to the fruit.

Mrs. Heath Threw Her Chin Back and Laughed—a Laugh That Said, "Oh, You Ninny!"

"Back again from the wicked city, I see?" she smiled, raking away with an air that said: "You see what an industrious little widow I am!"

From his look of concentration you might have suspected that Paul was trying to think of something witty, but all he could manage was an emphatic if not overbrilliant "You have got a pretty place here, Mrs. Heath!"

"You like it?" she smiled, still raking away but coming a little nearer.

By this time he had thought of something.

"If it only had a heart," he said, "I could love it."

Mrs. Heath threw her chin back and laughed—a laugh that said, "Oh, you ninny!" though Paul didn't construe it that way for a moment. Instead he also laughed—a laugh that said, "I think you understand me"—and gallantly raising his hat he continued toward home.

The next street wasn't so pretty. The sidewalks were uneven, and here and there were houses that had evidently been built without benefit of architect. Next came a steep hill at the right, and at the top of this hill was a shabby house into which Paul let himself with an old-fashioned key.

"Hoo-hoo!" he called, frowning into the hall-rack mirror as he hung up his hat. And hearing no response he called again, "Hoo-hoo!"

"Hoo-hoo!" sounded a small voice upstairs.

It is thus that children sometimes call to each other in playing hide and go seek—especially when the seeker is growing tired of the search, and the hider doesn't greatly care whether she's caught or not.

It was a poor-looking place, this hall of Paul's house, with wide painted boards on the floor only half concealed by the rug. Here and there near the ceiling the paper had come away from the wall, and had been fastened back, amateur fashion, with carpet tacks. The mirror in the hat-rack had a crack across it, which always made Paul's face look as though it had been split in two by an earthquake, and the southern half slightly shifted over toward the west.

"You'll find your lunch on the table," said the small voice upstairs. "Call me if you want anything."

"All right," said Paul. "Don't bother. I can 'tend to myself."

As he passed to the dining room the picture of Mrs. Heath on her lawn rose unbidden to his mind. "Fifty thousand dollars," he thought, "and those three houses on Belleview Terrace. Not that I'd care a hang about the money," he hastily assured himself; "but why can't Mary have some class about her too?"

On the table was a piece of cold meat and under a napkin the end of a loaf. The butter looked oily and hadn't the best of color. In a saucer was a long, stewed pear, like a miniature submarine half submerged in a pale sea of its own juice.

Paul drew a chair to the table and as he ate he looked round the room. The ceiling was discolored and in one place the plaster hung down with a bulge—a sort of blister, which must have been catching, inasmuch as many of the ceilings in the house were suffering from the same complaint. The sideboard looked as much like a dresser as anything else; a dresser, however, with a shelf over the mirror, this shelf supporting a line of six plates painted with fruits and flowers—premiums that Mary had acquired from the tea-man. On the walls were a number of pictures collected from the same rich source—The Stag at Bay, Romeo and Juliet, Now I'll be Grandpa—the colors being vivid and apparently impervious to the ravages of time. In the bay window was a morris chair, with a homemade newspaper rack hanging over the back of it—a birthday present from Mary of the still, small voice.

"If she could only see the inside of Mrs. Heath's dining room!" thought Paul. "But, Lord—what's the use? Guess I'd better go up and speak to her though."

Mary was sitting on the window sill washing the outside of the panes—so the first things that Paul saw as he entered the room were her shoes—wrinkled, shapeless affairs, run down at the heels and run up at the toes. The skirt, too, once pink, was of an old vintage, stained and discolored by service and thereby matching the hand with which Mary was grasping the bottom of the window frame. As her cloth moved over the panes she looked at him through the glass, and it almost seemed to Paul as though some stranger were looking at him—some tired, hard-working woman verging on middle age, whom he had hired by the day to come and wash his windows.

"And just to think, I used to call her Peachy before we were married," he thought; and looking at her, perhaps for the first time in his life with that impersonal air of criticism which is generally reserved for total strangers, he added, "Well, one thing sure—the peach has certainly lost its bloom."

The thought recalled the words of one of his wedding guests—some distant relation of Mary's whom he had never seen before or since—a handsome old rascal with a fluffy gray beard and fine raiment, who was nevertheless one of those loose-tongued old fools who have a way of speaking disparagingly about their wives and thinking nothing of it.

"My boy," he had said to Paul, "you've got a peach. I'm not saying you haven't. Yes, sir; you've picked a good one. But let me tell you this: You're luckier than I was. Me—I've been a poor man all my life. And why? I'll tell you why. I married a lemon."

The words began to echo dangerously in Paul's mind—"I married a lemon. I married a lemon."

Unconsciously, as he stood there watching Mary through the window he had come to a crisis in his life. If he had adopted the words as his own he wouldn't have been worth the time that I have used to tell you about him, nor the strength required to lay him low with a yard of good lead pipe; but as he stood there looking at Mary in the cold white light of criticism—that dangerous phrase "I married a lemon" still echoing in his mind—a reflected beam of the same pitiless candor fell upon himself for a moment, and he suddenly thought in something like a panic: "Good Lord! I wonder if she ever thinks that of me!"

Paul turned and walked to the room at the head of the stairs. This had originally been a sewing room, but they hadn't been married long when he had adopted it as a study. An old-fashioned desk stood against the wall, flanked on each side by a bookcase; and a leather-covered couch of the black-walnut period was littered with magazines and papers.

In the corner was a fireplace; and perhaps because Mary sometimes even now used it as a sewing room when Paul was in the city, a full-length mirror which had been fastened against the wall ever since the house was built had been allowed to remain there.

It was to this mirror that Paul slowly made his way after he had closed the door, and it was in this mirror that he stared at himself with that air of impersonal criticism which had suddenly fallen upon him that afternoon.

Heretofore when he had looked in the glass he had always seen the Paul that he had imagined himself to be—certainly not a pretty man, but handsome, masterful, with a good firm chin, a high forehead, and the same massive frame that had earned him the name of Jim Jeffries in his high-school days. But that afternoon as he gazed in the mirror he saw such an anxious-eyed stranger staring back at him that his heart turned heavy, as hearts have turned since days immemorial at finding that Time, the thief of the ages, has stolen Youth away.

"Fat—and flabby," he thought to himself; "and only thirty-five. Good Lord, what will I be at fifty?"

Opening the door he went back to Mary's bedroom for the hand mirror, which he picked up slyly and carried back to his study unobserved.

"Yes, sir," he thought after a lengthy examination. "Going bald too. And oh, what a rotten color!"

As a matter of fact, the pendulum swinging now this other way, he was criticizing himself more freely than justice required; and yet if you had been there and had seen him and heard him you would have seen the sharp point of truth on most of the barbs that he launched at himself.

"Like something the cat brought in," he thought, his heart growing heavier with every beat. "Like something the tide washed up. Getting a regular little pot-belly on me—and if I met myself in the dark I'd get off the sidewalk as quick as I could and take to the middle of the road."

Which was downright caricature of course; and yet somewhere in the picture you would have found that similarity to fact which caricature always has when it bites.

"You're a nice one, aren't you?" he bitterly inquired of the morose-eyed stranger in the mirror. "All you've got to do is to keep your coat buttoned, and brush your hair over where it's thin, and keep on looking grouchy as though you were somebody important, and some day maybe if you're lucky you'll fool a small child if she isn't more than three years old. But the way she looked at you just now I don't believe you've fooled your wife for quite a while back.

"Any more than you've fooled Tiesey or the rest of them," he thoughtfully added as another brilliant ray of light gave aid to revelation.

And thinking it over still further and deeper while he studied this moody man, this sad-eyed stranger in the mirror, his nose began to smart and the tears came to his eyes and he sighed to himself: "Poor Mary. Poor kid. She married a lemon, all right!"

Sometimes a driver taking his car over unaccustomed country roads will begin to wonder whether he hasn't lost his way. The path becomes wilder and wilder; there are no telephone posts, no houses, no barns. Finally the ruts come to an end in the middle of a wood or at the edge of a swamp. Turning his car the traveler carefully retraces his tracks until at last he comes to the treacherous corner where he left the fair road.

So, too, in a figurative sense, Paul retraced part of his journey through life that afternoon.

"Something wrong somewhere," he thoughtfully told himself as he went to the window and stared down at the pleasant town below. "When I left school they all seemed to think that I was going to do great; but nobody seems to expect a darned thing of me any more."

His mind went back to his work at the office. He had gone there as soon as he was through high school, where he had taken a business course that included stenography, typewriting and bookkeeping. At first his salary had been raised like a chapter in a book of success—eight dollars a week, nine dollars, ten, twelve and finally fifteen. There it had stuck like the mercury in a broken thermometer, and no amount of tapping on the case could raise it another fraction of an inch.

"We can get all the stenographers we want for fifteen dollars," Old Man Palmelee had told him in his plaintive voice. "You seem to be a bright young man though. Why don't you try the bookkeeping



"If You Want to Please Your Lord and Master You Will Get Those Hands of Yours Soft and White Again, as They Were in the Days When First I Placed This Ring Upon Your Finger"

end of the office? You can make more money there as you get along."

So he had gone into the cost department, starting at sixteen dollars a week; and again for a time the raises had kept step with ambition—sixteen, eighteen, twenty, and finally, with one last jump, twenty-five dollars a week. It was while he was earning eighteen dollars that his father died and left him the old-fashioned house on the hill, mortgaged to the ridgepole, but a home and his own, for all that. The next June Paul married Mary, a pretty blue-eyed girl whom he had met at a friend's house in the city.

"She was peaches all right," thought Paul with an ache at his heart as he tried to think things out that Saturday afternoon. "Peaches and Cream, I called her at first; and then Peachy for short. And wasn't I going to set the world on fire! And didn't she believe it too! I wonder if she ever thinks—poor kid!—of the way we used to plan the future together: trips to Europe, and winters in Florida, and summers at the shore, and everything else I could think of."

He laid a sigh upon the altar of memory.

"Yes; I was all right when I married," he told himself; "as bright as any of them, and as full of ambition. But somehow or other I must have got in an awful rut—and nobody expects a thing of me any more. Not even Mary," he thought, his tragic look deepening; "not even Mary."

A sudden tenderness swept over him as he thought of the Mary whom he had married—with what pride and trust she had placed her happiness in his keeping; and again his mind went back to the days when he had dreamed those golden dreams of romance and riches which are the flower of youth and the fruit of love.

"Yes, it all looked easy then," he mused. "Didn't sound like a dream at all. No; and it didn't sound like a dream to Mary either—not when I first married her. She believed in me, all right. No; and it wasn't a dream either," he earnestly told himself; "not when you come right down to it. Other fellows have made good. Look how Hutton's got along at the office. And Tiesey. And Mackenzie. And Jimmy Knight, who was in my graduating class; he's a judge now. And Matty Davis—what a business he's building up! Darn it all, I used to think I was smarter than either of those boys. And I was too!" he told himself in passionate avowal. "And am yet, for that matter—but somehow or other nobody seems to expect anything from me any more. Not even Mary," he thought again, remembering how she had looked at him through the window. "No; not even Mary."

For a long time then he sat at the window, looking at the pleasant, prosperous town below.

"Trouble with me, I guess," he started once, and then stopped, as a man who has lost his way in the woods will sometimes deceive himself for a moment into thinking that he can see the road. "Trouble with me, I guess," he said after another thoughtful pause, "is I've lost faith in myself. It stands to reason that I know more than I did ten years ago. But somehow or other I've lost my punch. If I could only get my confidence back. If I could only really believe that I was going to do something great!"

It didn't take him long to come to a weak point in that.

"I'd have to get Mary to believe it too," he told himself. "I don't think I'd get very far if I had to come home every night to someone who had long ago sized me up as a fizzle. But if I could get Mary to believe in me again—as she did once, when she used to look at me as though I was a god—well, anyhow, I'd have a fighting chance. Besides," he continued to himself, more thoughtfully still, "if I really expect to do something big I've got to make other people believe in me; and if I can't get my own wife to believe in me, what chance have I got anywhere else?"

For the last time he went to the mirror and, though he didn't know it, it was already a different Paul that looked back at him. His old look of sour precision, his new look of tragic hopelessness—had left him.

In their place had come an altogether new expression that wasn't far from tenderness.

"Poor Mary," he thought, "she's certainly had a bad time of it."

And suddenly shaking his finger at himself with a threatening gesture he added: "You big fat boob; you wait and see! I'll show you whether she married a lemon or not!"

II

THE Commuters' Club, of which Paul was a charter member, had the two upper floors over Babbit & Bay's general store. Paul had joined in those far-off days when his future still glowed in the east like a rosy dawn, and as the dues were only eighteen dollars a year, payable monthly, he had never dropped out. There, three and sometimes four nights a week, he went to play billiards and cards; and, bowling a fairly good ball, he generally took part in the tournaments. As you will see, therefore, it created no surprise in Mary's mind when Paul was away from home in the evening, but one night in the second week after my story opens he gave her a most decided shock.

"Say, honey," he began awkwardly enough, "I've got a little extra money, and I'd like to buy you something for yourself. What would you rather have than anything else you can think of?"

The word "honey" ought to have made her stare, coming thus from the comb of Paul's speech for the first time in a blue moon, and Mary had seen the day when she would have followed that "little extra money" to its source with a most exquisite relish. But when you have lost your belief in fairies it takes more than a mention of Puck to make your eyes grow round with wonder; and when she answered him her voice had the flat, tired tone that the passing years had given it.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "We need so many things. A curtain for the hall door would be nice—or a pair of new sheets if you've money enough—or even pillow cases."

"No, no!" he said, frowning a little even while he was smiling. "I want to get you something for yourself—something real nice. Don't you remember when we were first married we used to have a little splurge once in a while? Well, this is to be a little splurge for you. Come now," he smilingly continued, seeing that she still needed coaxing, that her imagination still refused to take the jump, "isn't there some little thing you've wanted for a long, long time? Something nice to wear, say?"

"How much could you afford to spend on it?"

"Ten dollars."

A touch of color appeared on Mary's cheeks, and if you are of a whimsical frame of mind you may figure it out as five dollars' worth on each. Ten dollars! Her eyes brightened, and yet with it all she had the wistful look of a child who after years of disappointment is writing one more letter to Santa Claus.

"Paul," she said, a breathless little catch in her voice, "for a long, long time I've wanted a pair of white low shoes—real nice ones—and a pair of white silk stockings to wear with them. But then, of course," she added, her voice growing flat again, "there are so many other things we need."

Paul said nothing, but when he came home the next day, which was Saturday, Mary found that sometimes even Santa Claus gets his mail. Not only that, but Paul had gone her one better. Instead of buying a single pair of stockings he had bought two. And in addition to the low white shoes he had bought her a ridiculous pair of little bedroom slippers—saucy beaded articles with high heels, made of sky-blue satin and each adorned with a golden pompon contrived with twisted silk.

"These were bargains," he said; "only a dollar and a half, and I simply couldn't resist them. Like them?"

"Do I like them!" she said, half crying, half laughing. "They're so pretty it almost seems wicked to wear them. I'll tell you what I'll do now," she said; and her voice wasn't flat at all. "I'll take my piqué skirt apart and make it over. It's beautiful goods, only out of style; and when I've made it over I'll have something nice to wear this summer."

Again Paul didn't say anything, but when the next Friday evening came round he gave Mary another shock at the dinner table.

"Say, honey," he began, not quite so awkwardly as the last time, "I've got a little more extra money, and I want to buy you something else—something real nice. I've been thinking," he continued, raising his voice to drown her suggestion about a new suit of clothes for himself—"I've been thinking that now you've got your new shoes and stockings and that dandy skirt you made for yourself, you ought to have a nice new shirt waist or something like that." He paused for a moment before he continued: "What sort of shirt waists are those that Mrs. Heath wears? She always looks cool and classy."

"Oh, she wears silk ones," replied Mary in a quick voice that seemed to say "That ends that."

"All right; I'll get you a silk one then."

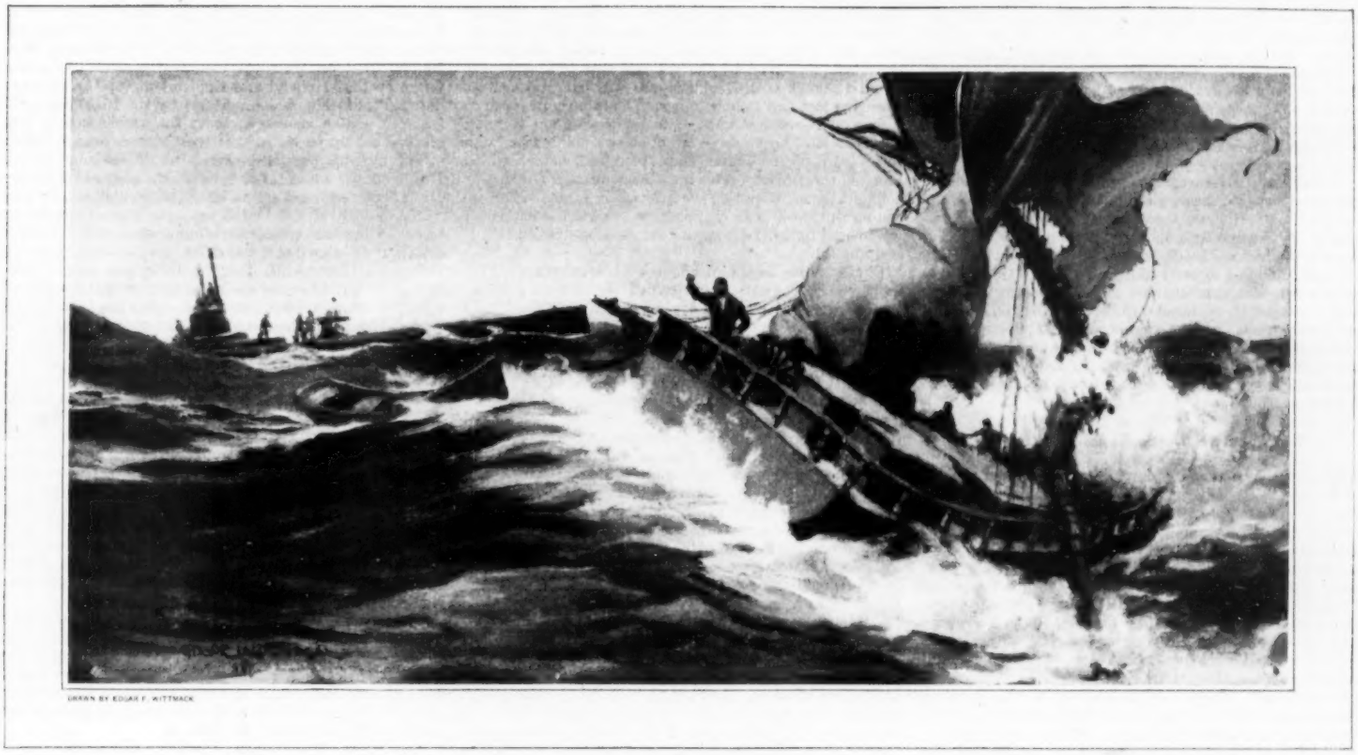
Mary almost squealed in excited protest.



The Words Began to Echo Dangerously in Paul's Mind—"I Married a Lemon. I Married a Lemon"

(Continued on Page 45)

HOLLAND AND THE WAR



DRAWN BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ASK the question anywhere in Europe: "What is the pivotal neutral country?" and the unchallenged answer will be "Holland." By the curious irony of war one of the smallest of lands has become one of the most important—first as an intermediary in the colossal battle drama, second as an inevitable factor of far-reaching significance when the vast readjustments of peace begin. No matter when the struggle ends Holland will be the broker through which Germany will do business with the rest of the world. A mere spot on the map has developed a force that has threatened more than once to swing the balance of power in the war; and it will be a commanding and strategic battle ground in the war after the war.

Holland is literally between the devil and the deep blue sea. On one side she rubs shoulders with the Hun; on another lies Belgium, a sister land, once part of her own dominion, now prostrate under the heel of that same relentless neighbor. Her coast is swept by a submarine-ridden sea that has taken cruel toll of her shipping and rendered her well-nigh inaccessible. Though a noncombatant the crimson tide beats about her. Neither warring group wants her in the titanic conflict, yet emergency may know no choice. She has had all the pinch and terror of war without participation in it. Over her border broods the constant shadow of iron Germanic authority. Day and night she dwells with the menace of possible invasion. The mailed fist has been at her throat since first the universe saw red. Never has a people been so beset.

An Innocent Bystander

WHEREVER you turn in the analysis of Holland and the war you uncover some striking illustration of what Germany can do to the small and dependent nation. Holland the neutral is full sister in trouble to Belgium. One is tried by peace, the other by war. In this sentence you get the whole story of Holland as she is to-day. In a struggle born of oppression of the little peoples and in which the forces of justice and humanity are arrayed in their behalf, wartime Holland assumes proportions that the average American has failed to associate with a country bound to him by bonds of history and blood that range from Henry Hudson down the centuries to Theodore Roosevelt.

Run the whole neutral roster and you find that only Switzerland approaches Holland in the importance of her position. The little Helvetian stronghold bulwarked by the Alps shares a common Hun hazard, to be sure, but she has no coast line; no shipping whose flag ranges the seven seas; no large investment or merchandising relations with the markets of the world. Spain like Sweden is geographically isolated, while Denmark is unimportant commercially. Hence Holland has a distinction and a dilemma all her own.

As long as we shared the kinship of a common neutrality we looked upon Holland as one of the innocent bystanders of the war. It was only when we came to diplomatic grips with the Netherlands Government over the seizure of the Dutch ships in our ports last March that there was any appreciable understanding of what the great conflict means to Holland and the price she is paying for proximity and peace. As a matter of fact the shipping seizure was only an incident in Holland's turbulent war experience, which has literally been one crisis after another. It proved to be her costliest, though her pride was hurt more than her pocketbook. Meeting emergencies has become the national Dutch habit. When Germany is not making drastic exactions or holding a grim threat over her unhappy head she is facing new kinks in the Allied blockade or fresh complications brought about by the Kaiser's determination to bend the doughty little nation to his will. The Dutch are "in Dutch" no matter which way the wind blows!

What then is the precise position of Holland in the war; what has been happening behind that submarine-patrolled coast line; what German mischief has been afoot; what does it all mean to the United States and the future?

I went to Holland to find out. It is easier said than done. No sea journey these war days is more fraught with peril. This is one reason why the nation has lacked the exploitation that more accessible neutrals have received. To go to Holland now means to run the gantlet that bristles with death. The trips are few and far between. On the way to Holland you wonder if you will ever get there alive. As soon as you arrive you feel a kindred concern over the possibility of getting back to your base without an involuntary bath and with a whole skin—and I am no novice at mine and submarine dodging. But compensation lies at the end of that grim lane across the North Sea.

I talked with captains of capital and industry, with shipping kings, cabinet ministers, anti-Germans, pro-Germans, pro-Allies and plain pro-Dutch. What follows therefore in this and the succeeding article was gained at first hand at a time when Holland was in the throes of one of her numerous wartime emergencies. Indignation over the shipping seizure still ran high, a crisis in the government was on, a fateful election impended, the food situation was critical, and the new economic treaty with Germany was under consideration. The Germans were putting on the screws on the one hand and the Allies were maintaining their rights on the other. The Dutch pride, stomach and purse were all affected by these events that crowded thick and fast. It was a fruitful hour for opinion.

As I looked again upon that familiar land of dike, canal and windmill and once more caught the hum and reek of Amsterdam and Rotterdam there came back vividly to my mind the last visit I had made to Holland. It bears peculiarly on the present troubled hour. It was the summer of 1913 and I had come straight from Berlin. On the friendly frontier the only jarring note was an irascible and punctilious customs officer. At the Amstel Hotel in Amsterdam I encountered Andrew Carnegie, who had come to dedicate the Peace Palace. The little man beamed with joy, for one of his great hopes was about to be realized.

The Gateway to a World at War

THE next day the towering mass of red brick and stone, reared by his millions to an iridescent dream that the world would sheath the sword, was consecrated with much elaborate speech and display of uniform. The Kaiser's envoys stood side by side with the British, French, Italian and Belgian delegates. America's name was magic. Peace was on every tongue. Its imposing throne dominated the landscape of The Hague, the cynosure of all eyes—text of every leading editorial. Such was the prelude to the mighty disillusionment.

I went back to a Holland that was the gateway to a world at war. The Peace Palace was locked, and an oppressive silence hung about it. An architectural joke had become a universal jest. Those military envoys so gay with gold and glitter who had drunk the toast of peace now faced each other—khaki-clad—in trench and field; that iridescent dream of peace had become a frightful nightmare; news of battle dominated the newspapers, the frontier between Holland and Germany bristled with bayonets and was a continuous line of electrically charged barbed wire. America was a belligerent, and because of the seizure of the shipping was the butt of bitter attack. To cap the irony the tiny country, the name of whose capital city had become synonymous with universal arbitration, was a cat's-paw between two great groups of warring nations locked in a life-and-death struggle. No wonder I thought of that last visit.

Fully to comprehend the Dutch war ordeal you must first make a swift survey of the people and their past. No European country is richer in history or more varied perhaps in national composition. With a population scarcely larger than that of Greater New York, inhabiting an area about half again as large as the state of Massachusetts, Holland was born of fire to an inheritance of trouble. She was trampled successively by Vandal, Goth, Saxon and Latin. Nature vied with man to test her hardihood. "God made the sea; we made the shore" is her proud boast. She has lived always over what has been well called a "water volcano." When she was not resisting the armed invader she was combating the ocean—at once her friend and foe. The Germans have not been the least of her troubles.

A cradle of conscience, first fountain of religious liberty, she gave the world through Grotius the principles of international law. Her art encompasses a range from Rembrandt to Raemakers. She passed from the cruelties of Alva to the humanities of Orange. All bloods and brutalities have mingled in her making, and out of the crucible there emerged a staunch race whose obsession is liberty and whose pet abomination is militarism. Right here you get the first and foremost community of interest that the Dutch people have with the English-speaking races. This unsentimental but highly practical bond is the fundamental reason why Holland fears Germany and trembles for her own fate.

The Horror of the German Menace

WHEN the war crashed into civilization Holland realized that like the policeman in The Pirates of Penzance her lot was "not a happy one." To the east glowered Germany, closely akin in speech but utterly opposite in ideal of government. For years the Teuton had enjoyed the unrestricted run of Holland and had set up his abode and business. Dutch banks were annexes of the great German financial institutions and carried heavy German obligations. Conversely Berlin, like London, Paris, Petrograd and New York, was a strong commercial outpost of a nation whose merchant marine was her lifeblood and whose colonies—the Dutch East Indies—were her most precious asset. Hence the unleashing of the Prussian hound sent a shiver up and down the Netherlands, and it has not yet subsided.

The full horror of the German menace broke with the rape of Belgium. Though Holland had no particular love for a country whose chief port, Antwerp, was Rotterdam's and Amsterdam's greatest rival the desecration that began at Liège gave the Dutch a hint of what they might expect the moment they incurred the Hohenzollern displeasure. This has been the sword that Germany has constantly held over the head of Holland—a weapon that might descend in the twinkling of an eye, and almost overnight lay waste a populous and prosperous land. Germany has played this to the limit. It accounts for many concessions that Holland has granted to the neighbor whose very name in the majority of her homes is a hissing and a byword.

With the proclaiming of her neutrality Holland mobilized her army of more than half a million men, manned the frontier and settled down to watchful, wistful, and what proved to be costly waiting. Mobilization intensified the dislike of Germany, because the Dutch are not a military people and in a population so small this huge diversion of man power from farm and factory played havoc with productivity, and impaired business.

The physical danger from the German comprised only part of Holland's trial. The menace on the east was now supplemented by another hardship on the west. England clamped the lid down on the high seas; the Allied blockade went into effect and Holland found herself completely encircled. She lived by the sea and therefore could not afford to break with England; she was hang up against Germany and had to bow to her. The iron ring welded to starve out Germany worked its hardship upon Holland likewise. Now began the series of events culminating with the seizure of the Dutch ships in Allied waters, which brought the United States into the vortex of Dutch war complications. With this general picture in your mind we can now proceed to an examination of what has happened in Holland up to the time this article is written, which is early in July.

First of all let us appraise Dutch war sentiment. As far as personal sympathy is concerned the majority of the Dutch are better disposed toward the Allies than toward the Central Powers. The feeling is based upon the fact that the independence of Holland is more obviously threatened by German interests than by those of the Allies. Hence the danger from a victorious Germany is real and apparent. Germany covets Holland; the Allies do not. The general Dutch attitude since the beginning of the war has been more anti-German than pro-Ally.

In analyzing the Dutch state-of-war mind you find an interesting parallel in Spain and Sweden. In these last named countries I found that the court, the aristocracy and the high officers in the army were strongly pro-German, while the great mass of the people were strongly inclined toward the Allies. The parallel largely holds good in Holland, with the exception that there is a franker and freer expression of anti-German sentiment among the Dutch than among the Swedes or the Spaniards. The Dutchman, you must remember, is an intense individualist. This is shown by the fact that at the elections held last July twenty-six different parties were represented at the polls. The Hollander is no respecter of persons and has little sense of caste. He likes to kick "the man above," while the favorite indoor sport of the German is to kick "the man below." The spectacle of the German nation moved about like a pawn on a giant chessboard is abhorrent to the Dutchman. Holland is really a crowned republic, like England. The populace love their Queen, who is an amiable mother to them all and who has scrupulously maintained neutrality. The same cannot be said of her husband, Prince Henry, a Mecklenburg of the Mecklenburgs, whose oft-expressed sympathy with the Kaiser has caused Holland no little embarrassment. Being a German he is loyal to his own.

The Dutch feeling is warmer toward France than toward any of the other Allied Powers. Despite the ravages that Napoleon caused in Holland he and his codes are held in high admiration. By a curious fact the French emotional temperament appeals strongly to the imperturbable Hollander. Besides, there are historical reasons. It is not forgotten that Holland and England were rivals in other days. This feeling was intensified by the Boer War, still fresh in Dutch memory, when the whole nation was arrayed solidly on the side of the South African farmers.

This line-up remained even after the seizure of the Dutch ships, which is the harshest measure that the Dutch have suffered at the hands of the Allies. To sum up: One-fifth of the Dutch are openly pro-German by reason of business connections, admiration of the German army and otherwise; two-fifths are pro-Ally through thick and thin; while the remainder are simply anti-German. But whatever their sympathies in the war they are all uncompromisingly and unalterably pro-Dutch; and likewise to a considerable degree pro-pocketbook.

War Sentiment by Cities

IN HOLLAND as in no other neutral country you can get war sentiment expressed in terms of cities. The Hague is neutral; Amsterdam is the seat of pro-Ally feeling; while Rotterdam is the German stronghold center of the espionage and propaganda system. Each of these communities has a distinct war coloring, due to the fact that Holland is the sanctuary of the exchanged prisoners of war. Here they come—just as later the Americans will come—after eighteen months or two years of confinement in the prison camps, to remain for the duration of the struggle. There are many interned soldiers and sailors, too, all so near home and yet so far.

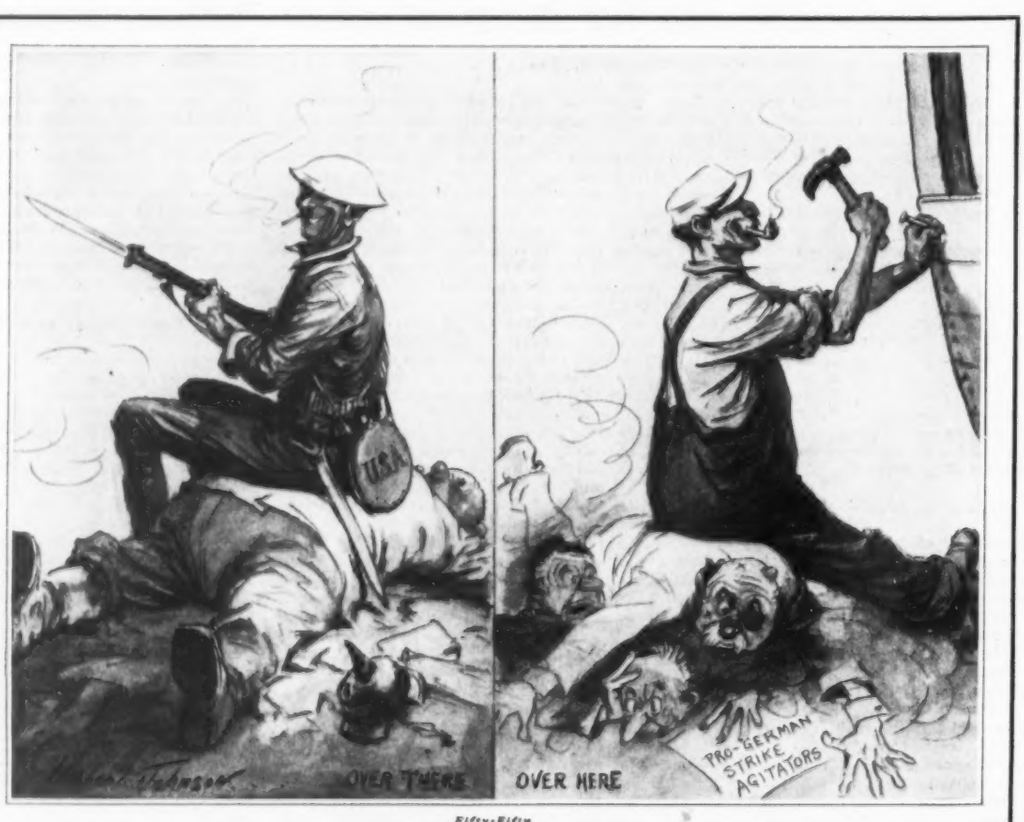
The British are quartered at The Hague; the Germans at Rotterdam. In half an hour's journey you can pass from flocks of men in British khaki to whole regiments of the boche in their familiar field gray. These men who fought each other, from Mons to Loos, are peacefully residing almost within stone's throw of each other. It is one of the many contrasts in wartime Holland.

Now for the feeling about America. As long as we were out of the war Holland looked upon us as a big brother. We were the great neutral, and therefore defender of the neutral faith. When the British blockade pinched too hard the Dutch could always look to us to intercede in their behalf. There was a steady stream of goods and supplies from New York. We were the favorite friend, for the excellent reason that we were very useful.

When we joined the great fight this friendly attitude was seized with a chill. We no longer shared that kinship of a common neutrality; we were dedicated to the task of defeating Germany. The Dutch found it difficult to believe that we did not love her less but that we loved the cause of decency, honor and humanity more. At once the cry "We shall starve!" went up; it became chronic.

Now we touch the problem that almost more than any other lies at the bottom of the whole Dutch trouble. Like most of the

(Continued on Page 69)



Fifty-Fifty

The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

V

RODERICK STONEMAN, forgotten in this room of yellow sheen, dropped wearily into a chair, but quickly stumbled to his feet lest he go to sleep. He walked backward and forward half the length of the room, his head bent low, his hands resting on each fragile gilded chair or table as he passed. He was footsore. Until he had changed into Geoffrey's boots at the hotel he had worn small stolen shoes. He was badly bruised, for he had had rough falls. The dry warmth scorched his face and ears, touched by frost. All these physical troubles had been and could still be borne with outward indifference. He had still a store of vital force and will power. He could not use them. That was the trouble. He was tied fast, helpless.

From the inner salon came Madame Campion in soft satin slippers, which made no sound on the polished floor. She stood at the top of the three steps, which were as wide as the room and divided the two apartments, and looked with surprise at the bent back of this jaded man. He was holding on to a chair and staring at the floor in obvious profound lassitude of mind and body. She had had a dozen words with her niece and had learned that all had gone well at the dinner; otherwise anxiety must have forced her to question. Instead, she backed quietly away and sent Clothilde in to him with a bottle of champagne.

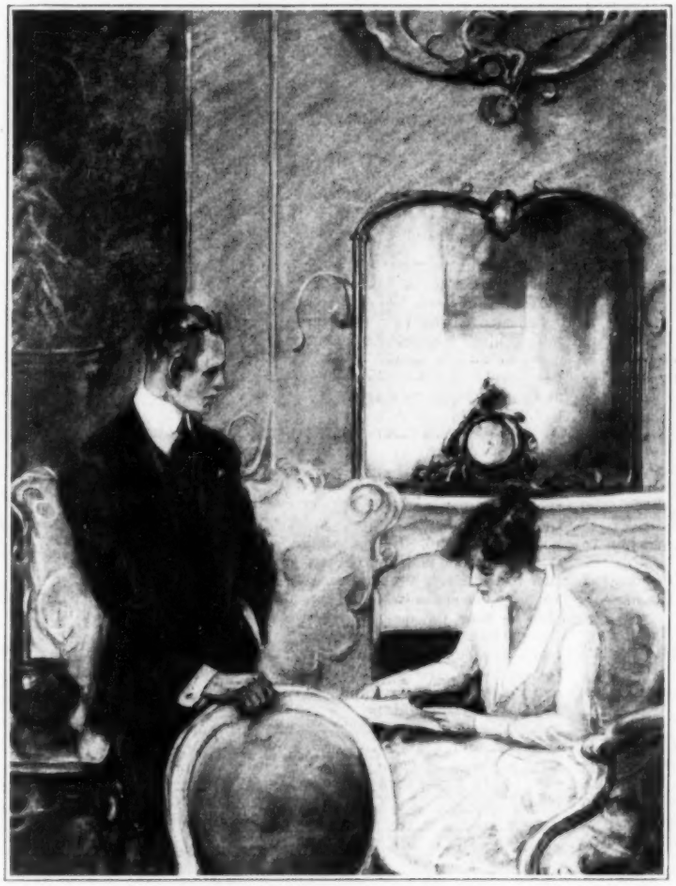
Stoneman drained a glass. The wine was sweet; but it helped him to think.

This girl, this wonderful, fearless English girl, whom he had so deeply involved, had had a message which proved that she could trust the Belgian girl. Mademoiselle Duberges, after all, was no spy; had had no previous knowledge of Miss Travers; and mutual confidence had been established. Somebody — somebody in whom Miss Travers was deeply interested — had escaped from Belgium with the help of Mademoiselle Duberges; and the two young ladies were thus bound by a common dangerous secret. But this tie could hardly be such that Miss Travers would dare to explain. How could she admit that one whom she had introduced as a husband was a stranger — a stranger who brought deadly danger with him?

He drained another glass. He must keep up until Miss Travers made a chance to talk with him. All he could say, all he could tell her, was to get back; to get out of Belgium — quick! She might leave on the morrow, perhaps. He could hide somehow, somewhere, until she was past the frontier. Then it did not matter. If he said he was ill, if he pretended to be, would they let him stay hidden here? Across the frontier! Safe! Miss Travers safe, how gladly he would give himself up! Ah!

But it came to him sharply that the one practicable plan would almost certainly bring ruin to this Belgian girl. All her friendships with German officers, all the love that one spoiled pet of the regiment felt for her, could not save her. How bitter they would be — those hundred German officers who had watched him dine among them! How vindictive would be the punishment inflicted on everybody connected with the affair. His position crystallized in a sentence: The safety of both girls hung on his. That was the blunt, pitiable truth. That was the result of speaking a cowardly word to a young lady in a crowded street. Stoneman buried his face in his hands and surrendered for a moment to bitter self-reproaches.

This young man, quick of decision, fire-quick in execution, resolute of will, iron-nerved, had always said that he could find a way out from anywhere; he knew better now. He had held in contempt the man who sat still and let things happen; he was humbled now. He had cherished an exalted ideal of woman; now he had involved two — probably more — in irretrievable disaster. He remembered the idle dreams of extreme youth; dreams of chivalry, in which he was the rescuer and the hero. Now a girl was in extreme peril through his folly, and he must sit helpless, with no higher task than to guard his tongue. He must await her commands. He must be Montgomery Fargo until told he was not; a husband until otherwise ordered.



"Read it," He Said Abruptly—"Right Through. It's the Only Thing I Can Show You. The Best Woman I Know Trusts Me"

It was on this thought that Madame Campion came again, and this time she signaled her approach. He went over to the wide steps, which she was descending. Her dead-black dress amid all this yellow haze seemed to him to announce death like a trumpet. She took his two hands in hers and pressed them warmly.

"Any American is welcome," she said; "but Geoffrey's brother-in-law — may I say it? — is almost as a son to me."

He looked at her in helpless misery, the only moment in which he failed.

"I thank you, madame!" he stammered.

She glanced from him to the bottle. This unaccountably tired man had taken only two glasses.

"Sit there. . . . No; I insist!" This stately lady herself put a small table in front of him and poured two glasses. Then she placed a tortoise-shell box, inlaid with gold and lined with cedar, in front of him and lighted a match. "Geoffrey said they were good," she told him as he puffed at the cigarette. "My nephew imported them from Cairo. They are dry, of course. He was killed at Liège. Do not speak, monsieur. Lean back and rest at ease. We Belgians will grieve after the war; until then we have no tears. And now, our little toast. You must empty your glass. Our Belgian toast: *Le Roi et Victoire!*"

"*Le Roi et Victoire*," he murmured, and drank.

She seated herself at his side, and he rallied all his forces to carry on. Everything he said must almost certainly be contradicted by everything Miss Travers was probably telling Mademoiselle Duberges; but he must not hesitate.

"The dinner? All was well? Ah, but what a trial for Peggy! I may call her Peggy, may I not? We have heard so much of her. It was a desperate chance for Yvonne to take, but such a help to you to know the young lieutenant. You are neutral, of course. It was easy for you; but *là là!* — Peggy among the Germans! Yvonne is too daring. And there was no contretemps?"

"None, Madame Campion. We have the promise of the lieutenant to help with passes."

"Oh, but that is splendid! I was thunderstruck when I saw Yvonne wished to accept. It is well, now that it ends well. Your Peggy must be as brave as Geoffrey."

The strong face had not been wont to express tenderness, but it expressed more than tenderness now. The voice lingered affectionately on the name of Geoffrey.

"She is the bravest woman in the world!" he said. "Do not call me neutral, madame."

"Of course not. I know that, or you would never have won your beautiful wife. Still, it is not quite the same. And did you see Geoffrey at Esschen?"

"No, madame."

"As well, perhaps. If Peggy had recognized him she must have cried out, I think. She is very like him, don't you think?"

"Very, madame." He laid down the end of the cigarette he had fiercely smoked.

"Light another, please. They do you good. And fill your glass. You were very tired, monsieur, and you are getting rested now. And how soon did Yvonne get a chance to whisper the splendid news?"

"No chance, madame. We did not know until we came into this house."

"*Mon Dieu!* But how it would have cheered Peggy! And Yvonne bursting with it too!" She smiled. "It was a good ending. It took away a bad taste from the mouth, perhaps. I came home trembling. Yes; it is true. I am of granite, they say; but when an earthquake comes —— I could not think how you and Peggy knew us. Ah, but you were quick and splendid! It was so unlucky that the lieutenant came just one minute too soon. But I guessed, after all. I saw that Mère St. Ursule had written of us. Why, I could not think. But it was very lucky."

"No one wrote about you, madame. We did not know at all who you were."

Madame Campion's lineaments had been modeled on patrician bones by a lifetime of haughty repression; but five months of war had taught those hard lines how to relax. Her look of astonishment was as naïve as would have been that of Clothilde.

"Anything might happen in Belgium," he said. "How did we know that you had not some warning, some message for us?"

She eyed him shrewdly with a somber smile. The truth was dragged from him.

"And when did you know," she asked, "that Yvonne was not a German spy?"

"When we entered this house, madame."

"Oh!" she cried, flinging up her hands; "but that is not possible! But, of course —— Ah, Peggy is brave! And she sat through that dinner! Poor Yvonne! There are many who think as you thought."

An instant of silence, a heavy cloud; then madame rallied.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. "We were so astonished. We could not believe it. Clothilde came back, exploding. Mademoiselle was in Belgium. Monsieur Geoffrey had seen her in Esschen. Yes; it was true. Monsieur Geoffrey was sure. We could not think how she had got a passport. The last thing we guessed was that she had married a lucky neutral, who gets a charming bride and can bring her to her brother in unhappy Belgium. You see, Clothilde came down in the train with you; but she did not see you, and so we had no clew."

"Of course not, madame. You must have been puzzled."

"I should think so! We flew in search." Madame smiled. "The hotel register told us."

His wandering eyes fell on a crape-bound photograph of a young officer in the Belgian uniform.

"Yes; Yvonne's brother," said madame; "two years older. She is all alone now, except for me. . . . But smoke again, monsieur. And how long have you been married?"

"Just two weeks to-day, madame, in London."

"Aha! And you bring her to Geoffrey. And she is so delighted to have missed him, of course. What a honeymoon! How happy you must be."

"Very happy, madame."

"But, my dear young man, you should exult in words of great enthusiasm over your beautiful bride," she protested.

"Does she not speak for herself?" he asked with an answering laugh.

"Ah, with many beautiful tongues! But we women are so made that the one we wish to hear is the husband's."

"She is the most wonderful woman who ever lived!" he cried with conviction.

"Ah, that is better! That is right. Geoffrey thinks the world of her. We found him just in time. It was accident—just that; and how lucky! Yvonne has a château near the convent; all dead and locked up, of course, but not looted, and only one chimney gone, from a shell. We went there. The doctor told us of an English soldier, wounded and no longer safe in the convent cellar; for a Bavarian patrol had been quartered in the village. We carried him that night ——"

"We, madame?"

Madame laughed.

"Five women, in the dark midnight, and two men. He was not even jarred, he said; and it was three miles. We had to leave him for five days with Clothilde until we got passes. He came as footman on our carriage. We brought him here nearly five weeks ago; and he got better so fast. Did you know him well, monsieur?"

"No, madame. You see, I came to England on a visit and met Miss Travers."

Madame patted his hand. She was pleased with the tonic effect of her talk and the champagne and the cigarettes. The truth is that her queries had keyed him to feverish tension, lest he contradict himself.

"Tell me," she asked—"what is that white horse? I could not understand. Geoffrey spoke of a white horse, a great white horse."

Stoneman forced a laugh.

"In America," he said, "we have a saying: Where there's a white horse, there's a red-haired girl."

"Ungallant!" she said. "Peggy has the beautiful auburn hair!"

"Oh, I was not thinking of her, madame."

"But the white horse, monsieur, that lies on its side always on the hill above the house?"

Fortunately the author of Tom Brown at Rugby had written of the scouring of the White Horse and Stoneman had read the book. He told the tale, and it fitted; and, even in his desperate plight, he could not but chuckle at the ludicrous association of this gigantic chalk-carved monument with Miss Travers' burnished hair. Madame heard this chuckle with beaming pleasure. Decidedly she was doing him good!

"We photographed Geoffrey," she said, "in his peasant's dress, with his rough beard and a bandaged chin. We sent it out by our secret post. Our friends ransacked the refugee camps of Holland until they found a peasant who looked something like the picture. They got a pass for him and another man to come down and return. They came—our servants, we said—and we sent Geoffrey's double to our estate, where he slipped across the lines, we hope. Away went Geoffrey on his pass this morning, with the other man to speak Flemish if they were questioned, and Clothilde to help. It succeeded. Simple, wasn't it? Yvonne's idea."

"Is it as easy as that?" Stoneman said ungraciously.

"Easy?" repeated madame, a little surprised. "It was achieving the impossible."

"Pardon, madame; but you tell of your great efforts so lightly ——"

Hard or easy, he reflected, that way was not for him; for his mysterious disappearance would involve everybody as deeply as his discovery. He turned as the door opened. He hoped Miss Travers was coming, that he might hint to her what he had been saying. But it was only Clothilde, who said quietly, "Pardon, monsieur," and then addressed madame in Flemish.

"Mademoiselle Yvonne's compliments to madame," she said; "and madame will please not be alarmed or surprised."

"Go on, Clothilde. What has happened?"

"The young ladies desire to spare the feelings of a brave and gallant gentleman who has fought for France and Belgium, and is in deep misfortune."

"The young ladies, Clothilde?"

"It is so, madame."

"Have a care, Clothilde. You speak with a growing excitement. Moderate yourself."

"Yes, madame; pardon. He is not the husband of the young lady."

"Repeat it, if you please, Clothilde."

"It is true, madame. Prepare yourself, madame. He is of the war birds of the French."

"Pardon, monsieur," madame said, smiling. "It is of to-morrow's déjeuner that we speak. It seems that some eggs have been broken; and eggs are eggs in Antwerp to-day."

"I am sorry, madame." He laughed with her.

"Go on, Clothilde."

"Monsieur attacked the Zeppelin house beyond Brussels from the sky last night, and afterward he had to descend. He got safely into the city and addressed a question to the English young lady; and then you spoke to her. There was no time for denials. It is thought that monsieur is deeply mortified; but I am to say that the passport mademoiselle has for her brother will do for him."

"Careful, Clothilde; you have had months of training, and yet you steal a glance at monsieur! Is his room ready?"



"I Climbed the Porch and Forced a Chest in a Likely Bedroom"

"I have been occupied with mademoiselle."

"He and I will arrange it. You are too busy. Is there plenty of hot water for his bath?"

"Yes, madame."

"The finest silk pyjamas of Monsieur Jaques—put them on the radiator."

"The new ones? Ah, madame, they came from London after Monsieur Jaques' death."

"Those, Clothilde. I thank you. You have done well."

"Thank you, madame." The maid closed the door.

Stoneman had hoped that the dreadful farce was ended; but this quiet dialogue could only be as madame said, about the kitchen or the bed linen. He rose, because madame rose, and moved to open the door for her.

An extraordinary movement on her part checked him. It seemed to him that she floated down, down; and it was not until that gray, stately head was almost on a level with his knee that it dawned on him that she was curtsying to him; curtsying deep, in the homage of courts. He burst into a strangled sob as she drew herself up with a noble dignity.

"I had thought, monsieur," she said, "never to do that until my king came home. But it is your due. You are the first of our Allies to come in arms to our captured city. You fight for us. Your nation feeds our poor. Monsieur, we are all deeply grateful."

"Madame," he answered in a broken voice, "I bring great trouble to you and you receive me as a conqueror!"

Tears were in her eyes—eyes that had once been hard and repellent, but tender, almost affectionate, now, after five months of national and personal suffering. She put her hands on his shoulders and drew him to her and kissed him on the forehead.

"Come!" she said, taking his arm. "You were not in bed last night and I have been taxing your poor tired brains. Our servants have all gone, and you and I must get your room ready."

Upstairs, two girls looked into each other's eyes and smiled, for a genuine laugh, a man's laugh, echoed from below. Madame was making good fun about the ridiculous idea of a white horse and a red-haired girl, and an exhausted man was being mothered.

VI

PEGGY lay back, deliciously resting on a sofa. She wore a silk dressing gown of Yvonne's and her bare feet were thrust into a pair of Japanese slippers of plaited straw. A little smile was on her lips as her eyes roved indolently but with a purpose. This large, warm room in cool gray and pale blue, and here and there a touch of old rose, was an exquisite product of individual taste. She had been pleased, soothed, when she had first come in, an hour before. As she had subconsciously noted details, she had divined that it was little more than a beautiful empty shell. A casual comment from Yvonne had told her that most of the valuables of the house had been sent to the Hague before the bombardment. Peggy, half dreaming, looked from the mirror over the dressing table to the canopied bed, and then to the bureau; and after that to the chiffonier, with its curved and swelling fronts to each drawer.

She was looking in vain for a straight line. Everything was in curves, graceful, winding—she thought excessive. Everything was French, and obviously original Louis Quinze; and Peggy rightly guessed that it had come direct from the artist cabinetmaker to an ancestor of Yvonne. She contrasted her own simple, breeze-swept bedroom with this and smiled again; and then she looked at the blank wall, where at home a grate would be and where a jolly ruddy fire would be glowing.



"My King—Yes, I Have Had a Message From Him. He Knows. A Few Others Know. All the Rest of Belgium Calls Me Traitor"

She pictured Yvonne at the manor, a daughter of luxury and warmth, shivering in the great gusty hall, nursing the fire, looking askance at the collie and the fox terrier that shared the tiger skin, lifting widened eyes when asked to visit the stables; staring when a ten-mile run over the downs was suggested. All this half-conscious reverie came as the result of a word here and there, a gesture, a glance now and again from those eyes of Yvonne, which expressed so much and yet sometimes told so little.

Peggy hoped—yet hated to hope. She was on fire with gratitude and love for the girl who had nursed and saved her brother; yet, to share Geoffrey, to give him up, the other half of her—the thought stabbed her. She was in a glow of admiration for the grace, the tenderness with which her revelation of the airman had been received. Yvonne had never flinched from the added burden. So far from blaming, she had praised. Yet Peggy feared that this hothouse flower would fade on the open downs of Berkshire; and wondered whether the complex product of intensive Belgian culture could make simple outdoor Geoffrey happy.

Geoffrey safe, the airman in bed, the room warm and reticently fragrant, the sofa comfortable, a delightful hour with a delightful girl—it is no wonder Peggy felt that the day's work was well done and that she let both mind and body relax. Her vagrant thoughts about Yvonne and Geoffrey, hardly registered in her brain, were pleasant dreaming, founded on little more than nothing, tinged with romance and touched with humor.

It was funny that upright and downright Geoffrey, with his blunt ways, could have seriously interested Yvonne, all finesse and sweet artifice, which had become natural. She wondered, smiling, what Geoffrey thought. He never flirted or philandered; but then, he had never been rescued and hidden and nursed by a girl; and this girl had a quaint, rare beauty. If it should be that these little signs really were signs; and if dear old blind Geoffrey, as was most likely the case, had never seen one of them, and was only grateful, and very, very friendly —— Peggy closed her eyes on the lazy thought that, in that case, something must be done; there was a heavy debt to be paid, and Geoffrey always paid in full. She was nearly asleep, and she thought that Geoffrey, in bounding health, would fear rather than love this girl; he avoided girls who did not know how to be "just pally," and who knew a lot about art and music, and nothing about horses and dogs and the countryside in winter.

But Peggy came suddenly wide-awake, for she thought of the fresh, boyish, arrogant face of Leutnant von Schmiedell and how his merry eyes had softened as he looked at Yvonne; looked open love, careless who saw. Peggy had forgotten him, had forgotten the dinner; had unconsciously, as it were, taken ten minutes' vacation between difficulties. His manner, so confident, so assured, was that of an engaged man; or at least of one who has a definite understanding. Yvonne's answering smiles; Yvonne's glances from charming, provocative eyes; her deference to his wishes, yet dexterous management of him; her unprotesting acceptance of his brutally tactless comments about Belgians; the touch of her beautifully curved lip to the glass that held the blood-red wine from Louvain ——

Peggy pondered over that incident. The man was born and bred a gentleman. He had the most engaging natural manner. He was cosmopolitan, old in experience, young in heart, and had associated all his life with cultured people in many countries. And yet, with a buoyant good will, and as a special compliment to his guests—one of whom was a Belgian girl whom he obviously hoped and expected to marry—he had produced a bottle of wine from Louvain and proudly told where it came from. With complacent obtuseness, he had grossly insulted where he had meant to do honor.

The incident typified, crystallized all that Peggy had read and heard, all that France and England had learned, and that the United States was beginning to learn of the appalling congenital and acquired egotism of the Prussian; an egotism that stultified his diplomacy, made ludicrous his splutter about his civilization, and justified to him his ravages and ravishments, his brutalities and his murders. It shed a further bright light for Peggy: The lieutenant had a boyish, not unpleasing vanity. He had the ego mania of his people, especially rabid in the class to which he belonged. Such a man was easy to deceive. Yvonne, then, was a secret agent for the Belgians.

Peggy sat up, put her elbows on her knees, cupped her chin on her hands, and looked at the place where the fire ought to be. The thought was revolting. However noble the cause, a girl like Yvonne, so dainty, sweet through and through—that had been proved in an hour of intimacy—pretending love for a German! Oh, there were others to do such things; others who, with lure of body and eyes —— There came recollections of a sentence, the one sentence Yvonne had uttered about the delicate relation that accident and necessity had fixed between two strangers of opposite sex: "It is nothing to save a brave man's life by pretending to be his wife," Yvonne had said; "there are pretendings that scorch the soul; but this is not one." It had passed unheeded; there had been so much to hear about Geoffrey, so much to tell about the airman. But it came back now, and with it recollection of a somber face, a sudden dropping of the eyes, a break in the voice.

It was recalled the more vividly because it was the one and only moment in which Yvonne's blithe fortitude had been shaken. Peggy sprang to her feet and stood with hands clenched, frowning heavily. A spy? And by this spying health and freedom to Geoffrey! Eyes of allure and smiles of invitation! But for these the airman would be in prison. Love, pretended love, for a vain, arrogant boy? What great thing had this pretense that scorched the soul wrought for Belgium? For Geoffrey and the airman must be but incidents. Peggy asked herself if she would make a like pretense for Geoffrey or for England. There was only one answer: Of course! Of course!

Her forehead came unknotted and a smile flashed across her dry lips. She had dared to censure Yvonne! And who was she, to criticize? She had gone farther. In one hour she herself had gone farther; and for a stranger! There was humor in that revolt against the word "spy." What was she herself? Ridiculous old prejudices died hard, she thought, and she must not blame herself if their ghosts stalked near her when she was half asleep.

What a burden must this girl, delicate to fragility, be bearing; what cares, hidden beneath those luminous eyes, which must be kept bright for a German lover; what sorrows, mocked by those brilliant smiles, which must flash at will to keep an enemy tame! Grieving for an adored brother—Yvonne had told her how he had died; openly insulted by patrician Belgians—Peggy remembered the incident of the Avenue de Keyser; daily, hourly, at sharpest tension and on guard, with never a chance to relax! Peggy's tears were near, but they did not come; for that was not Peggy's way. In all that long hour Yvonne had not uttered one word about herself, except that indirect reference to pretenses that scorched; had not had one thing done for her; and everybody else had been arranged for, and planned for, and cared for. . . .

Yvonne came, still in her black dress, carrying a suitcase.

"I am so sorry," she said; "but we have been ripping to pieces an aviator's costume. It is not safe to have it about. He is sound asleep. Aunt Maria tucked him in."

"And why should I not have helped?" Peggy reproached as she opened the suitcase.

"You are tired. You should rest."

Peggy laughed.

"Mr. Stoneman is very orderly," she said; she was looking at little parcels all neatly wrapped in tissue paper.

"Sponge bag," she inventoried, feeling the parcels; "hairbrush; slippers." She unwrapped one and her night dress hung down. "He folded it," she cried, "in the same folds—an old maid!"

"Do you know," Yvonne said, "I think that a man in danger like that —— He wants to get his uniform locked up quick—and he is in a great hurry. Well, he is very cool and calm, isn't he? And he pays great respect to your belongings, doesn't he?"

Peggy looked at Yvonne.

"I was thinking just that," she admitted.

"But you are English and you didn't say it."

(Continued on Page 93)

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Cellar Patriotism

IN ABOUT thirty days, as to a great part of the United States, you will be lighting the furnace. There will be no time then to clean the flues, the pipe and the chimney; or to replace the warped grate that lets a hatful of half-burned coal fall into the ash box every time the furnace is shaken; or to fix that defective damper or the door that is a bit sprung so it lets in a draft when you want all drafts shut off. There will be no time then to look the apparatus over yourself and see whether it is in proper condition. And if you start the season without a simple, inexpensive contrivance for sifting the ashes—as you started last season and many others—probably you will go on without such a contrivance. And probably about New Year's you will be blaming the Fuel Administration.

Look to the furnace right now.

One day last spring we passed a public building whose façade was being decorated with some big handsome flags of our allies. From the chimney of the power house which supplied that building poured a dense, pitchy volume of smoke, showing defective combustion and a waste of coal. For more than a year Italy has been half-paralyzed by lack of coal. It costs sixty dollars and more a ton there. The nation can barely keep the most necessary industries going. Out in front of the building a crowd was cheering the Italian flag—while the power house wasted coal that Italy is famished for.

Do not take it out in cheering.

Easy—When You Try

A FRIEND, with a worried expression, stated his position thus: "On the fifteenth of August I finished paying for bonds of the Third Liberty Loan to which I subscribed on May first. I am pledged to buy a given amount of War Savings Stamps every month this year. I agreed with myself that I would buy a twenty-five-cent Thrift Stamp every workday, and smoke a pipe instead of buying cigars. Another Liberty Loan—the biggest one yet—is only a few weeks off. I asked the price of a winter overcoat yesterday, and just kept from fainting. The only thing I buy that does not cost at least twice as much as it used to is a postage stamp. Y. M. C. A. is coming along, and I feel bound to do something for that. Then look at this new revenue law! Five cents a breath if you breathe below your Adam's apple. I figure the income tax alone will take about half of what I normally saved out of my income when nearly every article that enters into my living expenses cost only half what it costs now, and there were no insatiable Red Crosses, Savings Stamps, and what not, grabbing for a dollar before it could get its head out of the shell. How is a fellow to do it?"

He stared over that problem a moment and observed, "But we seem to do it—somehow."

For all such anxious people there is one bracing thought—to wit: We are only fairly getting into it now; the load will grow heavier and heavier; the first law of Nature of this war is to demand ever more and more. And it can be done because it must be done.

In forty-seven months there were half a dozen times when Germany would have won if only her enemies had admitted the idea of defeat. They would not admit it. They fought doggedly on, and always at the last pinch Germany was stopped.

Adopt that plan. Go right ahead with your subscriptions. Do not daunt yourself now with thoughts of the taxes you must pay next year. Wade in. You will get by with it.

The Production Problem

THE Government of the United States, after carefully considering the subject, has advised manufacturers how much leather, and of what sorts, they should put into a traveling bag, and what kind of bags they should make. And if you look about, you will observe that that is a symptom of a universal condition.

In Europe or America there is hardly an article of common human use that government has not in some fashion or other laid a restrictive hand on. Sit down and try to think of an article of common use that there is not somewhere a pronounced shortage of so that government has intervened in some fashion to conserve the supply. If there is any such article it does not occur to us.

There is a shortage of everything that enters into common use—amounting nearly to famine in some places as to some articles whose comparative abundance we always took for granted, no more expecting to run out of them than we expect to run out of air.

There are no statistics that adequately account for this condition. In fact, as to the bulk of these common articles the world is producing them pretty nearly as abundantly as ever. Food, taking it by and large, is an illustration. There is pretty nearly as much food in the world as ever, and comparatively very few more mouths to feed than there were four years ago. Yet the use of food is restricted everywhere.

The war shows the poverty as well as the wealth of the world. Some disturbance of transportation, some disorganization of commerce, some extra wear and tear on clothing and some increase in consumption through keeping soldiers better supplied with shoes and coats than they would have been in civil life—and the world is living hand to mouth with a cupboard bare of reserve stocks. Greater production of goods is as big a problem as better distribution of wealth.

The Shipping Future

THE head of the Cunard Line recently said that at the first breath of competitive conditions the present "monstrous edifice" of shipping values would collapse like a house of cards.

A typical British cargo boat that cost forty-odd thousand pounds four years ago now costs about a hundred and eighty thousand pounds, or twenty-four pounds a deadweight ton. But British boats are liable to government use at fixed rates. Japanese cargo boats, free from any such liability, have sold recently at eighty pounds a deadweight ton, or sixteen times the worth four years ago—for the owners can charter them at four pounds a ton a month, the monthly rental being pretty nearly what the boat would have cost before the war. Of course, tonnage on any such basis would be subject to an enormous depreciation charge if pre-war conditions were restored.

But will pre-war conditions be restored for a long time?

A year hence the United States will have an overseas merchant fleet of fifteen million tons or so, built and owned by the Government, with a capital investment several times what a like amount of tonnage would have required before the war.

At pre-war freight rates it would be out of the question for this fleet to pay its way. It is not likely the Government would consent to sell its ships to private owners at, say, a third what they cost.

Secretary McAdoo said our merchant fleet must be in the hands "of an interest having boundless resources, an interest that is not compelled to concern itself with dividends to its stockholders or returns to its bondholders; an interest that can afford to suffer losses and sustain them for an indefinite period"—namely, the Government. And if the American fleet disregards returns on the investment and profits, other fleets must meet those conditions.

Government shipping will probably long outlast the war.

Picking Congressmen

PRESIDENT WILSON did an excellent thing when he walked out in the open and set his foot on the congressional aspirations of men of his own party who had not supported him in the war. But it is only in exceptional cases that such a leading of opinion in respect of congressional candidates can be expected.

Here is a field in which there is no trustworthy organized leadership. As a rule each party organization will tout its own candidates regardless of their merits, and though a majority of voters in the United States now put public service above party fealty such voters are left to their individual initiative for information on which to base an opinion. People forget. Looking up a candidate's record requires time, access to documents that are to be found only in very well-equipped public libraries, and no little skill and experience in the reading of such documents. Hardly one voter out of ten thousand could draw up a passable summary of the record of the man he will vote for this fall.

Years ago Chicago got a City Council that could be trusted not to steal a hot stove—a novelty in those days—through a disinterested, nonpartisan, organized effort to inform voters of the records of candidates for that body.

We want a new national political instrument—not a party nor an adjunct of any party. It must be disinterested, unpartisan, fair, capable; its first object to place before the voters of every district an impartial but fearless summary of the records of candidates for House and Senate, squarely pointing a finger at any of them who have proved traitors to the principles they professed, whatever those principles may have been.

Newspapers cannot perform this office, for they are usually under the implication of partisanship and they would not agree among themselves. But newspapers nearly everywhere would publish the reports of an organization whose high and disinterested standing was beyond question.

Toward a Budget

THE President says: "It will be impossible to deal in any but a very wasteful and extravagant fashion with the enormous appropriations which must be made unless the House returns to its former practice of initiating and preparing all appropriation bills through a single committee, in order that responsibility may be centered, expenditures standardized, and waste and duplication as much as possible avoided."

The House long ago abandoned the practice referred to.

Estimates call for many billions.

Each bureau and department prepared its own estimates separately. No one set of men edited and coördinated them. The House sends them to half a dozen or more separate committees, each acting independently. They are never considered as a whole; practically no attempt is ever made to check and balance and coördinate them into a harmonious standardized plan.

That millions must be wasted under such a lack of any system and any centered responsibility is as plain as the nose on your face.

There ought to be a real budget, with authority and responsibility centered in one body. That would require considerable time. As the most practicable emergency substitute, the President recommends that a single committee should consider, digest and formulate all appropriation bills.

The House can do that easily. It requires simply a change of its own rules. Let it add a rule that for the period of the war it will not take up any bill involving an appropriation of public money unless that bill is introduced and recommended by the single committee.

Still Higher Prices

LET eighty-one represent the price of staple commodities in England in the midsummer of 1914. Virtually every month since war began has seen an advance, until, recently, the index number stood at one hundred and sixty-three. In other words, the price of commodities had doubled since war began. This statistical record reaches back a full century; but the number one hundred and sixty-three is far higher than in any previous year. In the year of lowest prices—during the last decade of the nineteenth century—the index number was only sixty-six. What cost one dollar then now costs two dollars and a half.

For the ordinary individual there is only one defense against rising commodity prices—namely, more rigid economy. The sooner people begin to practice it, the better for all concerned.

BIG MONEY—How the Workers are Saving It—By Albert W. Atwood

"WHY, it's just like finding money."

Aside from the supreme achievement of national unity and patriotic support of the war, this brief sentence expresses more accurately than a whole book the effect upon millions of Americans of a year of Liberty Bond and war-saving campaigns. It is the surprised exclamation of discovery at having got ahead in the world. For the great army of owners of government securities did not buy them primarily with any cool calculation of self-advancement in mind, but mostly from patriotism, and not a few from pressure, from desire to get into line, and even from fear.

But to-day if you go to the banks of the country—and there are nearly thirty thousand of them—you will find everywhere, I am sure, that many customers are in a position to say and daily are saying:

"I'd never have had this one hundred or two hundred dollars if it hadn't been for the Liberty Bonds. I don't know what I should have spent it for, but I know I shouldn't have had it."

It is true of all classes. An official of a great steel company told me in one breath that his employees were a care-free lot who lived only from day to day and never looked ahead, and that more than twenty thousand of them had subscribed for the third Liberty Loan. He said that the commonest remark of a worker when he completed his payments was that it was like finding money. Almost the next person I talked to told me of a friend, a man of fifty, of high standing and position in his community, who for years had been a branch manager of one of the Chicago packing firms and had never saved a cent until the first and second Liberty Loans came along, when he pledged himself for fifteen hundred dollars. Now he is that much to the good. Making full allowance for the waste of both time and money that have gone with the present era of high wages, there is one net result that fits in with common experience and everyday observation as well as with the statistics of government finance. We know that many millions of people have fifty dollars, or one hundred dollars, or two hundred dollars saved and securely invested, where they did not have anything a couple of years ago and in all human probability would have had nothing but for these government securities.

Possibilities

BUT that is by no means all. There are splendid possibilities of even greater savings for the future in the high-wage scale that is so rapidly spreading over the country. In a previous article I showed that large and sudden wage increases sometimes lead to waste, to the dissipation of earnings. But the evils that seem to go with such wages were seen to be just as much due to the temporary character of much of the war work, to lack of housing facilities and settled surroundings, and to poor management. That is not all. For where some men are led astray by high wages others are spurred on to greater efforts and an increased efficiency, which in the aggregate of millions of war workers may add enormously to the total production of the country, and indeed, in the opinion of some, is already being felt.

A man not long ago made two hundred and fifty dollars in one day driving rivets in a shipyard. Of this amount more than half came from prizes given by newspapers, but even at that his own exertions at the prevailing scale of wages brought an enormous reward. But the man worked only nine days more. Either he was so physically exhausted by his efforts or so demoralized by the sudden riches that his inclination to work at all was ended. Obviously there is a limit beyond which high compensation makes for an actual net reduction in output. But there is no danger that such excesses will become common. In fact this particular form of ridiculous immoderation has already been stopped, prizes to riveters being no longer permitted.

But who can doubt that the wonderful records made in the shipyards, the launchings ahead of time, the feats of pile driving and riveting that go on every day are in part due to the incentive of big wages? Excessive wages are after all comparatively rare. The attainable ideal in the vast majority of cases is not two hundred and fifty dollars a day, or fifteen dollars a day, or even ten dollars a day. It is from five to eight dollars, which after all does not seem a sum large enough to drive the majority of men into wild excesses of spending or loafing.

Shipyard records are no doubt partly accounted for by patriotic efforts, by speech making, by the stimulus of leaders like Schwab, and by other forces in no way connected with wages. But the possibility of making from five to eight dollars a day instead of two dollars is not a factor to be despised. Surely the man who earns enough to live in reasonable comfort with something to spare for either pleasures or savings must be more efficient than the one who has nothing to spare for anything except food and a miserable home, and not quite enough for those.

In steel ships there are cramped corners where it is harder to drive twenty-five rivets than to drive a couple of hundred on the side of the ship. In such places there is no room to move about; even the use of a hammer is almost impossible. Everything in shipbuilding depends upon position, upon space and facility of action. Yet these difficulties have actually been overcome in many instances by the increasing speed of the workers. Certain teams of skilled mechanics in munition factories were rated as only fifty per cent efficient a few months ago because of the dilution of workers unfamiliar with the particular job. Men who were at the top notch of skill were rated at only seventy-five per cent because the average of the gang was low. But in a few months the new workers learned the trick, and now all these teams are rated at 100 per cent.

How the Employer Reacts

IS IT to be supposed that such improvement had no relation to the high wages that the whole country knows can be earned in shipyards and munition factories? Is it likely that several hundred thousand men would submit to the relatively low pay of the shipyard training schools if they were not confident of being able to earn the big wages paid to expert shipbuilders?

The first shock of high wages falls upon the employer. He bears the brunt of them. He is hit by them. For wages are paid weekly or fortnightly, and profits come in only after months or perhaps a year. Naturally the employer feels the burden of high wages before he feels the tonic of increased production. Even when he handles only government business on a cost-plus basis he cannot avoid the feeling that if it were not necessary to pay such high wages the Government might allow him larger profits. His natural reaction to an enormous pay roll is something like this: "My, what could I have made at present prices for my products if only wages had remained at the old level!".

This is not to accuse the employer in the slightest degree of lack of patriotism or profiteering. But he is human like the rest of us. As a rule he is not anxious to pay higher wages than he is forced to, any more than a householder likes to pay more rent than he is obliged to or the workman likes to work longer hours than he can help. As long as human nature remains at all similar to what it is to-day many employers will grumble at wage increases, especially at such extraordinary advances as we have witnessed in the last year.

Now just as long as wage increases are even partially a bitter pill to the employer he will see much of evil in them. He cannot avoid, honest though he may be, focusing his attention upon



The Amateur Messiah

the workers who waste their high wages. None of us can avoid exaggerating what hurts us. The banker who gets a bad note in his portfolio thinks a lot more about that note than about the hundreds of good ones that pass through without accident every day.

For perfectly simple and natural reasons extravagance among the workers has been exaggerated. From the very nature of the case the spendthrift is more conspicuous than the saver. The black sheep shows up conspicuously among the white. Thrifty people are quiet. They don't show up much as a rule, and make very little noise. In a convention or meeting the extreme radicals will outshout the steady thinkers and appear more numerous just because they make more noise. The free spender always attracts more attention than his numbers warrant, whether on Broadway or in a small town.

Suppose that in a factory eighty per cent of the workers complete their payments and take up their Liberty Bonds. That attracts no particular attention because that is what they are supposed to do and what the employer has arranged for them to do. He does not tell people about it because it is in the regular course of events. But he does tell everyone he meets about the extravagance and carelessness of the twenty per cent who for one reason or another fail to meet their payments. This minority causes him annoyance, trouble and perhaps expense. So it is the black sheep that get talked about.

A Case of Easy Come, Easy Go

A SCORE of employers have told me of the great numbers of automobiles that the men use in riding to and from their work. But no employer ever told me of the millions of workers who have no automobiles. "None" is not quite accurate, for one young employer, evidently more of a believer in first-hand evidence than some of his fellows, suggested that I put the question to a Hungarian workman in one of his plants. Round this particular factory is the village where the workers live, nearly a thousand in all, and the Hungarian averred that only one of his fellows out of the thousand had a car. But as an afterthought he added somewhat reluctantly that one other man had a motor cycle. Yet a large number of the entire thousand were earning from four to eight dollars a day on shell work.

Nor will it do to generalize much from specific cases. It is generally supposed that the negro is wasting his big wages, and plenty of individual cases may be found. But in one relatively small shipyard in the South, where seventy per cent of the workers are colored, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars was subscribed for the third Liberty Loan.

It is difficult for some employers to visualize what lies back of much that they call extravagance on the part of their men.

The manager of a great plant engaged in a vitally essential munitions industry goes to work every morning before seven o'clock. Often he gets in ahead of many of his men, and one morning he heard two of them in the seat behind him on the train discussing how much they had paid for their breakfast.

"Mine cost me $1.10," said one workman proudly.

"Mine cost me $1.25," said the other with even more pride.

"And mine had cost me twenty-five cents," said the manager. "Besides," he added with disgust, "the men were late at that."

But the mechanics do nothing all day long but punch holes in small pieces of metal that ride past them on a moving platform, while the manager is responsible for a whole vast industrial organism with fifteen thousand souls and thousands of machines. To these mechanics work could hardly be other than a monotonous routine, to a very considerable extent at least, while to that manager work is not only life itself, it is a tremendously important part of winning the war. No doubt much of the splendid achievement of the riveters in shipyards is because the riveter can see the whole ship and feels his part in the great thing more than a bench worker in a shop.

And when I put this point up to the manager who had been so irritated by the laborers' high-priced breakfasts his answer naturally was that men can rise in this country in all walks of life, that by sticking to his drudgery the shop worker could in turn become a manager. But that does not satisfy the craving for recreation and pleasure in the meantime on the part of millions of workers. The $1.25 breakfast of the shop mechanic and the forty-dollar suit of clothes of the boy in the coal mine, extravagant as they are, are real pleasures to them. To the employer, with his rich full life, his absorbing interest in his work, and with an education that enables him to appreciate much besides food and clothes, an expensive breakfast or a suit that costs a few dollars more or less is a trivial incident, the full meaning of which to those with fewer resources and forms of recreation he cannot understand.

One of the most interesting views of how the worker is using his big wages was that expressed by Hugh Frayne, among the chief men in the American Federation of Labor and at present the foremost labor man on the War Industries Board and its representative on the War Labor Policies Board.

He insisted that higher wages had added enormously to the number of savers, and he gave an interesting array of facts to back up his opinion that high wages are making for increased efficiency and production. But he also stressed his belief that the laboring man is entitled to raise his standard of living.

"Many workmen," said Mr. Frayne, "are only getting what they should have received long ago. Part of their present wages should be thought of as compound interest on what they ought to have had before. Nor is the increase so great as it seems, because if the worker had formerly had what he was entitled to it would have amounted to almost as much as he is getting now, if the lower cost of living that formerly prevailed is taken into consideration.

"Thousands upon thousands are now able to save for the first time. They are the new savers. But there are others, those who had fairly high standards of living before, who are not so much better off now. But the laboring man, generally speaking, is saving and will save after he has provided for the higher standard of living to which he is entitled. The higher class of responsible workman should have had these things that are now within his reach before—better food, clothes and houses. And if he has them he is sure to be more efficient, because he will feel there is a better future to work for. The fact that he also is able to save a little wipes out the dreadful fear of a rainy day."

Higher Standards of Living

OF COURSE, there is a sharp difference of opinion as to how rapidly the worker can raise his standard of living to his own advantage. A prominent authority on labor subjects, who is high in the councils of the Government, stated that the houses now being built by the Government for war workers are "replicas of those of the fortunate and wealthy." He added that the American worker has always wanted to be a home owner, and went so far as to add that if wages are sufficient for the worker to subsist in health and comfort migratory labor will wholly disappear. An interesting contrast is found in the statement of a big corporation welfare worker:

"We are trying all the time to bring up the standards of our people, but not beyond their limits. We don't believe in marble washrooms because they don't know what to do with them. We don't give them a false idea of conditions—Turkish rugs and all that sort of thing. We believe their homes should be substantial and comfortable. We take the ordinary type of house in which they live, clean it up and put into it furniture of the ordinary type that can be found in the neighborhood."

It has been suggested that extravagance on the part of the worker is a good thing because it makes him toil harder to support his family in the luxuries to which they become accustomed. In a West Virginia coal town it was found that the company store had to put in a much larger and more varied stock of frills to keep the workers from leaving the place and going where spending was easier. Probably the answer to all these conundrums lies in the degree of education and intelligence that accompanies an advance in living standards.

If the standard of living rises no faster than that of education and intelligence, then probably it is "all to the good," but not otherwise.

In one respect the spending proclivities of the worker have been sorely misrepresented and greatly exaggerated. I refer to his purchase of automobiles. The purchase of an automobile by a laboring man, even when that man is earning fifteen dollars a day, seems to be a red rag to many employers. What seems to have most annoyed the employers is the fact that in numerous labor disputes the workers have complained that the company failed to provide adequate parking space for their cars. In one Pittsburgh plant there is not enough room inside the grounds for all the cars, and they extend in lines way down the side streets in every direction. Nearly every employer grimly points out to visitors the numbers of cars belonging to workmen, as if here was the sure proof of extravagance; and yet I have a feeling that many of the employers are sneakingly proud of the showing.

Money-Making Motor Cars

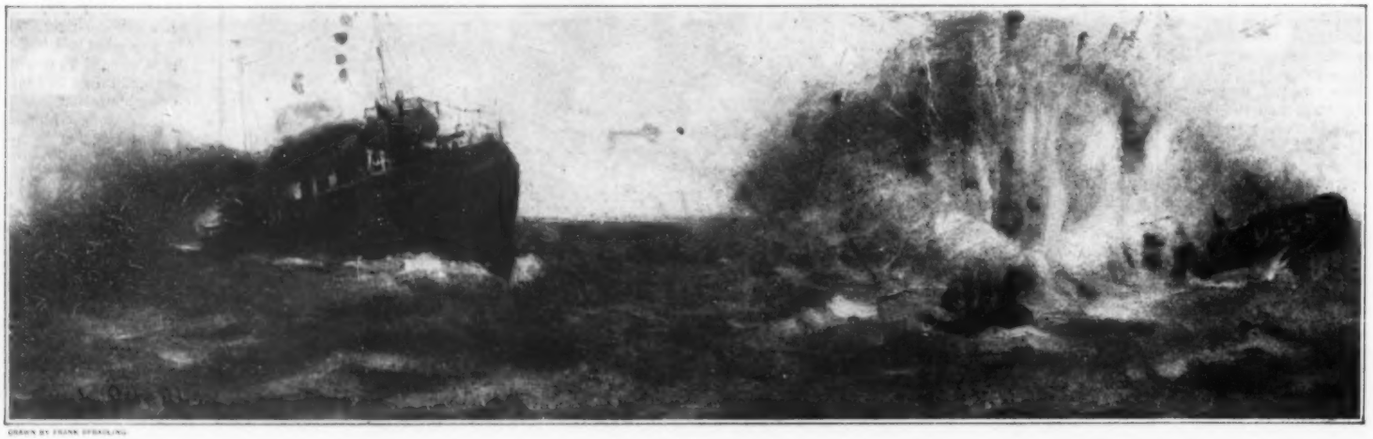
THE manager of a plant that employs fifteen thousand men and women at a very high wage pointed out of his window to a rather impressive-looking park of cars, not more than a third of which were of the cheapest make. I suggested that they might belong to the superintendents and office force.

"No," he announced vigorously; "they belong to the shop people!"

But I counted only about sixty cars, very impressive in the aggregate, but what a pitiful percentage of fifteen thousand! There have been many jokes about the number of cars at Hog Island, but one who gazes upon the swarming multitudes there at quitting time will notice that all but an almost unnoticeable fraction of the quiet, earnest, serious-looking young men sweep into the waiting trains. I do not know exactly how many automobiles are parked at or near Hog Island every day, but they do not appear to number more than a few hundred at most.

A very large proportion of the automobiles owned by factory workers are actual sources of revenue to the owners. To begin with, a factory hand is far less likely to pay a garage to repair his car. From the very nature of the case he is able to do much of the work on it himself, and the cost of upkeep is consequently far less than with other classes. Then, too, there are relatively few factory people who do not take one or more neighbors to work in their cars. A revenue of several dollars a week from this source is extremely common. Indeed I have heard of unusual cases where skilled mechanics actually cleared more from jitneying their fellow workers than from their own trade. A personal acquaintance of the writer, a man who makes relatively small wages at his trade, has earned as much as thirty-five dollars in a single evening from carrying people to and from a military hop, though until I heard of this

(Continued on Page 24)



DRAWN BY FRANK STERLING



Solid, juicy, sun-ripened tomatoes—

with few seeds, little core-fibre, a large proportion of firm fruity flesh—these are the kind we use. And all their fresh natural flavor and wholesome tonic quality come to your table perfectly retained in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

We receive these fine tomatoes direct from the farms, and make them into soup the same day. We blend the pure juice with choice butter, fresh herbs and other wholesome ingredients.

Each can gives you twice its volume of nourishing soup all cooked and ready for your table in three minutes. And it costs you less than if you made it yourself. You have no labor, no cooking cost, no waste.

This soup is especially valuable in strengthening digestion and regulating all the body processes of nutrition.

Served as a Cream of Tomato, it yields 50 per cent more energy than milk. And with the simple addition of boiled rice or noodles it becomes almost a meal in itself.

Eating a good soup every day is one of the surest ways to maintain vigorous health. And this is a duty you owe both to the nation and yourself.



Order this tempting Campbell kind by the dozen, and never be without it.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

incident I had supposed his car was maintained solely for "pleasure."

The employment manager of one of the largest corporations in the country said that the ownership of cars by mechanics and their custom of carrying fellow workers had greatly helped in solving the housing problem. Street-car service is naturally poor in the neighborhood of many of the big war industrial plants, and a skilled mechanic who earns eighty to ninety cents an hour will save more by getting to work on time in a cheap car, which he probably bought secondhand to begin with and from which he possibly earns an actual daily revenue, than by losing time on the street cars. The mechanic's time is really worth money, and speed in getting to work is an actual economy.

As for the use of automobiles for pleasure by workers, especially by those with families, there is good reason for believing that the acquirement of a car tends to center the social enjoyments of the family, their extravagance if you will, in that one form of recreation. It takes the place of sillier and emptier forms of pleasure.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the saving that is being done by the working classes is the increasing number of subscribers to each successive Liberty Loan. One of the largest steel companies reports six thousand for the first loan, eighteen thousand for the second, and nearly twenty-five thousand for the third. One of the largest coal companies reports seventeen hundred for the first, seven thousand for the second, and thirteen thousand for the third. In one room in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where twenty-seven toolmakers have been working, three bought bonds of the first loan, twenty of the second and twenty-seven of the third. These figures are fairly typical of the entire country. In one of the largest manufacturing districts it is estimated that the average proportion of factory workers who had subscribed for the third loan was eighty-five per cent as compared with fifty for the first.

In discussing this phenomenon Mr. Frayne said that the laboring man not only knew nothing about bonds in the first loan but assumed they were something that only the employer, the business man, could know anything about. "But he is learning more with each loan."

It is a curious fact that many employers who insist that the workers are extravagant are the very ones who point with satisfaction to the large total subscriptions of their men. In one of the biggest plants in the world the total subscriptions to the third loan amounted to more than that of many cities of the same size, and was nearly equal to that of at least one state. Altogether there were nearly 22,400 subscriptions, the great majority of which came from the actual laboring force. It is very rare to see a worker in this place who does not wear at least one Liberty Loan button. Yet this immense army of men has been gathered together rapidly and under abnormal conditions that do not make for thrift.

Average Subscriptions

It is significant that in many localities forms of saving other than Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps have shown a decided increase recently. It is generally known that savings banks have been variously affected in different parts of the country by the loans. Many of them have of course lost deposits, and others have barely held their own. But in three munition centers selected at random—Wilmington, Delaware; Chester, Pennsylvania; and Waterbury, Connecticut—an investigation showed no such conditions. The largest savings bank in Wilmington reports July as probably the best summer month on record, and payments on homes more prompt than ever before. In Chester, whose population is almost wholly industrial, bank deposits are increasing rapidly, the banks are doing an enormous business on the nights they are open, and the building-and-loans are unusually active. Waterbury reports an unusual increase in savings-bank deposits in the last three months.

But it is necessary to face the fact that the average subscription among the workers is a very small affair, that a large number of failures to complete payments occur among these small subscriptions, and that many of them were obtained originally by pressure. It is a rather common complaint among manufacturers that the average factory worker feels he has done his part if he subscribes to the smallest unit, to the minimum offered. A fifty-dollar bond fills the bill, they say, because it is a subscription, just as much as a larger unit. "There is too much emphasis on Buy a bond, and not enough on Buy bonds," said one employer.

"If a clerk on two thousand dollars a year took only a fifty-dollar bond we would call him a slacker, but the shop worker earning the same amount gets patted on the back when he takes the smallest bond there is, though the clerk has a far harder time getting along."

What the average subscription in factories throughout the country may be it is impossible to say. In one of the largest munition plants, where great numbers of women are employed, the average subscription, including those who did not subscribe at all, was forty dollars. In one of the largest steel and coal centers it is placed for the entire district at sixty dollars; in one of the big Middle Western manufacturing centers at seventy-eight dollars. In shipyards, where the patriotic appeal has been especially strong, averages have run as high as one hundred dollars, and even in one case to one hundred and forty dollars. But it is entirely probable that the average subscription of workers in industry is well under one hundred dollars.

This means of course that millions buy only a fifty-dollar bond. And if the clerk is obliged to take more he has the advantage of being a more permanent fixture, of having more education—many common laborers cannot even read—of knowing more about bonds, and business affairs generally, and of having greater expectation of getting into a managerial position than the shop worker.

The Shrewdness of "Dutch"

Frankly it must be admitted that large numbers of laborers and shop workers cannot possibly afford to buy more than one fifty-dollar bond, with the issues coming at the rate of nearly three a year. A careful inquiry into wages and living costs in Bridgeport, Connecticut, showed that average yearly earnings have risen from $638 in 1915 to $1155 in 1918. But as the cost of living has risen 61.4 per cent it would be necessary to have a wage to-day of $1030 as the equivalent of the wage of three years ago. This leaves what might be called velvet, or luxury increment, or actual excess of earnings, of only about $125 a year.

This inquiry was conducted in behalf of the manufacturers and by manufacturers, though not by those in Bridgeport itself. It is certain they would not lean unfairly in favor of the employee. Thus it is safe to say, after making every allowance for the defects that lie in statistics, that the average worker who buys three fifty-dollar Liberty Bonds a year is really doing his part.

On the other hand, I doubt if there is a single locality or a single factory in this country that is not able to point to its conspicuous savers among the working classes. By conspicuous I mean in amount, not because any particular attention is attracted to or by them. A police officer in a veritable beehive of a manufacturing town along the Delaware River recently saw an old friend, a mechanic, for the first time in more than a year. The mechanic, known as "Dutch," had gone to a war plant in another city when the boom started, though wages were extremely high in his home town.

"Hello, Dutch," called out the officer. "Why did you leave us?"

"I have too many friends here," was the reply. "I've saved twelve hundred dollars by getting a job where I didn't know anyone to go out with at night," he added.

It is practically impossible to find employers who have not had cases in their own works of cash subscriptions from ordinary workers ranging from six hundred to a thousand dollars. This is especially true in the coal mines and steel mills. A committee of workers went to the foreman in one of the steel mills and made a complaint that a certain man had refused to subscribe.

When questioned, the man grew angry and said: "What do you want anyway? I bought fourteen hundred dollars of the bonds for cash at the bank."

In a powder plant the men were in line to sign up for their subscriptions, to be paid for in weekly installments. One man asked for seven hundred dollars.

"I don't know whether we can trust you for that much," said the paymaster suspiciously.

"If money's troubling you, here it is," was the man's reply as he produced the cash.

In one steel mill a workman who produced sixteen hundred dollars in cash was actually refused that many bonds because the paymaster thought it was too much for a workman to buy. The man was finally persuaded to put only five hundred dollars into bonds and the rest in the bank.

Everywhere men of foreign birth, especially Italians and Poles, show the most consistent tendency to save. This is partly because of greater familiarity with government bonds, and also in part due to a standard of living below that of the American born, and partly to a more persistent desire to get ahead. Whatever one's feelings or prejudices against the low living standards of the foreign elements of our working population may be, it is difficult to avoid the thought that their thrift will insure them much influence in the future.

More than seventeen thousand partial-payment coupon books were sold to men and women in the men's-clothing trade in New York City in the third drive, and the proportion of those who discontinued payments is said to have been considerably lower than the average throughout the city. Socialistic tendencies on the part of many of the workers in this group might have been expected to interfere with their completing the bargain they had made, but such influences were not felt to any extent, though thousands of Russians, Italians and Germans and others are found in this trade.

A Pole whose wages were one dollar and fifty cents a day before the war managed to save enough to buy two houses in Eddystone, Pennsylvania. The houses are now worth three times what they cost him. In many places it appears that high wages have enabled Italians and Poles to pay up quickly for houses that they contracted to buy before the war. A savings bank in Wilmington, Delaware, which handles most of the mortgages on workers' homes, reports fewer delinquents in a recent month than at any time in its history. One of the coal companies in the Pittsburgh district states that a housing plan providing for the ownership of homes by Italians has been a complete success. In the Northwest the Scandinavian element is reported to be saving as never before.

Defaults on Small Bonds

"You're a good hunky, John," said a corporation official who had accompanied me to one of his plants near Pittsburgh, to an assistant employment manager, a former workman of foreign birth.

"No hunkies here any more, Mr. ——" said John. "All good Americans now. Men are buying Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps and houses. Not much booze any more either. No more drunken weddings."

"Why this wonderful improvement?" I asked rather ingredulously.

"Night schools done a lot," said John briefly.

Everywhere the failure of small subscribers to meet their payments on Liberty Bonds is a serious problem. Whether it is any more of a problem than the eagerness of many big subscribers to dump their bonds on the market secretly after the drives are over is another question. Just what is the average percentage of default on partial-payment purchases for the entire country cannot be stated, but it was estimated at fifteen per cent in New York City after the third campaign. I have heard estimates in other places all the way from three to thirty-five per cent. Many employers, however, report a distinct improvement from loan to loan. One steel company in Pittsburgh said that up to the end of July only three per cent had fallen down on the third loan, though nearly fifteen per cent failed in the second loan. That period, however, included two months when steel mills were closed for lack of cars and coal. A big coal company took back twenty-four per cent of the bonds sold to miners on the first loan, fourteen per cent on the second and expects fewer on the third.

The pity of the default of Liberty Loan payments as well as of the resale of small bonds lies in the fact that the subscribers are nearly always bound to lose. Often the payment of a dollar or two would give the owner not only possession of his bond but would save him several times as much as the amount due. Many fifty-dollar bonds are sold in saloons and other places where the prices paid are far less than on the regular market. It is said that one saloonkeeper in a New England city has bought ten thousand dollars' worth of small bonds for seven thousand dollars. In the same city there are low dives where one can purchase fifty-dollar bonds, so it is reported, for forty dollars. Sailors coming ashore hock bonds for thirty-five dollars and never come back. The pawnbroker of course can afford to sell them for forty dollars.

Many defaults and sales of small bonds are for the account of drafted men, and so are inevitable. A large number of defaults are due to the shifting of men from job to job, and their failure either to pay up in full or transfer the account. Many subscriptions are entered originally because of overenthusiasm on the part of persons who really cannot afford to subscribe, and of course there are many people who simply haven't moral fiber enough to accumulate twenty or thirty dollars without spending it.

In the coal mines a few workers have made a regular practice of quitting their old jobs after paying up about twenty-five dollars on their Liberty Bonds in order to get the money, and then remaining with a new employer until about the same length of time after the next Liberty Loan, only to leave him in turn for the same purpose and go back to the original employer.

Obstacles and Difficulties

Many young girls have a practice of discontinuing Liberty Loan payments just before vacation time or whenever the amount runs as high as twenty-five dollars. So many young people have never had that amount of free money before that all manner of things become possible and there is an irresistible desire to spend. To deal with this weak-fibered class that goes blewey so easily is most difficult.

Nor is it only the young who go to pieces quickly on the savings proposition. A big middle-aged workman named Pete, moved by an especially eloquent speaker, agreed to save five dollars a week.

"How can you save so much, Pete?" asked the speaker.

"I'll make the old woman go without her whisky," said Pete amid the roars of laughter of his fellow workers, who regarded him as a "character." But before pay day had arrived Pete went quietly to the paymaster with the request that the weekly deduction be reduced to three dollars. The next week he had it cut down to one dollar, and the following week he stopped altogether.

It is not very difficult to get men to agree that they will save a certain set amount monthly or weekly. But it is extremely difficult to get them to do it. The merest routine obstacles are enormous. Men cannot make weekly payments without using up a certain amount of time, and shall this time be their own or the company's? If the men live near their work this is not so serious, but if they live half an hour to an hour distant by train or street car their natural disinclination is very great to miss the first car home in order to stand in line and hand a dollar to the paymaster. Usually the payments are made more persistently if the man turns the money over to his wife. Not only will she take the time to deposit it, but she sees or feels more clearly than he the dangers that lie ahead for those who do not save.

Where big night shifts are employed there is the difficulty of finding young men of just the right temperament to take the payments that are made round five A. M. But young men of any temperament are scarce now, and young women will hardly do for such work at such an hour. The lunch hour might seem a favorable time for the day shifts to make their payments, but men would rather sit round and talk politics in the few minutes at their disposal than walk to the paymaster's office and stand in line.

The whole problem has presented itself in rather formidable form in a shipyard employing thirty thousand men, most of whom live at a considerable distance from the yard. The company is wisely endeavoring to induce one of the strongest savings banks in the state to open up a branch in the yard. Indeed the solution of the complicated question of inducing people to save lies as much along the line of providing convenient facilities as it does in appeals to patriotism, intensive drives and

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The Comfort Car



Subscribe liberally for the bonds of the Fourth Liberty Loan during the three weeks beginning Sept. 28. This loan will help toward the $5,000,000,000 needed to complete our war-winning ship-building program. The illustration is from a photograph, showing how the tops are cut from the tall Douglas fir trees in the forests of the northwest. Douglas fir is extensively used in building wooden ships on the Pacific Coast.

ASK any Hupmobile owner to tell you how *easily* his car handles whenever lightning-quickness of *pick-up* is essential to his purpose.

His driving is made infinitely more *comfortable* by the certainty that he can always depend upon this instant response.

He uses it not merely to meet an emergency in crowded city streets, but in every situation where an unfailing *flood of power* will save delay and the inconvenience of shifting gears.



Hupmobile

(Concluded from Page 24)

semicompulsion. Of course, billions of dollars cannot be raised in a short period of time without the most intense form of drive, but to keep people at their payments after the wild enthusiasm of the drive is over is largely a mere business affair of providing the proper facilities.

Interesting work is being done by a private concern, which goes into many large industrial plants and handles, on behalf of the corporations, the details of Liberty Loan collections and other forms of saving devices among the workers. Among the plants in which it operates are those manufacturing ships, hardware, electrical machinery, rubber goods and box board. The essential principle on which the company operates is that of active, constant, organized and professional solicitation and resolicitation, somewhat after the manner of industrial life insurance. Its agents keep in direct weekly touch with the workers not alone during drives but regularly thereafter, and by persuasion attempt to keep them from dropping out. The company seems to have been remarkably successful in preventing defaults, and its activities certainly tend to show that large numbers of more or less ignorant people can be kept saving regularly if persistent, professional selling effort is employed not only at the time of the drive but afterward.

A very perplexing problem has to do with the wisdom of making deductions from employees' pay envelopes for Liberty Bonds or other similar purposes. Naturally it should not be done except by the strongest companies, and only with the employees' full consent. Labor unions oppose various forms of this practice, and not a few of the corporations are afraid of it. The worker cannot avoid having a feeling that the company is taking something away from him, and in many cases the corporations have been afraid to introduce the custom because they feared the employees would immediately ask for higher pay on the ground that the last previous increase had been taken away from them in the form of Liberty Bond deductions.

Better Than Diamonds

Then, too, the corporations fear it is only the beginning of trouble. If they deduct for Liberty Bonds, they argue, they will be expected to deduct for War Savings Stamps, for the Red Cross and for other things. There is no end to it, they fear. But on the other hand, no other system of saving in large concerns seems to work out so well. Great numbers of men will not save unless the initiative is transferred from them, and the burden of getting the money to spend is made harder than that of saving it. If the money is taken out of the pay envelope the worker has to take the trouble to turn his savings back into spending money instead of taking the trouble to turn his money into savings, which latter is the most difficult thing in the world to get people to do.

The United States Steel Corporation has a stock-subscription plan under which employees have been able to buy stock in the company ever since 1903. Payment is made out of wage deductions, and the workers who have stock have received large profits. In the beginning it was difficult to get the workers to go in, but those who went in at that time now go out of their way to thank the superintendents and other officers who urged it upon them. One worker when first asked to subscribe said that he had a better investment—a "diamond contract," by which he bought a diamond and received a prize. He was warned that he might get a prize the first try, but would be stung on the second with a diamond worth far less than he had paid for it, and no prize. That is what happened, and so the third year that stock was offered to the employees he bought it instead of diamonds.

It is said that the directors of the United States Steel Corporation have not favored the forced sale of Liberty Bonds to their employees on the ground that many of these men were in the process of becoming owners of stock in the company, which in turn was subscribing for Liberty Bonds in amounts ranging up to one hundred million dollars. In other words the employees are the company to the extent to which they own stock, and if the company buys bonds the employees are in reality subscribing for them.

Probably the directors of the steel corporation would be the last to hold that their stock-subscription plan is a complete success, for only a small part of the employees, probably not more than a fifth or sixth of the total, take advantage of the offer. But the number increases year by year—last year it was 43,251; and it seems to me out of place for corporations to find fault with their men for not buying Liberty Bonds more freely until after they have given them some first lessons in investment of the most natural and logical sort, namely, in the stock or bonds of the company for which they work. A company that does not encourage—or, as in some cases, which actually discourages—the purchase by its own employees of its own securities, where they are reasonably suitable and available, surely has not laid the proper groundwork for the sale of Liberty Bonds.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works has long had a savings fund, which at times has exceeded one million dollars, gathered from weekly pay-roll deductions, and which yields the local savings-bank rate of interest. Many men have long authorized the deduction of as much as ten per cent of their wages, and in extreme cases Italians and Poles have saved in this way half of their wages, even when the rate of pay was lower than now.

"Men who would have been on their backs in the hard times from 1911 to 1915 except for the savings fund were able to buy food, clothes and coal," said an officer of the company. "It was just like picking money up off the streets for them at that time. The men here are proud to have something in the savings fund because they like to have their fellows know about it. And I tell you we keep close tabs on the men who save, for it shows a sense of responsibility and has an influence on their future. We are looking for dependable men, everybody is looking for them; and the thrifty man is the dependable one."

In all these corporation-savings schemes the worker is not allowed to withdraw his deposits without good reason. If it is found that he wants money for what his superiors regard as extravagance it may be refused him or at least he will be held off for a week or so. Frequently a week's delay will result in a changed desire, and the worker will decide to leave the money alone.

Of course, all this is paternalistic, and though it may result to the benefit of most workers, it is also distasteful to many of them because all such arrangements tie them to their jobs. Though many employers oppose deductions from pay, as many more favor this method from partly selfish motives. They know that the steady, saving worker will not only be more efficient from their viewpoint but will get ahead faster in the world to his own advantage.

Of course, the man who is overurged to buy a Liberty Bond sells it sooner or falls down on his payments sooner than the voluntary investor. The "cuss and damn" method of soliciting subscriptions has been far too common. This consists of the foreman shouting to his men: "Here, get in line there! Two dollars a week or what? Here, Tony, put your mark there."

Strong-Arm Work

The more independent and intelligent workers naturally object to such methods. A foreman of a boilermaker's gang told the men they would have to subscribe, whereupon one of them shouted: "Here, none of that high-handed stuff. Talk it over decent with us and we'll come across. Come down off your high horse and all of us'll subscribe."

It has been argued that compulsion is justified because the employers are themselves forced to subscribe by the local Liberty Loan organizations and the banks, and the banks in turn are forced to do as ordered by the Treasury Department. This argument is all right if one can be sure that the same even degree of compulsion applies all the way along the line, and if proper allowance is made for the very young and ignorant. Compulsion might be all right if it were scientifically selective. Unfortunately it is far too crude. A forced subscription may be perfectly fair on the old, steady worker, and quite unfair on the newcomer who has just taken a job and has nothing saved up. Far too often no such special arrangements or distinctions are made.

But probably the bulk of the compulsion, most happily, has come from the workers themselves. They are more often the ones who run men out of plants for failure to subscribe. The patriotic workers are as bitterly opposed to the slackers among their number as any other class. Nor has the initiative been wholly individual. The labor unions have striven to keep their members up to scratch. In union meetings men have been threatened with dire punishment for hocking their bonds. Union leaders are handling slackerism wherever they find it and are dealing with carelessness as it shows itself. For the laboring people are like everybody else—not all have been reached by the war, but all are in process of being reached.

Many employers did not see how their workers could possibly subscribe to the third loan so soon after the second. But as everyone knows, subscriptions to the third loan far exceeded the second among the laboring classes. Not a few employers were afraid to have their men even approached on the third loan, and in a number of these cases committees from the men actually went to the employers and asked why no canvass was being made for subscriptions and requested that speakers be sent to them.

The Pennies of the Poor

From a thousand directions comes evidence of a growing tide of patriotism among the workers. Even where labor conditions are most unsettled all kinds of skilled mechanics are giving all or part of their earnings on holidays to the Red Cross, war chests and similar causes. In one shipyard nearly fifteen hundred men gave all or part of their Memorial Day earnings to a local war chest. Such practices have become so common that managers deplore the extra days because of the exhausting effect that so much overtime is having upon their men. In Cleveland three million dollars out of the war chest fund of eleven millions was pledged by workers in the form of one day's wage a month for seven months. A housing investigator in Cleveland reports this incident:

"An Italian woman with six children and seven boarders stated that the rent had been raised from eighteen to twenty-eight dollars. She could not afford shoes and stockings and therefore could not go to the grocery store. The child who was sent often lost the money and did poor purchasing. Her husband, a common laborer at the shipyards, earned four dollars a day. When asked why she did not buy shoes she said it was because of the high rent, the Liberty Bonds, war chest campaign and Thrift Stamps."

Any skillful patriotic speaker, especially a soldier, can induce the workers to go to almost any lengths. Several coal mines reported an attendance of ninety per cent for a week after a Liberty Loan rally, whereas sixty-five per cent had been the best previous figure. In one factory a girl earning eleven dollars a week went up to a Liberty Loan speaker and said she didn't know whether she ought to subscribe, because she had an old mother and invalid sister to support, but she thought she would anyway.

"I told her she had no right to buy a Liberty Bond," said the speaker, relating the incident afterward. "I told her it was not her duty to bring hardship upon herself and those dependent upon her. I refused to accept her subscription because I don't believe in crushing the poor."

A man whose son works at Hog Island went to a lodging house to visit the boy, and while waiting for him to return chatted with the woman who kept the house. She said that the men looked so tired when they returned at night that she had remarked to them one evening:

"You are working too hard, boys."

"We've got to work hard," they had answered. "These ships have got to be built."

I have talked with a dozen employers who said their workers are extravagant and inclined to take life too easy, but who insisted upon their patriotism and even declared it to be superior to that of the workers in other industries.

"Oh, they are patriotic, all right," said one manager. "They started a parade here on Liberty Loan day, and it kept gathering in size as it went along. Every now and then I heard them shout: 'Damn you, get out of line there! You didn't subscribe!'"

The flag raising that goes on constantly in shipyards and munition plants is an evidence of the spirit that animates the men. In one plant alone the workers have spontaneously contributed thirty thousand dollars of their own funds toward the purchase of flags. It applies to every sort of gang. Every conceivable department has a flag raising of its own.

The laboring man's explanation of why he subscribes to Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps is interesting. Two machinists who were working side by side told me, when asked whether their fellows were saving, of the men in several of the great shipyards near Philadelphia who had put part of the back pay coming to them under a recent wage award into War Savings Stamps. In one of the yards, that of the New York Shipbuilding Company, where the total award was nearly five hundred thousand dollars, every man put part of his back pay into War Savings Stamps.

"But," I asked, "do you think it is all patriotism or partly thrift?"

One of the machinists glared at me suspiciously and shouted in an angry voice: "Patriotism! Of course the laboring man is patriotic. Don't let anybody tell you he isn't."

But the other man pushed his fellow aside and replied more quietly:

"This is the way it is: The laboring man is making big wages and he feels it is his duty to save."

That is the real answer. It was voiced likewise by a Russian employment manager for a Pittsburgh steel company. Speaking, as he said, only for the foreigner, he declared the worker feels this is his home, his country, that he knows he is making big money and therefore should save. And the Russian added that men were making ten and fifteen dollars a day here who were no better than those who used to get twenty cents a day for cutting wood in their native land.

Whatever the original motive that leads to Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamps subscriptions, it is generally agreed that the worker who keeps his payments up for any length of time becomes enthusiastic at being an investor, and often changes over from a half unwilling purchaser or one moved solely by patriotism into a most assiduous saver.

Of course, there are some men in all walks of life who are jealous and envious of those who are thrifty and successful. Even the workman who gets ahead enough to buy his own home often has to encounter the ill-concealed suspicions and criticisms of his fellows. But under proper conditions the powerful counteracting trait of desiring to follow those who succeed, of being in it ourselves, may be expected to operate.

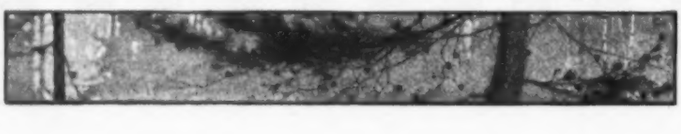
Pension Plans

"There is a wonderful psychology in these Liberty Loan subscriptions," said one of the shrewdest and most intelligent factory superintendents with whom I talked. "As soon as a man has paid up enough so that he feels it has some really substantial value he becomes eager to increase and add to it. Where he was lukewarm before, he becomes enthusiastic. Where he was a spendthrift before, he is in danger of becoming positively miserly.

"After he has saved one thousand dollars he becomes a business man. He may have in him all the fundamentals of a Napoleon, a Grant or a Wilson. There is a very thin line between success and failure, so thin that one can step across. And often the first step is a little saving, for that gives one confidence to take the step."

In the opinion of both employers and savings-bank officers, the maturing of coupons on the Liberty Bonds will have a great educative effect upon millions of owners who bought chiefly from patriotism but who will discover with the successive coupons that they have acted directly in their own financial interest as well.

Then, too, it is hoped the Treasury Department will be able to work out its present idea of extending the War Savings Stamps beyond their proposed maturity in 1923. The idea is that those who care to continue payments can do so and receive in time a regular pension or life annuity. Such a device would appear to have possibilities of putting millions of workers on the road to self-respect and independence.





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FAIR ENOUGH

By Frank Condon

"MY OWN opinion," Mr. Sam Tunno was saying to a small but indignant group in front of Poggi's Laundry—"My own opinion of Rufe Coombs is roughly as follows."

It followed, and it was rough. Not only was it rough but it was voluminous, and it contained traces of abysmal savagery. Using a great many words from the English language, accompanied by others from his private stock, Sam discussed the subject of Coombs in detail, and the longer the citizens listened the more clearly they saw that Sam meant it when he said his opinion would be rough.

What he remarked about the absent Coombs would have singed the whiskers of a park statue, but the townsfolk attended him carefully and nodded their warm assent. Ordinarily Sam Tunno was known to be a kind-hearted man, with a liking for children, chickens and velvet vests, but on this occasion he was all alight with an indignant rage that could be perceived afar.

When he had concluded his discourse the citizens again voiced their approval and then moved en masse into Harry's Place on the corner, where they drowned their combined irritation four or five times without shifting position.

The Rufe Coombs whose pelt was being thus removed and flaunted upon the summer breeze was one of Macena City's prominent politicians, a member of the town council, and chairman of the finance committee. He was a thin wizened little man with side-burns, and wore glasses on the end of a chain that disappeared miraculously into a tin cylinder on his chest. His business was mainly real estate and loans, with a profitable line of politics on the side.

The direct cause of Mr. Tunno's rage and oratory was an order passed by the town council at the suggestion of Mr. Coombs. Its action was to dispossess Mr. Dewey Bean from his ancient and honorable post on the street corner, where he had become more or less a local institution. Mr. Bean had conducted his business in an orderly manner, but he had conducted it directly in front of the Coombs Block, and therefore his luck gave out.

For ten years Dewey Bean had occupied a three-legged chair at the northwest corner of the town square. Associated with the chair, and casting a patch of shade over it, was a blue-and-yellow umbrella, originally designed for a dray, and bearing the advertisement of Poggi's Laundry. The remainder of Mr. Bean's commercial equipment consisted of a defunct soap box, upon which reposed a tin cup, and a dingy fiddle with a dingier black bow.

Into the tin cup passers-by cast the careless nickel, and thus Dewey Bean was enabled to buy food, raiment and lodging at Mrs. Betterly's. In return for the nickels Mr. Bean played the airs and harmonies of a bygone time; airs and harmonies peaceful and inoffensive enough, though lacking a note here and there and otherwise open to the criticism of the captious.

When the old man first began playing tunes for Macena City the umbrella was new and glaring and the tin cup shone resplendent. The building before which he fiddled in those early days was occupied by Phelan's Barber Shop, and Jim Phelan had never objected to either Dewey or his harmony. After Jim burned out, the London and Boston Tea Company built and moved into its new store on the same spot; and still Dewey remained in unmolested calm, except for what stray noises he himself produced. Time passed, and in turn the tea company gave way before the march of progress, and Rufe Coombs erected his two-story red-brick edifice.

The little group in Harry's Place lingered long under the electric fans and conversed with a freedom from restraint that distinguishes the resident voters of Southern Arizona.

"He came out here seven years ago," Sam Tunno resumed, still referring to Rufe Coombs, "and when he landed in this town all he had was a pair of eyeglasses and a ten-dollar bill. He broke his glasses a couple of times, but not the bill. He owns that still, and it has a large and growing family."

"Not only that," Andy Sands chimed in at the first lull in Sam's flow, "but because he's sharp about money and politics he gets ahead fast and some people think he's the boss. Then he starts in to change things to suit him. How long do we have to stand for such doings?"

"He blew in here," Sam continued, clinging to his theme, "with a couple of weak lungs and fishhooks in every pocket. What's the result? To-day he comes pretty durned near being the big noise in this town. I don't hope anybody any bad luck over their lungs, but sometimes I wish our climate wasn't so healthy."

"Well," said Joe Timmins, owner of the Macena City Garage, Vulcanizing Done Cheap, "are we going to stand here singing hymns about it, or do we act?"

"We act!" Sam answered firmly. "I'm going to talk to the voters of this town and see if Rufe can ride all over people. Dewey Bean has a right to earn his living on the public streets, and we're going to see that he gets it."

It seems that Councilman Coombs, in causing this tempest, had glanced from a window of his new red building and had observed the bent figure of old Dewey sitting in his accustomed place with his fiddle under his ear. It occurred to the councilman that the spectacle was not a pleasing one. It plainly suggested poverty and shiftlessness. It was altogether too close to a property that was intended to represent modern progress. Wherefore Boss Coombs came to the rescue of Investor Coombs and spoke to the proper authorities.

Next day the town marshal approached Mr. Bean, and Dewey gazed at him blankly while he spoke. It was some time before the old man understood that he was being ordered officially off the streets of Macena, but he gathered up his box and his tin cup and shuffled off in unprotesting wonderment. No one had ever disturbed him before. Now his business was ended and over. His tiny income was shut off. That fact did not cause Mr. Coombs the slightest alarm, but presently the news spread through town, and thereat Mr. Sam Tunno and fellow citizens began to wax wroth, and the longer they waxed the wrother they got.

The order was enforced on Monday afternoon, and on Tuesday evening Sam and his friends discussed the outrage. On Wednesday Mr. Tunno left his chicken business in the hands of his old lady and devoted himself extensively to stirring up sentiment over the disaster to Dewey Bean. Before nightfall he carried an imposing petition containing the names of citizens and voters, demanding that Mr. Bean be exonerated and restored to full harmonic privileges.

This petition was presented to the common council at its regular Wednesday evening session, and it was accompanied by Sam Tunno, Joe Timmins, Andy Sands and some thirty other annoyed townsmen. In the course of the evening Mr. Timmins made a speech before the lawmakers. Sam was offered this honor, but declined firmly, saying that he couldn't trust himself to speak, what with women present.

"Dewey Bean," Mr. Timmins said earnestly, "came out here on the desert when there wasn't anything but cactus, sand, sagebrush and fleas. He dug the first water hole ever put down in these parts. As a young man he worked for the upbuilding and prosperity of Macena City. When it looked like the heat and the desert would kill off the sprouting town, Dewey went round cheering up the hardy pioneers. True, this old man was never what the world calls successful. He never made much money, and he spent the little he had right here in town. He was a dreamer of dreams, and he would rather play tunes than spend his time compounding interest on other people's money. But in spite of his faults Dewey Bean is one of the town's natural forefathers. He hauled the first load of lumber that came in here and he worked on the first house ever built."

"Which is now owned by one of the prominent statesmen sitting near the window," Sam Tunno rose up to interject before Andy Sands could reach forth and pull him back into his seat.

"Considering Dewey's record," Mr. Timmins went on, "I feel that at this late time in his life it ain't up to any newcomers in our civic midst to be driving him off the very streets he helped lay out. The ladies and gents who accompany me, besides the others who signed the petition, likewise feel as I do. We all hope you will see your way clear to rescinding this order with promptness and dispatch. . . . Otherwise, and if it ain't rescinded, I don't mind stating that our town is going to see some immediate and wholesale hell."

Joe sat down amidst the applause of his coadjutors, and the town council gazed into the cold eye of its constituency and concluded that someone had been too hasty. A vote was taken then and there, and as a result the marshal was instructed to hunt up Dewey Bean and assure him that a mistake had been made and that he was at liberty to get his chair and tin cup and resume business again within the corporate confines.

There was one trifling rider clause. It was inserted after a whispered conference between Rufe Coombs and the president of the council, and it provided that Dewey Bean must not sit directly in front of the Coombs Block.

The protesting delegation filed out in triumph and moved in a straight line for Harry's Place, where libations were had until a late hour, and when Sam Tunno arrived home, full of triumph and things, his old lady had to help him with his boots.

Next morning the town marshal discovered Dewey Bean in Mrs. Betterly's Ice Cream Parlors. Dewey received news of his reinstatement with the same calm.

"I thought that was dang queer," he said to the marshal. "Folks never objected before."

In the afternoon he toddled down the main street, carrying his utensils of trade. He stopped before Poggi's Laundry, set the chair in the shade, deposited the tin cup in position; and once again the notes of his fiddle quavered on the summer wind.

Macena City is a smart little town, spraddled out over the Arizona desert, and is full of zip, considering a bare nine thousand population. It has a telephone system and an auto-stage line, and paper drinking cups, and slot machines that mock the seeker after chewing gum. You can purchase a New York newspaper in Betterly's Ice Cream Parlors ten days from the date it was printed. Hats in the windows of the Bon Ton bear neat cards testifying to their Parisian antecedents, and in Houpt's Barber Shop there is a yellow-haired young vampire who polishes the male finger tips of the town and is the cause of many a quiet word spoken at the weekly meeting of the Ladies' Aid. The soda fountains mix their malted milk with an electric dewflinger, and the drug-store weighing machines are four and one-half pounds wrong, the same as in New York City, Duluth and Perth Amboy.

On one side of the square is the A. & U. station and, opposite, the Coombs Block greets the inquiring eye, decorated with green iron shutters and awnings that work by pressing a button.

Mr. Rufus Coombs was, as Sam indicated in so many words, a man of saving habits. He had resided in Macena City for seven years and he was doing right smart. When he closed his lean fingers on a strange dollar the first thing he taught it was to run round the corner and return with a roommate; and because of this mental slant his financial affairs were prospering apace. He was more than just frugal. He was tighter than an old tire on a rusty rim, but because of political circumstances and his knowing the habits of money he was made chairman of the sainted finance committee.

Mr. Coombs always voted No on municipal plans involving the expenditure of public funds, and his opponents said bitterly that Rufe could throw a wet blanket clear across the state of Arizona. He was unmarried, which was just as well for some woman. It was agreed that if he lived and kept his health he would finally have money in all its pleasing forms.

After the restoration of Dewey Bean to full rights and liberties on the public streets except in front of the Coombs Block, nothing

(Continued on Page 30)



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CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
1904 Liberty Street, Erie, Pennsylvania



(Continued from Page 28)

much happened until one afternoon when Sam Tunno paused in front of Poggi's and saw that Dewey was not harmonizing.

"Where is he?" Sam asked Poggi, and the mangler of linen shook his head.

"I dunno," he returned. "I hear he's a little mite off his feed. Anyway, he ain't been at work the past two days."

Within fifteen minutes Sam discovered the facts. He found Dewey in bed in his tiny room over Mrs. Betterly's Ice Cream Parlors, for which he paid the lady one dollar weekly.

"It's the rheumatism, Sam," the old man explained resignedly. "It's been coming on for thirty years."

"Well," said Sam, "you can't complain it took you by surprise. I didn't know rheumatism laid a man up."

"It don't," Dewey admitted. "But I may as well stay here. I can't play any more."

"Why not?" Sam asked.

"It's mostly in my knuckles," Dewey continued. "If you ever noticed close, Sam, you've seen that I generally play a fiddle with my fingers."

"Tough luck," Mr. Tunno said sympathetically.

"Yes, but I've been playing on the streets for a long time, Sam; mebbe long enough. Mebbe it's just as well for me to have this finger rheumatism and quit."

"It is not," Sam objected. "You stay where you are and I'll ramble round town and see what we can do about it."

Mr. Bean spoke apologetic thanks, and later Sam discussed the situation with Andy Sands, Mr. Timmins and others. It was the opinion of Doctor Bealby, who happened in, that old Dewey's case was far from desperate.

"He might be helped," the physician volunteered, "if he could be shipped over to this new Hayworth Sanitarium at Bigelow. They tell me they're having fine luck with rheumatism."

"You think he could be cured?" Sam asked hopefully. "Could they straighten the kinks out of them old knuckles?"

The doctor replied that it would do no harm to try the Hayworth system, and from this encouraging point Mr. Tunno started afresh.

At a casual gathering in Harry's Place Sam wondered audibly why the town of Macena City, owing what it did to Dewey Bean, should not officially vote him a fund of money with which to pay his way through a curative course at the Hayworth institution.

"We can gallop round and take up a collection among ourselves," Andy suggested with warmth. "Everybody would be glad to chip in."

"Dewey wouldn't take it," Sam argued. "He's a proud old rooster, and if the thing smacked of charity he wouldn't go near it. So we can't take up a collection. But if Macena City itself should vote him a reward for his early efforts in this town he would be proud of it. What's the matter with having Macena do this as a municipal act?"

"Fine," Andy agreed. "It's simply a matter of passing an ordinance or something through the council. Then the treasurer pays Dewey his fund and off he goes."

It might have been as simple as Andy expected but for one malignant fact. Resolutions concerning the spending of municipal money first found their way into the finance committee, where they were digested and passed upon. The members thereof were Rufus Coombs, Zach Griffith and Leslie Peach, and of these Leslie was the human being. The two others were anthropoid, or resembling man. Without taking thought of this, Sam Tunno found a councilman who consented to introduce the Bean Rheumatism Fund, and citizens who spoke to Sam agreed that it was a noble enterprise and started well.

Likewise it stopped where it started. When it came to the finance committee, that querulous outfit clubbed it to death with amazing celerity, the vote being two to one. Messrs. Coombs and Griffith voted against any such nonsense as a municipal fund for Dewey Bean. The reporter for the Macena City Tribune made inquiry, and Mr. Coombs gave out a press statement.

"In times like these," the boss said for publication, "the great thing is municipal economy. We must keep down all civic expenses and permit no extravagance with the city funds. The finance committee therefore finds it inadvisable to approve of this proposed fund of six hundred dollars for the benefit of Dewey Bean, and we feel that all citizens having the true interests of our city at heart will agree with the committee."

The Tribune was on the streets at three o'clock, and so were Sam Tunno and Andy Sands. They encountered Councilman Coombs in front of Danver's Fruit Store, and Sam spoke the words.

"I notice where your committee held up the Dewey Bean fund," Sam remarked.

"We did," replied Coombs austerely.

"I was sorry to see that," Sam continued politely. "We sort of hoped Macena City might help the old man."

"Sentimental nonsense!" said Mr. Coombs. "Macena City has serious affairs. A fund to cure an old man's rheumatism would be a joke if it did not aim to deplete the public treasury."

"All right," Sam agreed mildly. "You know best, Mr. Coombs. You and Mr. Griffith are financial experts and ought to know about such things as depletion. There may be some other way of helping Dewey. Only it seems to me that if the hand of heaven reaches out one of these days and lays itself on you hard you oughtn't to be surprised. Remember that, will you, you wall-eyed old hypocrite!"

Councilman Coombs stared indignantly at Sam and then walked rapidly away without replying.

"Sam," said Andy reprovingly, "that ain't no way to treat a councilman."

"I know it," Sam admitted. "I ought to have hit him on the nose."

Thus did a generous impulse receive a body blow, and by act of its finance committee the town council refused to help Dewey Bean and his stiffened knuckles. It was a saddened and depressed Tunno who walked about Macena City calling upon heaven to witness that Rufe Coombs was unfit for the companionship of decent men. Then Sam made an impulsive pilgrimage to Dewey's room over Mrs. Betterly's.

"Dewey," he said, sitting down on the only chair, "I've been talking things over with my wife, and she says we need a steady boarder up at our house on account of us having so much extra space. You're to pack up, she says, and move over."

"Me?" said Dewey. "Me, Sam? You quit fooling. Where would I get any money? Boarder? Huh!"

"You're to pack up," Sam continued, unmoved. "Nothing was said about money and nothing will be. Your room is ready and it's a good thing not to keep Mrs. Tunno waiting too long. She sure is a lady hell-raiser when you delay her."

Wherefore Mr. Bean moved his habitation, and before night he appeared at the new home. Mrs. Tunno greeted him with kindly welcome and helped him settle in a large room up under the eaves. Dewey lighted his pipe, looked out the window and admitted that it was a change for the better.

Later in the same day Sam and Mrs. Betterly met by chance and held another of their impromptu quarrels over the Betterly bungalow on Flagstaff Avenue, which is on the outer rim of the "close-in" district. They met on the road and paused, or rather Mrs. Betterly detained Sam forcibly by driving her automobile on the wrong side of the highway.

"I suppose you want to add some more to what you said last," Sam remarked, "but it won't do you any good. That place ain't worth a thousand, and you can talk to me till you grow a full beard. Seven hundred, maybe; a thousand, no!"

The property in question consisted of a bungalow hiding behind a tiny lawn and surrounded by young trees. In the rear was a garden, or what would be a garden if the place were occupied and cared for. At the tail end of the lot were a small barn and a chicken run. It was a modest little home for someone, but not for Sam.

"Listen, Sam," the lady pleaded. "I've got to sell you that place. You're a natural customer. You pay me a thousand dollars, terms, and it's yours. Think what a lovely spot to retire to when you finish raising chickens."

"Not at that price," Sam said obstinately. "You may have to sell it to someone, but you don't mean me. If I gave you seven hundred I'd be taking the bread out of my unborn children's chubby fingers, and you know it."

"Sam Tunno, that property is worth a thousand ——"

"I'm in a hurry, too," Sam protested, backing away charily. "I got to go to Phœnix, Mrs. Betterly. You write me a long letter some day when you get good common sense about the price of that place and we'll talk turkey. So long, lady. Nice day, ain't it?"

Sam abruptly opened his cut-out, which is one way of overcoming the pleasing sound of a feminine voice, and stepped hard on the pedal. He moved off, sounding somewhat like a bunch of runaway Chinese firecrackers, and Mrs. Betterly regarded him with disappointment. Then she, too, drove onward.

A sudden change in the always uncertain Phœnix chicken market had been worrying Sam, and this alone might reasonably keep his mind off real-estate transactions. In his pocket was a letter from the Phœnix Poultry and Supply Company informing him of certain alarming matters and urging him to appear in Phœnix without delay or never say to them that they didn't warn him. Sam hated railway trips of all kinds, but trips to Phœnix he loathed with a bitterness he attempted in vain to explain to Mrs. Tunno. Mrs. Sam had read the letter.

"Go?" she said sternly. "Of course you'll go. Are you standing there arguing with me about such a thing?"

"No, I'm just standing here," Sam replied mildly.

Then his wife spent the forenoon packing him up and buying his railway tickets and watching him for signs of rebellion. When noon came she was determined to escort him to the railway station. Sam drove up in front of his own home at the moment when his wife appeared upon the front veranda with all the varied impedimenta of travel; and Sam groaned.

Ten minutes later the Tunno family arrived in the A. & U. station, and there Mr. Tunno dolefully climbed aboard a day coach. He waved farewell to his faithful spouse, and when he entered the car he observed that if he wished he could enjoy companionship. In an end seat sat Mr. Rufus Coombs. Sam passed hurriedly into the car ahead and the train started a moment later.

The circumstance that sent Mr. Coombs north on the same train with Sam was the annual political powwow in Phœnix of the invisible gentlemen who sometimes manage state affairs. There he became for a time a smaller toad in a larger pool. Likewise, there was relaxation to be found in the capital.

In the gay, mad days before things changed, the Parker Bar was considered as wet and reliable as any in Phœnix. In two days the chicken business worked itself into a hopeless tangle, and Mr. Sam Tunno sought calm and relief. He sought them in the Parker Bar, and the second time he entered he was gently surprised to behold Rufe Coombs. The Macena City councilman was deep in argument with Old Charley over the true constituents of an old-fashioned New Orleans fizz.

Sam paused, with a time-proof bar cracker in his fingers, to consider a thought that occurred to him. He studied the lean shiny back of Mr. Coombs as he bent forward in earnest discourse with Old Charley, and that night, just before the office closed, Sam sent his wife a telegram that caused the good lady to wonder. It was a request, a pleading and a prayer; and Mrs. Tunno did as Sam suggested, though maintaining aloud that Sam grew queerer day by day.

Several days passed in Phœnix. Mr. Tunno continued to find varied interests at the Parker, and so did Rufe, though the two gentlemen avoided each other with painful alertness. Old Charley served them at certain hours, while at other times Young Charley asked them what it would be. It was rumored that Young Charley was the son of the older man, but the question was one of doubt at all times and was rarely inquired into.

And then a small man in a frowzy linen duster opened the door and blew genially in. Old Charley was at the post of duty and greeted the newcomer familiarly, and those present, including Sam and Rufe, observed that he was a musical person, because under his arm he carried a violin.

When Old Charley had saved him from the tortures of thirst he inquired politely if he might leave his instrument in the general care of the Parker Bar until he could dash into town and get his hair cut, the barbers in his own neighborhood having failed him in the past. The bar man received it across the mahogany and parked it up beside the cash register.

(Continued on Page 33)

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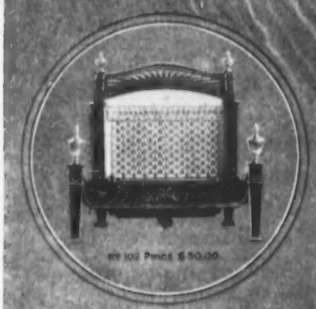
(2) We want to make new friends against the day of peace-time return to normal conditions.

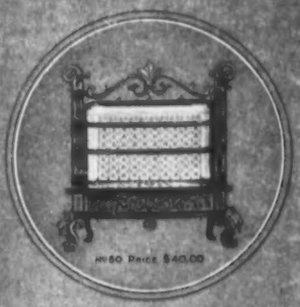
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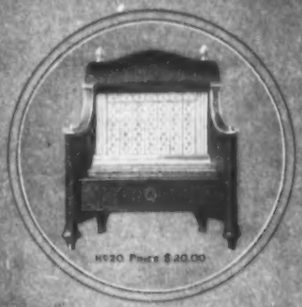
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(Continued from Page 30)

Then the violin's owner finished pouring into his system and departed. From what was said by Old Charley it appeared that his name was Ernie Sanger and that he played for the movies down at the Iris Theater, and was a good scout at that. Old Charley was stating these facts to Mr. Coombs when Sam Tunno left the Parker to take up again the discouraging question of poultry rates, and others present moved off one by one, until the Parker was virtually deserted when a florid, fat-jowled gentleman from Chicago wafted in and desired a little service.

He had come to the Parker for the usual reason, and while Old Charley ministered to his needs he cast a roving eye about him. It ceased to rove presently, and became fixed upon Ernie Sanger's fiddle.

"Belongs to a man named Ernie Sanger," Old Charley answered politely. "He works down here in a movie."

"Let's look at it," demanded the Chicagoan, and Old Charley handed it across.

"Nice fiddle," he remarked as he did so.

"Nice," said the man, turning it over; "and then some!"

He walked across to the window where the light was stronger and stood for some minutes in silent contemplation, twisting the violin over and over, examining its interior and tapping it with his thumb. Then he returned to the bar and laid it down gently before the old man.

"Some fiddle!" he said inclusively to Old Charley and Rufe Coombs, who was watching with idle curiosity. "I wouldn't mind being the sole proprietor of that fiddle. Believe me, there's some instrument! My name is Tingley, and a Tingley never goes wrong on fiddles. I represent the Chicago Music House and everybody in the business knows me. I'll risk my reputation on the statement that there's some fiddle!"

Mr. Coombs looked at the instrument as Old Charley replaced it beside the cash register. He saw nothing to cause him the slightest excitement. Fiddles were out of his line, the same as mummies and filling teeth.

"You mean you'd like to buy it?" Old Charley asked in mild surprise.

"Not as a personal gift to myself," Tingley laughed. "I'm not in business for the joy it gives me. I'm a money maker. If I could corral that thing for some reasonable price I might make a little extra this trip, which up to date hasn't been anything to brag about."

"Maybe Ernie would sell it," Old Charley suggested. "I suppose a man will sell anything he owns if he gets his figure."

Mr. Tingley admitted that there was a great deal of truth in the statement, and bought another round, generously including Rufe. When he paid for the refreshment Mr. Coombs saw that he was not making his business trip in a penniless condition. Mr. Tingley produced a roll of bills, peeled away the wrapper and handed it to Old Charley.

"Yes, sir," he said impartially to Rufe and the serving man, "if I owned that instrument and was back in Chicago I suppose I could clean up a month's salary."

"What might it be worth?" the bar man inquired.

"It isn't a question of what it's worth. It's what can I get for it. I know those fiddles. I've seen them sell for two thousand and up."

"Two thousand dollars!" Old Charley said incredulously.

"Easy," returned Mr. Tingley. "That fiddle is what we call a Strad; and Strads are durned rare anywhere. What gets me is how did it ever stray into this little town?"

"You mean you'd pay two thousand dollars for Ernie Sanger's fiddle?" Old Charley demanded.

"I would not," replied the musical expert. "Where would I come in? I'm not buying Strads for the joy of ownership, though some do. Say a thousand. Suppose I paid a thousand. That would give me a working margin. I might not get more than fifteen hundred back in Chicago, and if I don't get my reasonable profit then I don't play."

"Ernie would like to know about this," Old Charley said. "I'd better tell him when he comes back."

"When is he supposed to come back?" Tingley asked, glancing at his watch.

"Some time this afternoon. He plays over here at the Iris, so he's bound to show up before supper."

"All right," said Mr. Tingley with enthusiasm. "Tell him about me. My name is H. C. Tingley, of the Chicago Music House, and if he wants to sell his fiddle for, say, a thousand, I'll take it off his hands. Right now I'm due to sell a dozen pianos to the Phœnix Furniture Company, so if you'll pass the word along I'll drop round about supper time and close up this deal. You needn't bother to tell this Mr. Sanger that he has a two-thousand-dollar fiddle, because he may get extravagant notions."

Then Mr. Tingley shook hands with Rufe, waved a cheerful adieu and hurried through the Parker doors.

"You wouldn't think a thing like that would be worth all of two thousand dollars, would you?" Old Charley said, looking with new admiration at Mr. Sanger's fiddle.

"I would not," Rufe admitted; but when Old Charley walked away to serve a new customer Mr. Coombs leaned on the bar and stared long and thoughtfully at the cash register and the violin that leaned against it.

Later on, when Old Charley went off duty for the afternoon and was relieved by Young Charley, who, some said, was his son, Mr. Coombs still lingered. Somehow the Parker had become a place of sustained interest, though he spent but little for the goods there on sale. He bought a nickel cigar and smoked it leisurely. He purchased a large glass of ginger ale and sipped it thoughtfully. And then Mr. Sanger entered in his breezy way, hurried over to Young Charley and demanded a quick one, so that he could hasten home and have his supper before taking up his arduous musical duties of the evening. Mr. Coombs studied the young man for a moment, moved gently toward him and spoke.

"Pardon me," he said smilingly, "for addressing a stranger, but that's a nice violin you have there."

Mr. Sanger looked up in surprise and then nodded.

"Would you like to sell it?" Rufe continued, still genial in his manner.

"Sell it? What for?" Ernie demanded.

"I thought you might want to sell it," Rufe said.

"Seeing I earn my living with it," Ernie replied a trifle belligerently, "why would I want to sell it?"

"You could buy another. I might pay you enough for that one so you could buy another, and have some cash left over."

"Oh, you mean you'd like to buy it?" Ernie went on, looking more closely at Mr. Coombs. "For why? Why should a stranger step up and offer to buy my fiddle?"

"I happen to be interested in musical instruments," Rufe answered. "That's all."

"Suppose I did sell it?" Ernie asked. "What's your idea about the price?"

"Well," said Rufe, gazing fixedly at the mirror, "how about fifty dollars?"

"Fifty dollars," Ernie repeated. "Fifty dollars."

Rufe glanced at the young man and failed to discover whether he was speaking in disappointment or elation. Ernie's face gave no clew to his thoughts.

He repeated: "Fifty dollars."

The door of the Parker Bar was thrust violently open and Sam Tunno entered in haste. His vest was open and he appeared to have been running. Ernie's words were still echoing in the room. Sam walked straight to the two bargainers and spoke.

"One minute," Sam said, thrusting himself into the transaction without apology. "One minute. I'm going to break into this. Believe me, I got here just in time. I'll give you a hundred dollars for that fiddle."

Ernie looked at Sam in blank astonishment.

"This gets better all the time," he said. "One strange person offers me fifty dollars and another raises it to a hundred. What's coming off? Why all this sudden demand for a fiddle? What's the answer?"

"The answer is two hundred dollars bid for it," Mr. Coombs said, and there was an angry gleam in his eye.

"Three hundred," said Sam. "Three hundred in cash."

Mr. Coombs observed in a heated manner that he would pay four hundred dollars, and then Sam dropped to fifty-dollar raises. When Rufe reached seven hundred and fifty Sam swallowed hard and said eight hundred.

"Let's pause a second," Ernie suggested. "I presume we are all talking about cash money. I hope nobody round here has any foolish ideas referring to credit or time payments or such. Have you got this eight hundred on you?"

He turned to Sam.

"No," said Sam, "but I've got seven hundred. I can get the balance later on."

"Maybe and maybe not," Ernie replied. "We're doing business on a cash basis to-day. Otherwise we shut up shop. Have you got the seven hundred and fifty you just bid?" he added, turning to Rufe. "Or is your mind running on future payments too?"

"Certainly I have it!" Rufe snapped; and he proved it by extracting from his coat a roll the size of a swollen limb.

"Then," said Ernie, "it looks to me you win. If anybody wants to raise seven fifty, welcome to it; but the terms are cash, here, now and immediate."

"I tell you I can get it later," Sam argued.

"I don't want it later. I want it now," Ernie said. "Anyhow, seven hundred and fifty is fair and just, considering what I paid for the fiddle. I regard this afternoon as a nice pleasant occasion."

"I can tell you some news that won't cheer you up," Sam said irritably. "You think you're a smart young man, but this old stem-winder is just trimming you out of two hundred and fifty dollars. There's a fiddle man coming back here to buy that thing, and he's willing to pay a thousand dollars for it. That's the answer. Now look in the glass and see how smart you are."

"Well, you were trying to trim me, weren't you?" Ernie retorted. "You're not so honest yourself. Who told you this news?"

Mr. Coombs had hastily counted the sum and paid it into Ernie's hand, fearing that the young man would cancel the deal. Nothing of the sort happened.

"Who told me?" Sam repeated. "Old Charley told me. That fiddle is some kind of a precious antique. If you think this little man is buying fiddles for exercise your brains are frozen."

Then Sam snorted again and walked irritably out, a defeated and angry investor. Ernie counted over the bills, and if he was disappointed he concealed it.

"I'm satisfied," he said to Rufe. "I've got to get a new one before supper time. They close early here. Well, so long, mister. I reckon you can take care of yourself as you paddle on, can't you?"

When Ernie departed Mr. Coombs smiled. He had enjoyed beating Sam Tunno, though his net profit would now be cut to a bare two hundred and fifty. He reflected with slight irritation that Old Charley might have kept his mouth closed. Old men chattered too much. Then he handed the instrument to Young Charley, who replaced it beside the cash register.

"A man named Tingley will drop in here about supper time or maybe before," Rufe said. "He wants this fiddle for a thousand dollars. Give it to him and get the money. I won't appear in the deal, and you're to say that you have orders from the owner to sell it for a thousand. Is that all plain?"

"Sure," Young Charley answered with a knowing grin. "I give this Mr. Tingley the fiddle and get a thousand dollars."

"That's it," Rufe said. "I won't be far away; in fact I'll be right outside."

Then he sauntered toward the door, smiling pleasantly and surrounded with the warming glow of a good deed done.

In Macena City Mrs. Sam Tunno stood impatiently in her front yard looking down the street with the restless eye of a wife who awaits her more or less lord and master. She had received a telegram announcing that Sam would arrive home on the morning train; and it was now approaching noon. Mrs. Betterly's little puff car clattered into hearing and drew up with a soprano swoop in front of the Tunno residence.

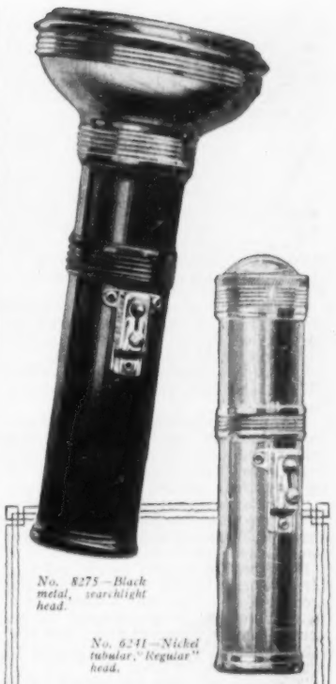
"Where's that Sam of yours?" Mrs. Betterly inquired. "He's the darnedest man for not being anywhere."

"I know he is," Mrs. Tunno admitted. "Nobody can ever tell about Sam. Compared to him a flea is a paralytic. He ought to be here right now."

"I want to see him," Mrs. Betterly continued briskly. "I think we can get together on that Flagstaff Avenue deal."

"Maybe," said the wife doubtfully; "but Sam's set in his ways."

The two discussed Sam and real estate, and presently their discourse was interrupted



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by the roaring of a large black automobile. It rolled down the highway, and when the brakes began to screech the ladies observed that Mr. Tunno had returned to his native heath. Sam leaped blithely out of the machine, kissed his wife and turned to Mrs. Betterly.

"Just who I want to see," he said heartily. "Would seven hundred dollars restore your reason about that house?"

"That's exactly what I came over for," the lady answered. "Circumstances are causing me this morning to lower my rightful price. Will you pay me seven hundred?"

"In a minute," said Sam cheerily. "Get in your young concrete mixer and drive on over ahead of us. We'll all go and look. Where's that old man Bean?"

He asked the question of his wife, and she answered with asperity that Dewey was upstairs in his room, where a sane person might reasonably expect to find him.

"Run up and get him," Sam commanded. "We'll take him over to the Betterly bungalow."

In some wonderment Mrs. Sam disappeared into the house for her hat and Dewey, and presently she reappeared with both. Dewey hobbled down the path, shading his ancient eyes and looking perplexed.

"What's the matter, Sam?" he asked.

"You're going for a ride," Mr. Tunno answered. "This is a fine day for riding round loose in automobiles."

He helped Dewey into the car, and with Mrs. Betterly leading the way the party proceeded out Flagstaff Avenue. Mrs. Betterly hurried in and opened up the house. Dewey wandered about and then sat down gingerly on a sofa, where he could look upon the lawn.

"How do you like this place?" Sam asked him.

"Me?" said Dewey. "I like it fine!"

"And that's a good thing, too," Sam continued; "because it's yours."

Dewey glanced at Sam and said nothing, because he could think of no reply to such nonsense.

"I'm telling you you're going to live here from now on," Sam continued, while his wife and Mrs. Betterly gazed at him, wondering if he had succumbed to the heat.

"You can raise potatoes and keep rabbits and mow the front yard whenever you need exercise. There won't be any rent to pay, because you own the place. It's yours, the same as your shirt."

"Sam," said Dewey tremulously, "I didn't think you'd make fun of an old man."

"I ain't making fun of anybody," Sam snorted. "This house is yours. It is presented to you by the town of Macena City, in acknowledgment of past obligations, owed since you were a young squirt. I am the fiscal agent, acting for Macena. Now you watch me pay Mrs. Betterly the cost price. This money buys it for you."

Thereupon Mr. Tunno reached into his pocket and brought forth more mammon than Mr. Bean had ever beheld.

"There's seven hundred dollars," he said, handing the bills to the stricken Mrs. Betterly. "Go down and have the county recorder fix it legal and tell him to put down Dewey Bean's name in the right places on the dotted lines. I'm buying for him."

Mrs. Betterly burst into speech at once and asked many questions. Sam limped his answer.

"Sure," he said. "This is Dewey's future home, where he can loaf till he dies, if he ever does. Besides that, he has fifty dollars to spend on peanuts, which seem to be a vice that will finally get him."

Sam handed Mr. Bean the fifty as he spoke, and then led him out to the porch, where he cautioned the old man harshly against either crying or laughing, whichever it was he was doing.

"We will now go home," Sam continued a little later, "and pack Dewey up. I think Macena City would like to have him move into his new residence as soon as possible. It took this town a long time to do the right thing, but they finally got round to it."

When the group reached the Tunno household Sam and his wife gathered up Dewey's few belongings and packed them. Dewey puttered about, still able to grasp but feebly the new and astounding situation. He rose from a prowling position at the foot of his bed and faced Sam.

"Sam," he said plaintively, "it's danged funny, but I can't find my old fiddle anywheres. I've looked all over the house."

"You don't need to find it," Sam replied hastily. "What good will it do you, with all them bum knuckles? You got a lot of work to do now without fiddling."

In state the Tunnos convoyed Mr. Bean to his new abode and saw him take possession. On the way home Mrs. Sam addressed her husband, with a look of cold suspicion in her blue eye.

"Where did you get all that money?" she demanded.

"Didn't you hear me say that Macena City finally did the right thing by the old man? Ain't that enough?"

"Sam," said his spouse, "look me in the eye!"

But Sam was diligently steering.

On the following morning a sad and wan-eyed gentleman stepped from the Phœnix train in the A. & U. station and looked grimly about him. He carried a suitcase and a dejected air. To the greetings of those in the station he replied in curt monosyllables, and then walked to one of the station cabs.

As he was about to enter it Mr. Samuel Tunno came round the corner on three wheels, stared, applied his brakes and squealed to a halt.

"Well," said Sam in loud cheery tones, "if it ain't the chairman of the finance committee getting back from his important business in Phœnix. Greetings and salutations."

Mr. Coombs stared at Mr. Tunno without deigning to answer. He hurled his suitcase into the cab with great violence.

"You ain't feeling any too well this morning, are you?" Sam persisted. "Well, I warned you. I told you that time not to be surprised if the hand of heaven reached out and slapped you hard. Didn't I? Remember?"

Mr. Coombs made faint sounds in his throat, as though words were struggling for utterance and in vain.

"The peculiar coincidence is this," Sam went on, grinning: "Old Dewey Bean just moved into his new home on Flagstaff Avenue. It cost seven hundred and fifty dollars. Ain't that amazing, for a coincidence?"

Mr. Coombs now appeared to be strangling as he stepped into the vehicle.

"Yes, sir," Sam went on, preparing to start; "you'd be surprised to know how many friends Dewey Bean has got. Some of them live in Phœnix, and occasionally get round to the Parker Bar. . . . In case you haven't sold that fiddle which you bought up there with such low cunning, why, if you look along one end close you'll find Dewey Bean's name scratched on the wood. . . . Well, so long. More than one way to skin a polecat, hey?"

Then Sam drove cheerily down the road.

HOME ECONOMICS—By Berton Braley

SAID I to my wife, said I,
"We're living a lot too high!
We owe for the rent
And haven't a cent,
No, nary a cent laid by!"

"My dear," said my wife, said she,
"That fact is no news to me.
The prospect's a glum thing,
We've got to do something.
But—what'll that 'something' be?"

I pondered a moment or two, owlish-eyed,
Then "Let's have a budget, a budget!" I cried.
"With so much for theaters, so much for feeding,
So much for clothes and for magazine reading,

"So much for charity, hairdressing, shaving,
So much for candy, tobacco and saving,

"So much for everything, itemized, planned."
"Ah, that," said my wife, "would be perfectly grand!"

II

SO WE got us a nice little leather-lined book
Which had columns wherein we could note a
Remarkable number of items: we took
Our bills, quite a sizable quota,
And from them we figured how much we should spend—
Apportioned it carefully, neatly,
And said, "Now at last we have come to the end
Of shiftlessness wholly, completely.

"For here's our account book, the budget we've made,
With ev'rything doped out precisely,
Inside of six months all our bills should be paid
While our bank account grows very nicely."
So we went on our way as the days flickered past,
We were sure of the course we had charted,
Till—we figured our debts and our assets at last
And were poorer than when we had started!

For we'd borrowed from Clothing to pay for our food,
From Rent and Insurance for travel;
Our column of Savings was nakedly nude,
And our Sundries we couldn't unravel;
We'd thought of a budget as magic, I guess,
But that wasn't the right way to view it,
For a budget won't help your financial distress
Unless you've the sense to stick to it!

III

"ALAS," despairingly I spoke,
"Our budget scheme has left us broke!

"With still more bills we now are vexed,
I don't know where to turn to next!"

"Let's try my scheme," remarked my wife,
"To regulate our mode of life.

"The plan which has occurred to me
Is somewhat alphabetical,

Yet one with which I'm sure you'll be
Entirely sympathetical.

"The scheme is this: A checkbook [A]
For your expenses personal;
Another [B] from which I'll pay
Whatever I disburse on all
My own expenses; checkbook [C]
For household matters various;
And [D] for social jollity
And sundries multifarious.

"Each book will have its fund of cash
To draw on when there's need of it;
And we will cease from being rash
With money, and take heed of it."
"A bully plan, my dear," I said.
"We'll waste no time in trying it;
It shows you have a business head,
There's simply no denying it."

We tried it out, our minds intent
On savings theoretical,
And day by day our cash we spent
From checkbooks alphabetical;
We meant to enter on the stubs
Our checks and the amount of 'em,
But like a pair of careless dubs
We rather lost account of 'em.

Then, just when we were most elate
At how our scheme was serving us,
A sudden thunderclap of fate
Came mighty near unnerving us,
For checks from checkbooks [A], [B], [C]
And [D] came in a flock to us
All stamped "No Funds"—take it from me
It sure was quite a shock to us!

IV

BUT a friend of ours said,
"If you'll just use your head
It's as easy to save as to roll out of bed;
For this Vanderlip chap
Makes it simply a snap
With his War Savings Stamps, which are always on tap.
For it isn't the spending of ten-dollar bills
That causes the ills
Which so often embarrass you
Day after day,
Bringing merchants to harass you
Seeking their pay,
And credit departments which never are done dunning
And lawyers who sue you for bills you had fun running.
It's the small change you fritter
On all kinds of litter
Which puts you in bad with your bank and your grocer;
If you'd just watch it closer
You'd see how that chickenfeed mounts into cash
And finally ends in a beautiful smash;
So the best sort of scheme that a man can arrange
Is to gather in War Savings Stamps with his change."

V

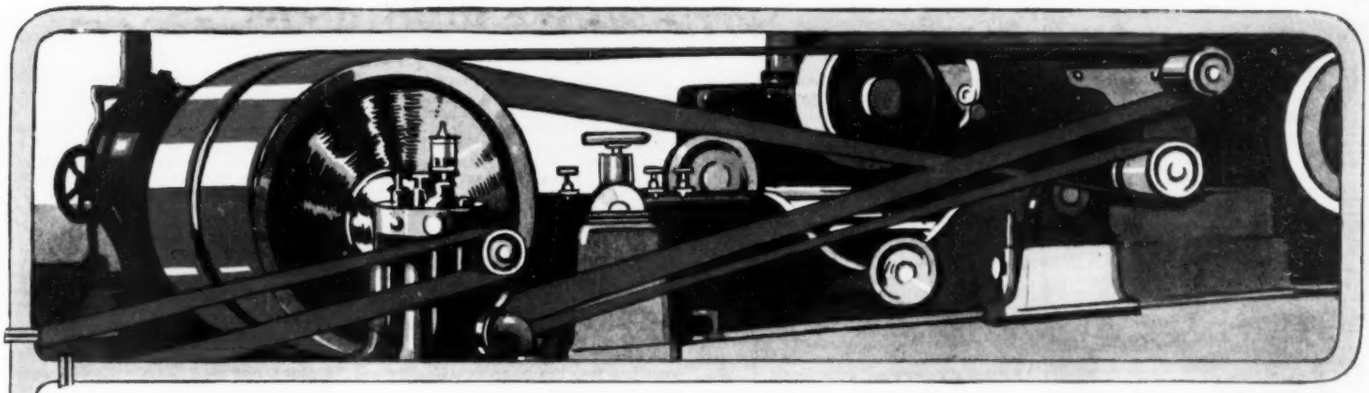
WE HEARD every word
That our friend had averred,
And we said of his plan, "It's a lulu, a bird!
For change we'll search us
And therewith we'll purchase
Some War Savings Stamps which the Government offers,
And stick them on cards in our safety-vault coffers."

So now we are saving
And nothing can crab it.
Oh no, we're not slaving or pinching and shaving,
We've simply been learning the Savings Stamp habit.
For instance, ere spending
Two bits I'm intending
To pay for a cocktail, I suddenly think,
"Good gracious! That drink
Will cost me the price
Of a Thrift Stamp; I guess
I'll buy one more stamp and one cocktail the less."

And when my wife sighs,
"A big box of candy would surely be nice!"
She ponders a moment, then cheerfully cries,
"But wait! That maneuver
Would vex Mr. Hoover.
Besides, I can buy me five Thrift Stamps or six
With the cost of those sweets,
So I'll simply say 'Nix!'
There's no int'rest paid on the candy one eats."

And where we once would overtip
The waiters—surly, frowning scamps—
We cut in half their share, and slip
The rest to Mr. Vanderlip
For handsome Thrift and Savings Stamps.
With flashing eye we walk right by
The check room with its fierce banditti,
And scorn to grab a taxicab
But ride the trolleys round the city.
What lackeys thought about us brought,
In former seasons, quite a flurry;
But now we dare their angry glare;
For their opinion we should worry!
We go to shows, but not to those
Which rob us through their speculators;
And by these means save many beans
To act as war accelerators!

We used to trade with "high-class firms"
Who gave us easy credit terms.
And soaked us several prices for our spices,
Fruits and meat,
But now with market basket
We trade, if you should ask it,
Upon a cheaper street.
That high-priced merchant's flivver is
Not making our deliveries
And adding fifty-five per cent of cost to what we eat.
No longer rash, we buy for cash;
No monthly bills now fall on us;
The bailiffs cease to spoil our peace
And no collectors call on us.
We greet with jeers the profiteers
And thus escape their strangle-grip;
We live in frugal comfort and we save at quite a clip
For those noble steel engravings sold by Mr. Vanderlip.
And for all our wasteful past
We have learned the trick at last,
It's a lesson we are mighty thankful for
As we watch our stamp account
Growing to a large amount;
And we're getting rich—while helping win the war!



Only One RAINBOW Belting

Because Rainbow Friction Belting is of continuous construction, it is uniform in thickness, weight and strength through every inch of its length and width.

It grips the pulley face with full contact from edge to edge, delivering full engine capacity at a minimum cost per horse power.

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There are many red sheet packings but only one that is the real Rainbow.

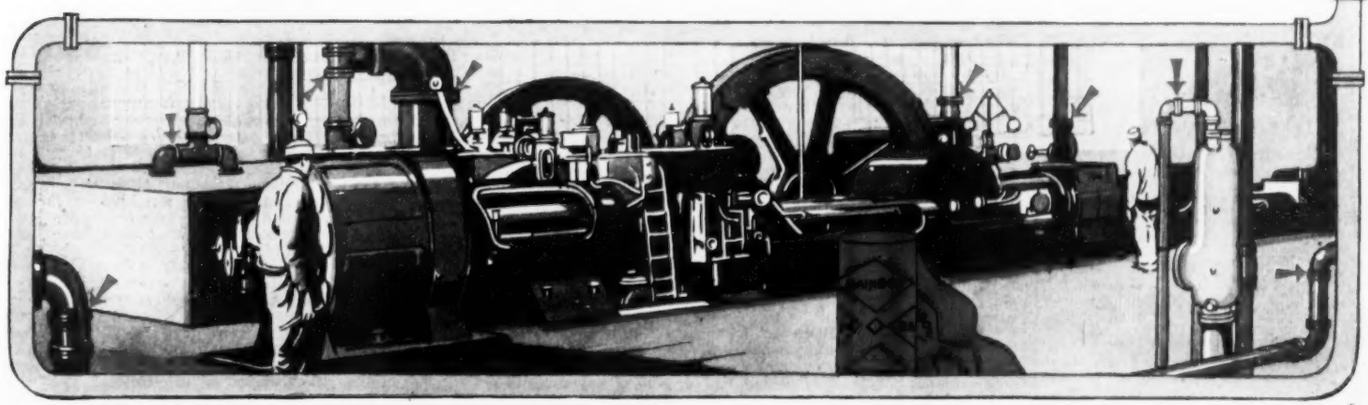
—And the real Rainbow has the word "Rainbow" branded on every yard.

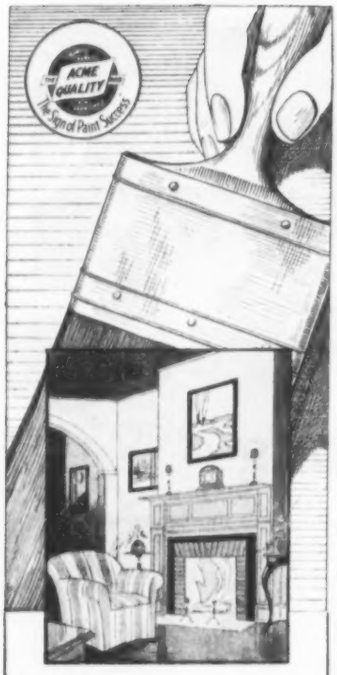
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Have an Acme Quality Shelf

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Varnolite, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.



WITH THOSE WHO WAIT

(Continued from Page 11)

Moss and weeds had sprung up between the cobblestone pavings; as far as eye could see not a human soul was astir, not a familiar noise was to be heard, not a breath of smoke stole heavenward from those hundreds of idle chimneys; and yet life, tenacious, ardent life, was wonderfully evident here and there. A curtain lifted as one passed, a cat on the wall, a low, distant whistle, clothes drying at a window, a flowering plant on a balcony, sometimes a door ajar, through which one guessed a store in whose dimly lighted depths shadows seemed to be moving about—all these bore witness to an eager, unvaunted existence, hidden for the time being perhaps, but intense and victorious, ready to spring forward and struggle anew in admirable battles of energy and conscience.

The Hôtel du Soleil d'Or offered a most hospitable welcome. It was the only one open—or rather, if one would be exact, the only one still extant. To be sure, there were no panes in the windows and ungainly holes were visible in almost all the ceilings, but the curtains were spotlessly white and the bed linen smelled wholesome from having been dried in the open air.

A most appreciable surprise was the excellent cuisine, and as ornament to the dining-room table, between a pair of tall preserve dishes and on either side of the central bouquet, stood an unexploded German shell. One of these shells had fallen on the proprietor's bed, the second landing in the pantry, while twenty or thirty others had worked more efficiently, as could be attested by the ruins of the carriage house, stables and what had once been a glass-covered winter garden.

On a door leading out of the office, and curiously enough left intact, one might read "Salon de Conversation." If you were to attempt to cross the threshold, however, your eye would be instantly greeted by a most abominable heap of plaster and wreckage, and the jovial proprietor, seeing your embarrassment, would explain:

"My wife and the servants are all for cleaning up, but to my mind it's better to leave things just as they are. Besides, if we put all to rights now, when our patrons return they will never swallow half we tell them. Seeing is believing! At any rate, it's an out-of-the-way place, and isn't bothering people for the time being."

And truly enough this mania for repairing and reconstructing, this instinct of the active ant that immediately commences to rebuild its hill, obliterated by some careless foot, has become as characteristic of the French.

The Sisters of St. Thomas de Villeneuve, who were in charge of an immense hospital, had two old masons who might be seen at all times, trowel in hand, patching up the slightest damage to their buildings; the local manager of a Dufayel store had become almost a fanatic on the subject. His stock in trade consisted of furniture, china and crockery of all kinds, housed beneath a glass roof, which seemed to attract the boches' special attention, for during the four years of war just past I believe that scarcely a week elapsed during which he was not directly or indirectly the victim of their fire.

The effects were most disastrous, but aided by his wife and an elderly man who had remained in their employ he would patiently recommence scrubbing, sweeping and cleaning, carefully reinstating each object or fragment thereof, or as near as possible, to its accustomed place.

It was nothing less than miraculous to survey those long lines of wardrobes that seemed to hold together by the grace of the Almighty alone; gaze upon whole rows of tables no one of which had the requisite number of legs; behold mere skeletons of chairs whose seats or backs were missing; sofas where gaping wounds displayed the springs; huge piles of plates each one more nicked or cracked than its predecessor; series of flower pots which fell to pieces in one's hands if one were indiscreet enough to touch them.

"I don't see the point in straightening things out so often," was my casual comment.

"Why, madame, what on earth would we do about the inventory when peace comes if we were not to put a little order into our stock?" was the immediate reply.

I was sorry I had spoken.

Among the other numerous places of interest was the store of a dealer in haberdashery and draperies, an honest, well-equipped old-fashioned French concern, whose long oak counters were well polished from constant use. The shelves were piled high with piece after piece of wonderful material, but not a single one of them had been exempt from the murderous rain of steel; they were pierced, and pierced, and pierced again!

"So pierced that there is not a length sufficient to make even a cap!" explained Madame L.; "but you just can't live in disorder all the time, and customers wouldn't like to see an empty store. Everything we have to sell is in the cellar!"

And true enough this subterranean existence had long ceased to be a novelty and had become almost a habit.

From the basement windows of every inhabited dwelling protruded a stovepipe, and the lower regions had gradually come to be furnished almost as comfortably as the upper rooms in normal days. Little by little the kitchen chair and the candle had given way to a sofa and a hanging lamp; beds were set up and rugs put in convenient places.

"We live so close to the trenches that by comparison it seems like a real paradise to us," gently explained Madame Daumont, the pork butcher. Her *charcuterie*, renowned far and wide for its hot meat patties, ready just at noon, had been under constant fire ever since the invasion, but had never yet failed to produce its customary ovenful at the appointed hour.

"At the time of the Battle of Crouy," she confessed, "I was just on the point of shutting up shop and leaving. I'm afraid I was a bit hasty, but three shells had hit the house in less than two hours, and my old mother was getting nervous. The dough for my patties was all ready, but I hesitated. Noon came, and with it my clientèle of officers.

"'*Eh bien*, no patties? What does this mean?'

"'No, gentlemen; I'm sorry, but I cannot make up my mind to bear it another day! I'm leaving in a few moments.'

"'What, leaving! And we who are going out to meet death have got to face it on empty stomachs?'

"They were right. In a second I thought of my own husband out there in Lorraine. So I said to them: 'Come back at four o'clock and they'll be ready.'"

And then gently, and as though to excuse herself, she added: "There are moments, though, when fear makes you lose your head, but there doesn't seem to be anything you can't get used to."

"You soon get used to it" was the identical expression of a young farmer's aide who sold fruit, vegetables and flowers beneath an archway that had once been the entrance to the Hôtel de la Clef.

She had attracted my attention almost immediately, the brilliant colors of her display and her pink-and-white complexion standing out so fresh and clear against the background of powder-stained stones and chalky ruin heaps.

The next day after an extra-heavy nocturnal bombardment we went out in search of a melon. A shell had shattered her impromptu showcase, dislocated a wall on one side of the archway, which menaced immediate collapse. In fact the place had become untenable.

"Oh, it's such a nuisance to have to look for another sure spot," was the only lament. "Just see, there's a whole basket of artichokes gone to waste—and my roses—what a pity!"

An explosion had gutted the adjacent building, leaving an immense breach opening onto the street from what had once been an office or perhaps a storeroom.

"Just wait a moment," she pleaded, "until I get set up inside there. You can't half see what I've got out here."

Five minutes later I returned and explained the object of my quest.

"We've only got a very few, madame. Our garden is right in their range and we had a whole melon patch destroyed by splinters only day before yesterday. I had three this morning, but I sold them all to the gentleman of the artillery, and I've promised to-morrow's to the brigade officers. I hardly think I shall be able to dispose of any more before the end of the week."

"To be happy one must cultivate his garden," murmured H., quoting Voltaire as we made off down the road; and within a day or two we had an excellent proof of this axiom when we discovered that Abbé L. still resided in his little home, whose garden extended far into the shadow of St. Jean des Vignes.

That worthy ecclesiastic gave over every moment that was not employed in the exercise of his sacred functions to the joys of archæological research, and was carefully compiling a history of the churches in the arrondissement of Soissons and Château-Thierry. He had been our guest at Villiers, and I remember having made for him a crayon imprint of two splendid low-relief tombstones which date back to the fifteenth century, and were at once the sole object and ornament of historic interest in our little village chapel.

This history was the joy and sole distraction of his entire existence, and he never ceased collecting documents and photographs, books, plans and maps, all of which, though carefully catalogued, threatened to assume such proportions that his modest dwelling would no longer suffice to hold them.

We found him comfortably installed behind a much littered kitchen table in a room that I had heretofore known as his dining room. I was a bit struck by its disorder, and the good man was obliged to remove several piles of papers from the chairs before inviting us to be seated.

"I trust you will forgive this confusion," he begged; "but, you see, a shell hit my study yesterday noon, and has forced me to take refuge in this corner of the house, which is certainly far safer!

"I've had an excellent occasion to work," he continued. "Our duties are very slight these days, and the extreme quiet in which we live is most propitious for pursuing the task I have undertaken."

"But, Monsieur l'Abbé," we cried, "what a paradox—and the bombardment?"

"Really, you know, I've hardly suffered from it—except when that shell struck the house the other morning! Of course, the whole edifice shook, and at one time I thought the roof was coming through upon my head. My ink bottle was upset and great streams trickled to the floor. But divine intervention saved my precious manuscript, which I was in the very act of copying, and though my notes and classifiers were a bit disarranged they were easily sorted and set to rights. So you see there was nothing really to deplore, and God has graciously seen fit to let me continue my work. It is such a joy to be able to do so!"

Strange placidity! The immediate countryside for miles round had long since been delivered up to brutal destruction, wanton waste, hideous massacre; and a goodly number of the churches of which the pious man was taking so much pains to record the history were now but anonymous heaps of stone.

All the way home I could not refrain from philosophizing on the happiness of life, perfect contentment and the love of good. My reflections perhaps, while not particularly deep or brilliant, were none the less imbued with a sense of gratitude to the Almighty, and filled with pity and respect for poor human nature!

It is certain that for such people the idea of escaping the terrors, the dangers and the sight of most horrible spectacles had not weighed an instant in the balance against the repugnance of altering lifelong habits or abandoning an assemblage of dearly beloved landscapes and faces.

Naturally enough a certain number of commercial-minded had remained behind, tempted by the possibility of abnormal gain through catering to the soldier; and to whatever had been their habitual merchandise was soon added a stock of mandolins, accordions, cheap jewelry, kit bags, fatigue caps and calico handkerchiefs—in fact, all that indispensable gaudy trumpery that serves to attract a clientèle uniquely composed of warriors.

But besides these merchants there were still to be counted a certain number of well-to-do citizens, professors, government employees, priests and magistrates, all simple honest souls who had stayed because they were unable to resign themselves to an indefinite residence away from Soissons, and there was no sacrifice to which they were

(Continued on Page 39)


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Made by
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The CLOTHCRAFT STORE *in Your Town*

(Continued from Page 36)

not resolved in advance so long as it procured them the joy of remaining.

I accompanied the president of the local French Red Cross chapter on a visit to a lady who was much interested in an *ouvroir*, and who lived in a splendid old mansion located near the ruins of the Palais de Justice.

The little bell tinkled several times, resounding clearly in the deathlike silence, and presently a young maidservant made her appearance at a small door that opened in the heavy portico.

"Is madame at home?"

"Oh, no, madame! Why, didn't madame know that both monsieur and madame left for the seashore last evening? Shall I give madame their address at Houlgate? They've been going there for the last twenty years. They will be back the first of September as usual."

"How stupid of me!" exclaimed my companion. "I might have known though. We shall discover what we wish to know from Madame V."

We found the last-mentioned lady and her daughter in a pretty dwelling on the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc.

After presentations and greetings: "You are not leaving town this summer?"

"Not this season; unfortunately our country house is at present occupied by the Germans, and as the mountains are forbidden and the sea air excites me so that I become quite ill I fear we shall have to remain at home, for the time being at least. The garden is really delightfully cool though—we sit out there and sew all day."

I asked permission to admire the exquisite embroidered initials which both mother and daughter were working.

"I'm so glad you like them. Do you know, we found that monogram on an old eighteenth-century handkerchief. We merely enlarged it, and really feel that we have something quite unusual, but my tablecloths are well worth it. They were the very last that were left at the Cour Batave. I doubt if any finer quality will ever be woven."

"Your daughter will have a wonderful trousseau."

"She will have something durable at least, madame—a trousseau that will stand the test of time and washing," replied the good mother, smiling blandly, touched by my appreciation.

"Do you know, I still have sheets which came down to me from my great-grandmother, and I hope that my own great-grandsons will some day eat from this very cloth."

"But they will never guess under what strange circumstances it was hemmed and embroidered," gently proffered the young girl, raising her big blue eyes and smiling sweetly.

"Bah, what difference does that make so long as they are happy and can live in peace? That's the principal thing, the one for which we're all working, isn't it?"

Such is the spirit that prevails all over France. It is simple undemonstrative heroism, the ardent desire of a race to last in spite of all. What more imperturbable confidence in its immortality could be manifested than by this mother and daughter calmly discussing the durability of their family linen, within actual range of Teuton gun fire that might annihilate them at any moment!

As we were about to leave, Monsieur S. came up the front steps. He had been out in company of a friend, making his habitual daily tour of the city. Like most middle-aged well-to-do bourgeois, his attire was composed of a pair of light trousers, slightly baggy at the knees and a bit flappy about the leg; a black cutaway jacket and a white piqué waistcoat.

This classic costume usually includes a Panama hat and an umbrella. Now Monsieur S. had the umbrella, but in place of the Panama he had seen fit to substitute a soldier's blue steel helmet, which amazing military headgear made a strange combination with the remainder of his civilian apparel. Nevertheless he bowed to us very skillfully, and at that moment I caught sight of a leather strap which, slung over one shoulder, hung down to his waist and carried his gas mask.

For several days I labored under the impression that this mode was quite unique, but was soon proved mistaken, for on going to the post office to get my mail—three carriers having been killed, there were no longer any deliveries—I discovered that it was little short of general. Several ladies had even dared risk the helmet, and the whole assembly took on a warlike aspect that was quite apropos.

Thus adorned, the octogenarian Abbé de Villeneuve, his umbrella swung across his back, his cassock tucked up so as to permit him to ride a bicycle, was a sight that I shall never forget.

"Why, Monsieur le Curé, you've quite the air of a sportsman!"

"My child, let me explain! You see I can no longer trust to my legs; they're too old and too rheumatic. Well, then, when a bombardment sets in, how on earth could I get home quickly without my bicycle?"

As visitors to the Front we were guests of the French Red Cross Society while in Soissons, the local president, whose deeds of heroism have astonished the world at large, being an old-time personal friend.

A luncheon in our honor was served on a spotless cloth, in the only room of that lady's residence which several hundred days' constant bombardment had left still intact. Yet, save for the fact that paper had replaced the windowpanes, nothing betrayed the proximity of the German. Through the open vine-grown casement I could look out on a cleanly swept little court whose centerpiece of geraniums was a perfect riot of color.

Round the congenial board were gathered our hostess, the old Curé of St. Vast, the general in command of the brigade, his colonel, three aids-de-camp, my husband and myself.

Naturally the topic of conversation was the war, but strange as it may seem it was we, the civilians, who were telling our friends of the different activities that were afoot and would eventually bring the United States to the side of the Allies.

Toward the middle of the repast our enemies began sending over a few shells, and presently a serious bombardment was under way. Yet no one stirred. Dishes were passed and removed, and though oftimes I personally felt that the pattering of shrapnel on the tin roof opposite was uncomfortably close I was convinced there was no theatrical display of bravery, no cheap heroism in our companions' unconsciousness. They were interested in what was being said—*voilà tout!*

Presently, however, our hostess leaned toward me and I fancied she was about to suggest a trip cellarward, instead of which she whispered that on account of the bombardment we were most likely to go without dessert, since it had to come from the other side of town and had not yet arrived.

Then a shell burst quite close, and at the same time the street bell rang. The *cordon* was pulled, and through the aperture made by the backward swing of the great door I caught sight of a ruddy-cheeked, fair-haired maiden in her early teens bearing a huge bowl of fresh cream cheese in her outstretched hands.

Steadily she crossed the court, approached the window, where she halted, smiled bashfully, set down her precious burden, and timidly addressing our hostess: "I'm sorry, madame," said she, "so sorry if I have made you wait!"

And so it goes.

I remember a druggist who on greeting me exclaimed: "A pretty life, is it not, for a man who has liver trouble?"

And yet he remained, simply because it was a druggist's duty to do so when all the others are mobilized.

There was also the printer of a daily local, who continued to set up his type with one side of his shop blown out; who went right on publishing when the roof caved in, and who actually never ceased doing so until the whole structure collapsed and a falling wall had demolished his only remaining press.

Monsieur le Préfet held council and deliberated in a room against whose outside wall one could hear the constant patter of machine-gun bullets raining thick from the opposite bank of the river. Monsieur Muzart, the mayor, seemed to be everywhere at once, and was always the first on the spot when anything really serious occurred.

Add to these the little dairy maids who each morning fearlessly delivered the city's milk; and the old fellow on whom had devolved the entire responsibility of the street-cleaning department, and who went about, helmet-clad, attending to his chores, now and then shouting a hearty "Whoa, Bijou!" to a faithful old quadruped who patiently dragged his dumpcart, and over whose left ear during the entire summer was tied a bunch of tricolor field flowers.

I had almost forgotten to mention two extraordinary old women whom I came upon seated out in a deserted street making over a mattress while gently discussing their private affairs. It was the end of a warm July afternoon. A refreshing coolness had begun to rise from the adjacent river, and in the declining sunlight we could see great swarms of honey bees hovering about a climbing rosebush whose fragrant blossoms hung in huge clusters over the top of a convent wall near by.

I could not resist the temptation; pressed by the desire to possess I stepped forward and was about to reach upward when a masculine voice, whose owner was hidden somewhere near my elbow, called forth: "Back, I say! Back, you're in sight!"

I quickly dived into the shadow for cover just in time to hear the bullets from a German machine gun whiz past my ear!

"You can trust them to see everything," murmured one of the old women, not otherwise disturbed. "But if you really want some roses just go round the block and in by the back gate, madame."

How in the presence of such calm can we believe in war?

Ah, France! Elsewhere perhaps there may be just as brave—but surely none more sweetly!

III

THE little village was just behind the lines. The long stretch of roadway that, following the Aisne, finally passed through its main street had been so thoroughly swept by German fire that it was as though pockmarked by the ruts and shell holes—always half full of muddy water.

A sign at the left said: "*Chemin défilé de V——*"

There could be no choice; there was but to follow the direction indicated; branch out onto a new highway, which over a distance of two or three miles wound in and out with many strategic contortions—a truly military route whose topography was the most curious thing imaginable. If by accident there happened to be a house in its way it didn't take the trouble to go round, but through the edifice.

One arrived thus in the very midst of the village, having involuntarily traversed not only the notary's flower garden but also his drawing-room, if one were to judge by the quality of the now much faded wall paper and the empty spots where portraits used to hang.

The township had served as target to the German guns for many a long month, and was seriously "*amoché*," as the saying goes. "Coal scuttles" by the hundred had ripped the tiles from almost every roof. Huge breaches gaped in other buildings, while some of them were completely leveled to the ground. Yet, in spite of all, moss, weeds and vines had sprung up mid the ruins, adding, if possible, the picturesque to this scene of desolation. One robust morning glory I noted had climbed along a wall right into the soot of a tumble-down chimney, and its fairylike blossoms lovingly entwined the iron bars whereon had hung and been smoked many a succulent ham.

The territorials—men belonging to the older army classes—had installed their mess kitchens in every convenient corner; some in the open courtyards and others beneath rickety stables and sheds, where the sunlight, piercing the gloom, caught the dust in its rays and made it seem like streams of golden powder, whose brightness enveloped even the most sordid nooks and spread cheer throughout the dingy atmosphere.

Fatigue squads moved up and down the road, seeking or returning with supplies, while those who were on duty, pick and shovel in hand, moved off to their work in a casual, leisurely manner one would hardly term military.

Of civilians there remained but few—yet civilians there were, and of the most determined nature; hangers-on who when met in this vicinity seemed almost like last specimens of an extinct race, sole survivors of the world shipwreck.

At the moment of our arrival an old peasant woman was in the very act of scolding the soldiers, who to the number of two hundred and fifty—a whole company—filled to overflowing her modest lodgings, where it seemed to me half as many would have been a tight squeeze. It was naturally impossible for her to have an eye on all of them. In her distress she took me as witness to her trials.

"Just see!" she vociferated. "They trot through my house with their muddy boots—they burn my wood—they're drying up my well; and on top of it all they persist in smoking in my hayloft, and the hay for

(Continued on Page 41)

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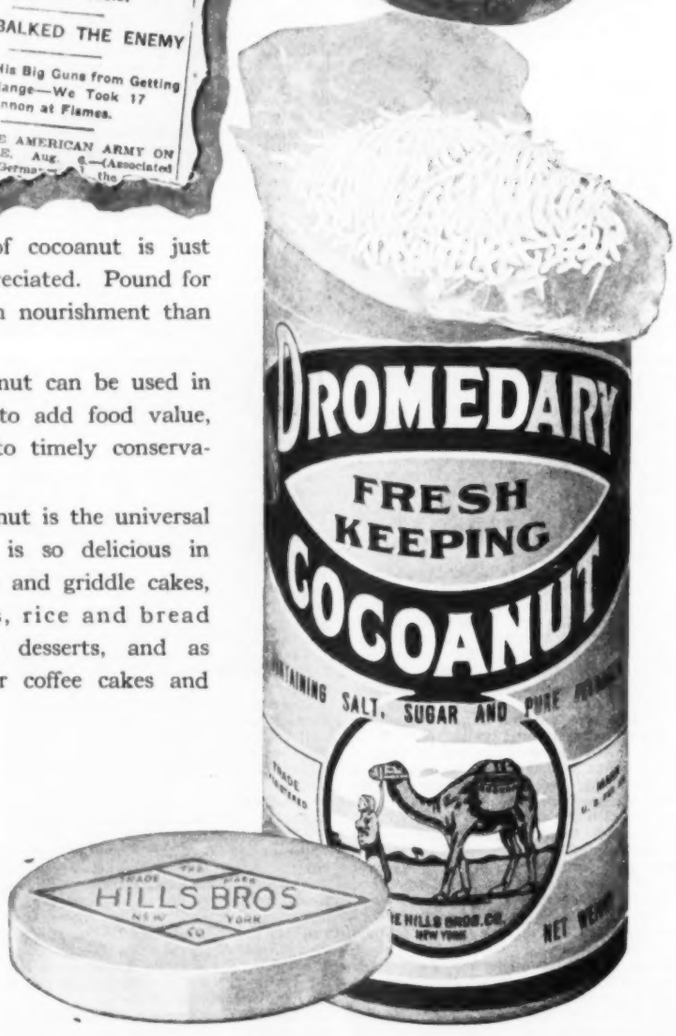
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Add Dromedary Cocoanut to Your Favorite Recipe for Corn Muffins

(Continued from Page 39)

next winter is in! Shouldn't you think their officers would look after them! Why, I have to be a regular watchdog, I do!"

"That's all very well, mother," volunteered a little dried-up corporal. "But how about their incendiary shells? You'll get one of them sooner or later. See if you don't!"

"If it comes we'll take it; we've seen lots worse than that! Humph! That's no reason why you should mess up a house that belongs to your own people, is it? I'd like to know what your wife would say if she caught you smoking a pipe in her hayloft!"

Shouts of laughter from the culprits. Then a tall, lean fellow, taking her side, called out: "She's right, boys. She had a hard-enough job getting the hay in all by herself. Put out your pipes since that seems to get on her nerves! Now, then, mother, there's always a way of settling a question between honest people. We won't smoke in your hay any more—that is, provided you'll sell us fresh vegetables for our mess!"

The old woman was trapped and had to surrender, which she did, but most ungraciously, all the while moaning that she would more than likely die of starvation the following winter. So a moment later the group dispersed on hearing the news that the auto-bazaar had arrived.

This auto-bazaar certainly contained more treasures than were ever dreamed of in ancient Golconda. There was everything the soldier's heart might desire, from gun grease and cigarette paper down to wine and provisions; the whole stored away in a literal honeycomb of shelves and drawers with which the sides were lined.

The men all hurried forward. Loaded with water bottles, their hands full of coppers, they clustered about it.

From his dominating position at the rear end of the truck the storekeeper announced: "No more pork pie left!"

This statement brought forth several indignant oaths from the disappointed.

"It's always that way; they're probably paid to play that joke on us. It was the same story last time! We'll send in a complaint! See if we don't."

But these grumblings were soon outvoiced by the announcement: "Plenty of headcheese and Camembert. Now, then, boys, who's ready?"

The effect was instantaneous!

Smiles broke out on every countenance. The good news was quickly spread abroad, and presently the sound of plates and dishes, clinking cups and joyful laughter recalled a picnic which we had organized in the vicinity one warm July afternoon some four years ago.

A military band rehearsing a march in an open field just behind us added life and gayety to the scene, and reminded me of the merry-go-round, the chief attraction of that defunct country fair, and upon which even the most dignified of our friends had insisted on riding.

After all, could it be possible that this was the very midst of war? Was it such a terrible thing, since the air fairly rang with merriment?

"Make room there!" called a gruff voice not far distant. "Stand aside! Quick now!"

The crowd parted, and a couple of stretcher bearers with their sad human burden put an end to my soliloquy. My afternoon was stained with blood. On their litter they bore a lad whose bloodless lips, fluttering eyelids and heaving breast bespoke unutterable suffering.

One must have actually witnessed such sights to realize the enormity of human agony, grasp the torment that a stupid bit of flying steel can inflict upon a splendid human frame—so well, so happy, so full of hope but a second since. Oh, the pity of it all!

"Who is it?" the men whispered.

"Belongs to the 170th. They replaced us. He was caught in the Boyau des Anglais."

"That's a wicked spot, that is!"

"Is he one of ours?" questioned a man from an upper window, stopping an instant in the act of polishing his gun.

"No," answered someone.

The inquirer recommenced his work, and with it the refrain of his song, just where he had left off.

"*Sur les bords de la Riviera,*" sang he blithely.

Little groups formed along the wayside; seated on the straw they finished their afternoon meal, touching mugs and joking together.

Near them the artillerymen inspected and greased their axles; others brushed and curried the horses.

In one spot a hairdresser had set up shop in the open, and his customers formed in line awaiting their turns.

Further on the *permissionaires* blacked their boots and furbished their raiment, making ready to leave for home. Swarms of humming birds and bees clustered about a honeysuckle vine that clung to the fragments of a fence near by, and whose fragrance saturated the air.

A friend, whose regiment number we had recognized and stopped to see, came up from behind and touched me on the shoulder.

"Well, of all things! What on earth are you doing here?"

We explained our mission, and then inquired about mutual acquaintances.

"Pistre? Why, he's with the munitions in the 12Xth. We'll go over and see him. It's not far. But hold on a minute; isn't Lorrain a friend of yours?"

We acquiesced.

"Well, his son's my lieutenant. I'll go and get him. He'd be too sorry to miss you."

He disappeared and a few moments later returned, followed by his superior—a handsome little nineteen-year-old officer—who came running up, his pipe in his mouth, his drinking cup still in his hand. The lad blushed scarlet on seeing us, for he doubtless recalled, as did I, the times not long gone by when I used to meet him at a music teacher's—his long curls hanging over his wide sailor collar.

The idea that this mere infant should have command over such a man as our friend Nourrigat—double his age, and whose life of work and struggle had been a marvel to us all—somewhat shocked me.

I think the little chap felt it, for he soon left us, pleading that he must be present at a conference of officers.

"A brave fellow and a real man," commented Nourrigat as the boy moved away. "His whole company has absolute confidence in him. You can't imagine the calmness and poise that kid possesses in the face of danger! He's the real type of leader, he is! And let me tell you, he's pretty hard put sometimes."

And then in a burst of genuine enthusiasm he continued: "It's wonderful to be under twenty, with a smart little figure, a winsome smile, and a gold stripe on your sleeve. The women willingly compare you to the queen's pages or Napoleon's handsome hussars. That may all be very well in a salon, or in the drawings you see in La Vie Parisienne, but it takes something more than that to be a true officer. He's got to know the ropes at playing miner, bombarder, artilleryman, engineer, optician, accountant, caterer, undertaker, hygienist, carpenter, mason—I can't tell you what all. And in each particular job he's got to bear the terrible responsibility of human lives; maintain the discipline and the moral standard, assume the cohesion of his section. Moreover, he's called upon to receive orders with calm and reserve under the most difficult and trying circumstances, must grasp them with lightning speed, and execute them according to rules and tactics. A moment of hesitancy or forgetfulness and he is lost. The men will no longer follow him! I tell you it isn't everybody that's born to be a leader!"

"But was he educated for the career?" we questioned.

"I don't think so. I imagine he's just waiting for the end of the war to continue his musical studies—that is, if he comes out alive."

"And you?"

"I? Why, I've no particular ambition. I suppose I could have gone into the camouflage corps if I'd taken the trouble to ask. But what's the use of trying to shape your own destiny?"

"You've got used to this life?"

"Not in the least! I abominate and adore it all in the same breath. Or, to be more explicit, I admire the men and abhor the military pictures, or the thrilling or sentimental ideas of the warrior with which the civilian head is so generously crammed. I love military servitude and the humble life of the men in the ranks, but I have a genuine horror of heroes and their sublimity.

"Just look over there!" he went on, waving his hand toward a long line of seated poilus who were peacefully enjoying their pipes while wistfully watching the smoke curl upward. "Just look at them! Aren't they splendid? Why, they've got faces like the drinkers in the Velasquez picture. See that little fellow rolling his cigarette? Isn't he the image of the Bacchus who forms the center of the painting? That's Brunot, and he's thinking about all the godmothers whose letters swell out his pockets. He can't make up his mind whether he prefers the one who lives in Marseilles and who sent him candied cherries and her photograph; or the one from Laval who keeps him well supplied with deviled ham, which he so relishes. The two men beside him are Lemire and Lechaptois—both peasants. When they think, it's only of their farms and their wives. That other little thin chap is a Parisian bookkeeper. I'd like to bet that he's thinking of his wife, and only of her. He's wondering if she's faithful to him. It's almost become an obsession. I've never known such jealousy; it's fairly killing him.

"That man Ballot, just beyond"—and our friend motioned up the line—"that man Ballot would give anything to be home behind his watchmaker's stand. In a moment or so he'll lean over and begin a conversation with his neighbor, Thevenet. They've only one topic, and it's been the same for two years. It's angling. They haven't yet exhausted it.

"All of them at bottom are heartily wishing it were over; they've had enough of it. But they're good soldiers, just as before the war they were good artisans. The *métier* is sacred—as are the family and duty. The nation, country, honor are big words for which they have a certain repugnance.

"'That's all rigmarole that somebody hands you when you've won the wooden cross and a little garden growing over your tummy,' is the way they put it in their argot. The Marseillaise, the Chant du Départ are all right for the youngsters, and the reviews—and let me tell you, the reviews take a lot of furbishing and make a lot of dust. That's all they really amount to.

"When they sing, it's eternally The Mountaineers, who, as you know, are always 'there'; Sous les Ponts de Paris, Madelon and other sentimental compositions; and if by accident in your desire to please you were prone to compare them to the heroes of Homer it's more than likely that your pains would be rewarded by the first missile on which they could lay their hands and launch in your direction. They will not tolerate mockery.

"No," he went on, filling his pipe and enunciating between each puff—"no, they are neither supermen nor heroes; no more than they are drunkards or foul-mouthed blackguards. No, they are better than all that—they are men, real men, who do everything they do well—be it repairing a watch, cabinetmaking, adding up long columns of figures—or peeling potatoes, mounting guard or going over the top! They do the big things as though they were small—the small things as though they were big!

"Two days ago the captain sent for two men who had been on patrol duty together. He had but one decoration to bestow, and both chaps were in hot discussion as to who should not be cited for bravery.

"'Now, boys, enough of this,' said the captain. 'Who was leading, and who first cut the German barbed wire?'

"'Dubois.'

"'Well, then, Dubois, what's all this nonsense? The cross is yours.'

"'No sir, if you please, that would be idiotic! I'm a foundling, haven't any family. What's a war cross more or less to me? Now Paul here keeps a café; just think of the pleasure it will give his clientèle to see him come back "decorated"!'

"The captain, who knows his men, understood Dubois' sincerity, and so Paul got the medal.

"I believe it was Péguy who said that Joan of Arc has the same superiority over other saints as the man who does his military service has over those who are exempt. But it's only the soldiers who really understand that, and when they say *'On les aura,'* it means something more from their lips than when uttered by a lady over her teacups or a reporter in his newspaper."

During this involuntary monologue we had strolled along the road which Nourrigat had originally indicated as the direction of our friend Pistre. Presently he led us into the church, a humble little village sanctuary. A shell had carried away half the apse and sadly damaged the altar. The belfry had been demolished and the old bronze bell, split into four pieces, had been carefully fitted together by some loving hand and stood just inside the doorway.

St. Anthony of Padua had been beheaded, and of St. Roch there remained but one foot

A No. 140 of a Series

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* * * *

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* * * *

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* * * *

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U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

W. B. WILSON, Secretary of Labor

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The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa.

and half his dog. Yet a delightful sensation of peace and piety reigned everywhere. From the confessional rose the murmur of voices, and the improvised altar was literally buried beneath garlands of roses. In what had once been a chapel a soldier now sat writing. His notebooks were spread before him on a table; a telephone was at his elbow.

Chalk letters on a piece of broken slate indicated that this was the *Bureau de la Zé*.

An old bent and withered woman leaning on a cane issued from this office chapel as we approached.

"Why, that's Mother Tesson!" exclaimed Nourrigat. "Good evening, mother. How's your man to-day?"

"Better, sir. Much better, thank you. They've taken very good care of him at your hospital."

The old couple had absolutely refused to evacuate their house. The sous-préfet, the préfet—all the authorities had come and insisted, but to no avail.

"We've lost everything," she would explain. "Our three cows, our chickens, our pigs. Kill us if you like, but don't force us to leave home. We worked too hard to earn it!"

And so they had hung on as an oyster clings to its rock. One shell had split their house in twain—another had flattened out the hayloft.

The old woman lay on her bed, crippled with rheumatism, her husband a victim of gall stones. Their situation was truly most distressing.

But there were the soldiers, not any special company or individual—but the soldiers, the big anonymous mass—who took them in charge and passed them on from one to another.

"We leave Father and Mother Tesson to your care," was all they said to the newcomers as they departed. But that was sufficient, and so the old couple were nursed, clothed and fed by those who one would suppose had other occupations than looking after the destitute.

Three times their house was brought to earth. Three times they rebuilt it. The last time they even put in a stove so that the old woman would not have to bend over to reach her hearth. New beds were made and installed, the garden dug and planted.

The old man was operated upon at the divisional hospital, and when he became convalescent they shared the contents of their home packages with him.

Who were they—this one or that one? Mother Tesson would most surely have been at a loss to name the lad who returned from his furlough bringing two hens and a rooster to start her barnyard. She vaguely remembered that he was from the south, on account of his accent, and that he must have traveled across all France with his cage of chickens in his hand.

They entered her home, smoked a pipe by her fireside, helped her to wash the dishes or shell peas; talked a moment with her old man, and left, saying "Au revoir."

Another would come back greeting them with a cordial "Bonjour, Mère Tesson."

"Good day, my son," she would reply.

And it was this constantly changing newfound son who would chop wood, draw water from the well, write a letter that would exempt them from taxes or make a demand for help from the American committees.

Thus the aged pair had lived happily, loved and respected, absolutely without want, and shielded from all material worry. And when some poor devil, who has spent four sleepless nights in the trenches, on his return steals an hour or two from his well-earned, much-craved sleep in order to hoe their potato patch, one would doubtless be astonished to hear such a man exclaim by way of excuse for his conduct: "Oh, the poor old souls! Just think of it! At their age! What a pity!"

We found Pistre making a careful toilet with the aid of a tin pail full of water.

"This is a surprise, on my soul!"

We hastened to give him news of his family and friends.

Presently he turned toward Nourrigat.

"How about your regiment? Stationary?"

"I fancy so. We were pretty well thinned out. We're waiting for reënforcements."

"What's become of Chenu, and Morlet and Panard?"

"Gone! All of them."

"Too bad! They were such good fellows!"

And our friends smiled, occupied with but the thought of the living present. Paris, their friends, their families, their professions—all seemed to be forgotten or completely overshadowed by the habitual daily routine of marches and halts, duties and drudgery.

They were no longer a great painter and a brilliant barrister. They were two soldiers—two atoms of that formidable machine which shall conquer the German; they were as two monks in a monastery—absolutely oblivious of every worldly occupation.

We understand, we feel quite certain that they will be ours again—but later—when this shall all be over—if God spares them to return.

At that same instant two boys appeared at the entrance to the courtyard. They may have been ten and twelve years of age. The perspiration trickled from their faces, and they were bending beneath the weight of a huge bundle each carried on his back.

"Hello, there, fellows," called one of them.

A soldier appeared on the threshold.

"Here, Lefranc! Here are your two boxes of sardines and your snuff. There isn't any more plum jam to be had. Oh, yes, and here's your writing paper."

The child scribbled something in an old account book.

"That makes fifty-three sous," he finally announced.

Other soldiers now came up. The boys were soon surrounded by a group of eager, gesticulating poilus.

"Oh, shut up, can't you? How can a fellow think if you all scream at once! Here, Mimile!" and he turned to his aid—"don't you give 'em a thing."

Then the tumult having subsided he continued:

"Now, then, your names, one at a time; and don't muddle me when I'm trying to count!"

Pistre quickly explained that his phenomenon was Popaul, called "Business," and Mimile, his clerk, both sons of a poor widow who washed for the soldiers. In spite of his tender years Business had developed a tendency for finance that bespoke a true captain of industry. He had commenced by selling the men newspapers, and then having saved enough to buy first one and then a second bicycle the brothers went twice a day to Villers-Cotterets, some fifteen miles distant, in quest of the orders given them by the soldiers. At first the dealers tried to have this commerce prohibited, but as the lads were scrupulously honest and their percentage very modest the commandant not only tolerated but protected them.

Mimile was something of a Jonah, having twice been caught by bits of shrapnel, which necessitated his being cared for at the dressing station.

"All his own fault too," exclaimed Business, shrugging his shoulders. "He's no good at diving. Doesn't flatten out quick enough! Why, I used to come right over the road last winter when the bombardment was on full tilt. I was then working for the legion and the chasseurs. No cinch, let me tell you! It used to be Popaul here, Popaul there. 'Where's my tobacco?' 'How about my eau de cologne?' There wasn't any choice with those fellows. It was furnish the goods or bust—and I never lost them a sou's worth, either!"

Business knew everything and everybody; all the tricks of the trade, all the tricks of the soldiers. He had seen all the generals and all the Armies, from the British to the Portuguese. He had an intimate acquaintance with all the different branches of warfare, as well as a keen memory for slang and patois. He nourished but one fond hope in his bosom—a hope which in moments of expansion he imparts if he considers you worthy of his confidence.

"In four years I'll volunteer for the aviation corps."

"In four years? That's a long way off, my lad. That's going some, I should say," called a poilu who had overheard the confession.

"Look here, Business, did I hear you say it won't be over in four years?" asked another.

"Over! Why, it'll only have just begun! It was the Americans on the motor trucks who told me so; and I guess they ought to know!"

We watched him distribute his packages, make change and take down his next day's orders in a much soiled notebook, and with the aid of a pencil which he was obliged to wet every other letter. When he had finished a soldier slipped over toward him.

"I say, Paul," he called out to him, "would you do us the honor of dining with us? We've got a package from home. Bring your brother with you."

Business was touched to the quick.

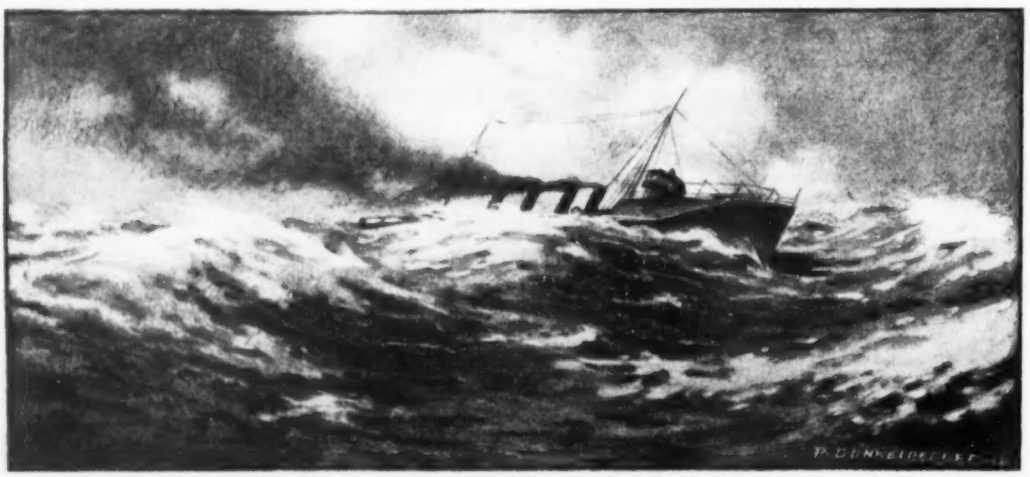
"I'm your man," he answered. "And with pleasure. But you must let me furnish the *aperatif*."

"Just as you say, old man."

Brusquely turning about, the future tradesman sought for his clerk, who had disappeared.

"Mimile!" he shouted. "Mimile, I say! Run and tell mamma to iron our shirts and put some polish on our shoes. I'll finish to-day's job by myself."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles. The second will appear in an early issue.





"Wooli-Kid"—(All American) Pure Wool Warmest Dress Glove





No. 4442—"Regulation" Army Glove. Made of smoked or Khaki horsehide

Grinnell Gloves are made to meet the thrift of war time

THIS is the third war Grinnell Gloves have gone through. We began making them sixty years ago—before the Civil War. They have held their own and grown in favor through war and peace, through panics and prosperity.

Today we are making Grinnell Gloves specifically to conform to war-time demands. We make them for the men who fight, and for the men who work to keep the fighters supplied.

We make them to give the greatest possible value and the finest possible wear—so that the money you invest in them shows a real economy in the long glove wear and satisfaction it buys.

Look at the illustrations of the Regulation Army Glove, the Officer's Gauntlet and the "Ace"—the one-fingered mitten for aviators. See how the needs of the soldier have been considered. Also note our new war-time creation, the "Wooli-Kid".



Style No. 415—Officer's Regulation Gauntlet comes in Khaki and Gray



"The Ace"
The latest Grinnell One-Finger Aviation Mitten

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

The completeness of Grinnell glove service is shown by the fact that the entire line combines all essential styles of gloves for men, women, boys and girls. There is no time or place or task where gloves are required that cannot be supplied in Grinnell Gloves. And every one of them, without regard to the price, is made up to the exacting Grinnell standard.

Despite the world-wide leather shortage we maintain the famous Grinnell quality. When you buy gloves, insist upon the genuine Grinnell. Look for the name Grinnell—it's there for your protection.

Glove Style Book Free Write today for it. Ask your dealer to show you his line of Grinnell Gloves. If he does not handle them, send us his name and your glove size—and we will send a pair for your inspection.

MORRISON-RICKER MFG. CO., 25 Broad St., Grinnell, Iowa, U.S.A.

Buy War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds

Your Pocketbook will tell you Firestone NON-SKID is the answer



MILEAGE

The biggest gain in this still better tire. Firestone factories are always working *ahead, never* satisfied with even Firestone's best. Unusual freedom from tire trouble, more comfort, easier riding are all part of this tire. But still more service, *measured* by miles, is more important to you *now* than ever before.

more MILEAGE

The things you want every dollar of your tire money to buy. Examine a cross section and see the extra amount of cushion stock, *plenty of rubber. That* means reduced shock to the body of the tire and greater wear resistance. It gives a resiliency such as you never experienced on fabric tires before. Also more rubber between fabric layers. That *protects the fabric from internal friction.*

most MILEAGE

More, even, than Most Miles per Dollar has ever meant before. Performance is proving that point, over and over every day. Firestone superiority *at every point,* making your dollar go further, because your *tires* go farther by *miles*—and MILES—and MILES.

See this tire at your Firestone dealer's today.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Firestone Park, Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

BLOOM OF THE PEACH

(Continued from Page 14)

"I tell you I'm going to get you one!" cried Paul; and he bit a large piece out of his slice of cake with a bite that said "That's me!"

"But Paul—listen—you mustn't—why, the nice ones cost 'way up in the teens!"

Paul chewed his cake with a trifle less hauteur.

"Of course," continued Mary with the same breathless catch in her voice that he had heard the week before, "if I had the goods ——"

"How much does it take to make a waist?"

"Oh, I could do it with two yards. But listen, Paul ——"

He listened, but when he came home early the next afternoon he brought with him the makings of two silk waists. The material was the sheerest gossamer, as though it had been spun by Japanese silkworms and woven by Japanese butterflies; and, showing his headpiece, Paul had bought two patterns instead of buying four yards from one piece. The first pattern was white silk with a delicate stripe of pink. And the second, as every woman can easily guess, was mostly lavender. Some day, perhaps, I shall tell you why it is that a man's eye finds enchantment in the lavenders, but just now I must tell you about Mary's hands.

After she had admired the silk for a time in a sort of quiet ecstasy, caressing it with deft touches, running her hand beneath it to admire its texture, gently weighting it and almost purring like a kitten with a mouse, she suddenly lifted it and hugged it to her so that both her hands stood out, red and chapped, against the shimmering background of her heart's desire. At sight of those hands Paul's face hardened in burlesque displeasure, and stepping forward he took hold of one of Mary's hands as though she had been a naughty child and he thought he had her ear.

"Young lady ——" he began in his deepest voice. She shot him a frightened glance, but held all the tighter to her makings. "Young lady," he said, seeking for words to match his tone, "if you want to please your lord and master you will get those hands of yours soft and white again, as they were in the days when first I placed this ring upon your finger."

Releasing her hand and looking like an owl he felt in his pocket and brought forth a pair of rubber gloves, a jar of cold cream and a newspaper clipping. Here, however, a part of his effrontery left him, and Mary, who had stepped back again, was secretly pleased to see him look foolish as he read the following question and answer, which he had clipped from a newspaper column entitled Help for the Lovelorn:

Dear Aunt Gwendolyn: My hands are red and stained from housework, and lately I have noticed that my sweetheart doesn't like it. Is there any way I can help my hands without interfering with my household tasks, as I would be broken-hearted if I lost his love? GRACE B.

Yes, my dear. Wear rubber gloves when washing dishes, floors, and so on. Also use a good grade of cold cream, especially just before retiring.

An old pair of kid gloves worn during the night will protect the pillows and sheets. Follow these instructions for a few weeks, my dear, and I do not think you will lose your sweetheart's love.

Mary gravely listened, and what she heard behind the words I cannot tell you; but when Paul had finished, looking more like a goose than an owl, she did a thing that she hadn't done for years. Still holding her silks she shyly advanced to Paul, her eyes downcast, and just as she reached the gate of his arm she gave him a glance that seemed to say "You may kiss me if you want to." He opened the gate. It had been a long time since the last one, and when it touched his lips it thrilled him to discover that it had the incomparable flavor of courtship in it.

On his way to bed that night he looked in Mary's room to see if she was asleep yet. At first he thought it was a Maltese kitten on the pillow, but he hadn't tiptoed in very far when he saw that it was one of his old suède gloves—with Mary's hand inside it. He sniffed. "Cold cream," he nodded, and winked to himself and tiptoed out again.

The next Friday night when Paul reached home he found a clean cloth on the table, which was unusual for Friday, and underneath the hanging lamp stood a vase of flowers for a center piece, which was more unusual yet. But the greatest surprise was the dessert—a prune whip; which may be quassia and aloes to some, but always made Paul's breath come a little quicker when he saw it.

"Say, honey," he began when the last spoonful of this noble dessert had said good-by to the flowers and the hanging lamp, "do you know what I did to-day? No? Well, I bought you a present."

He reached in his pocket and handed Mary the Commuter's Wife's Key to the Garden of Hesperides—which is a somewhat mythological and high-flown manner of referring to a family trip ticket entitling Mrs. Paul Marson or any member of her family to ten trips to the city of New York and return.

"I thought you might like to run down now and then," he said as casually as he could, "to do a little shopping, say, or go to a matinée." He made a large sketchy gesture with the hand that wasn't caressing the lower part of his waistcoat. "I've been making a little extra money lately," he explained; "and—well, I'll be able to give you ten dollars next Friday."

It was significant of Mary's new interest in life that at last she proceeded to trace that extra money to its original source.

"Well, I'll tell you, honey," he said as though it were hardly worth mentioning. "Babbit & Bay's bookkeeper left them about a month ago, and as they didn't seem to be able to find anyone who could take his place I've been doing the work nights."

"Instead of going to the club?" asked Mary.

"Sure! It's in the same building, isn't it? So what's the difference? Anyhow"—he tried to yawn—"I was getting kind of tired of pool, and Old Man Babbit's tickled to death. I've got the ledger caught up for the first time in ten years, he says, and every one of last month's bills was made out and ready to mail on the first."

Mary wasn't deceived by his manner, and when Paul next looked at her he saw that she was quietly regarding him with a look that had the strange effect of making his heart beat faster.

"The poor kid," he thought. "She's had a dirty deal, but I'll make up for it. Yes, sir, if I never do anything else as long as I live I'm going to make good with Mary!"

All that summer, and all that winter, and all the next spring he strove with the same end in view; and didn't exactly make a botch of his striving either. If I could tell you, for instance, how he converted his study into a boudoir for Mary; how they papered it on Labor Day, starting at daybreak and working till nearly midnight—and such a pretty paper!—and how they watched the auctions and bought some of the most delightful furniture you ever saw, including a chaise longue, if you ever heard tell of such a thing, as of course you have, it being a sort of glorified steamer chair in wicker and old gold, and covered with a Watteau design of tapestry—if I could tell you all these things, for instance, you would soon begin to see whether or not Paul was on the right track.

Yes, and if I were to tell you of the cherry-blossom kimono—though that is rather private; and how when the boudoir was finished they had to get after the rest of the house to match it; and how when the inside was done Paul had to paint the outside to make it correspond; and how after the house was painted he had to get after the lawn and grade it here and there and plant Dorothy Perkinses and Crimson Ramblers; and how the work reduced his curves and brought a healthy color to his cheeks—if I were to tell you all these things I doubt if I should ever get to the end of my story.

But one thing I must tell you: All that summer, and all that winter, and all that spring Paul courted his wife as though she were still in her teens, and perhaps because he had his previous experience to guide him he made a good job of it too.

The climax came on a June evening, which, when you come to think of it, is the very nicest time of all. Paul and Mary had been looking at the roses, and then for a time they had looked at the moon; but as the evening turned chilly Mary went up to her boudoir, and there Paul presently joined her. She had changed into her cherry-blossom kimono and he found her seated on the chaise longue, a silk shaded lamp throwing a rosy glow upon her, and in her hair the rosebud that he had placed there earlier in the evening. She was busy stitching lace insertion into—into a garment—but when Paul appeared she looked up and smiled.

"Happy, honey?" he asked.

She slowly nodded, and in her eyes at last Paul saw that deep tender look which had always warmed him in his younger days when his front was straight and his hair was curly—that look which had made him feel like a god. An exaltation close to grandeur took possession of him.

"You know what I'm going to do next?" he asked.

Slowly, smilingly—and yet solemnly too—she shook her head.

"I'm going to make a lot of money—an awful lot of money; and we're going to be rich—yes, rich!—as rich as anybody you know."

Smiling no longer she slowly and solemnly nodded.

"I always knew you would," she said.

"Yes, by jingo, and I will too!" he cried to himself just before he went to sleep that night. "I've got to!"

Which wasn't far from being the truth, because—don't you see?—it was no longer a personal matter with Paul. It was his last chance to make good with Mary.

Did you ever wonder whether Columbus might not have turned back, discouraged, if it hadn't been for his thoughts of Isabella? Or whether Dante's name might not have died with him if Beatrice had never lived?

III

FOR twelve long, heart-breaking months Paul tried to get his feet upon the bottom rung of the ladder that leads over the wall to where the golden apples grow, but at the end of that time he had secured nothing for his pains except a firm grasp upon the proverb that "Wishing and doing are two different things."

At first he naturally tried his luck at the office, but Old Man Palmelee—he of the polished dome and plaintive voice—simply gave him a glance of indifference, a weary shake of the dome aforesaid and a plaintive "I'm sorry, Marson, but we have no other opening for you just now, and a raise of salary is absolutely out of the question."

Whereupon Paul sharpened his wits and tried to harpoon a big idea.

Did he pick up a clothespin when he was mowing the lawn? He leaned on the mower and tried to figure a way of making a fortune out of clothespins—say, by the invention of a new type—a round metal clip or something of that sort.

Did Mary complain of the high price of sugar? He thoughtfully stirred his spoon round and wondered if there wasn't some clever way of making sugar practically indissoluble, so that one lump of super-sweetness in a cup would last for months—like lavender in a bureau drawer. Did the front of his shirt wear threadbare just underneath the points of his collar? His mind went out to a double-bosomed shirt and the possibilities of a fortune in its manufacture and sale.

But after a season of dreams like these he gradually made the discovery that for the development of a big idea one must either have a lot of capital or a lot of technical skill. And Paul had neither.

At this point he began a surreptitious study of the classified advertisements, and finally sent the following for insertion in his favorite morning paper:

WANTED—Young man, 30, executive ability, expert accountant, excellent correspondent, familiar all modern business methods, would like position where merit and industry will be rewarded by advancement. AMBITIOUS.

That advertisement would really make a story in itself, but for the present it can be abridged into the statement that Ambitious received four answers. The first three contained printed matter from employment agencies. The fourth began "Dear Friend" and showed Paul how he could make a "comfortable competence" by tinting post cards at home, the outfit costing three dollars and the work being "particularly appealing to nice people of refinement."

(Continued on Page 47)

The Short Story of a Hand-Brush.



CERTAIN merchants told us not to make it to sell for more than 25 cents. We made it—a hand-brush good enough to put our name on and sell for a dollar. We made it of selected imported bristles. We fastened those selected tufts once and forever in an aluminum plate. We riveted that plate for good to a hard-wood, chemically-treated back. The result was the Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand-Brush whose back won't warp or crack in hot water, whose bristles never scratch when new, nor wilt when left soaking in your bath.

Most druggists sell it already. Ask your dealer for it before sending to us direct. If you send to us and feel you haven't your full dollar's worth, you shall have your dollar back. You can keep the brush. It's a hand-brush good for years, worthy of its name, making its own way on its merits.

We make the

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Florence Mfg. Co., 250 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Canadian Address: 425 Cristine Bldg., Montreal

One Hour=$1.00

MORE than five hundred of our representatives averaged a dollar an hour net profit last year for the time they put in. Some earned $3000.00; others, for spare time only, earned $20 to $50 a month extra. Do you want more money? Have you some spare time? Then write to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
488 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

cut annual fuse maintenance costs 80% in many of our leading industries.

An inexpensive little "Drop Out" renewal Link restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency. Economy Fuses protect electrical circuits of the U. S. Navy and leading powder and munitions plants. Order from your electrical dealer.

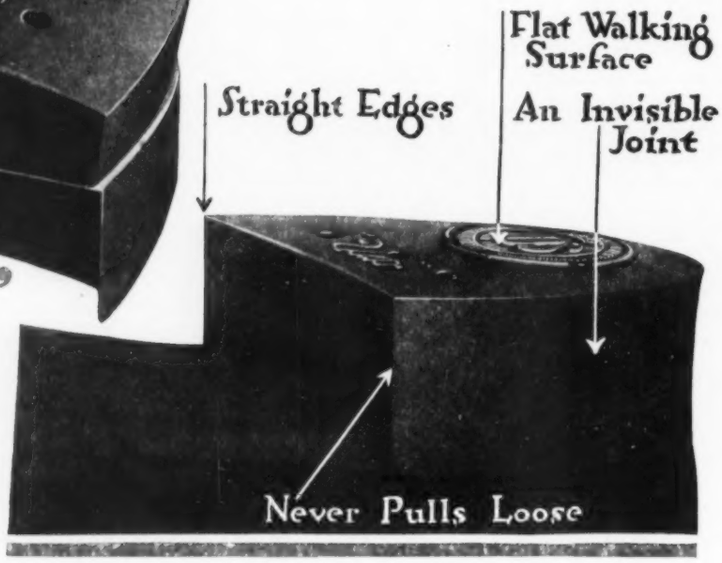
ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Kinzie and Orleans Sts., Chicago, U.S.A.

Sole manufacturers of "ARE-LESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the "100% Guaranteed Indicator." Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal.

PERFECTION IN PENCRAFT
GEM KANT-LEAK LEVER SELF FILLER $1.50 up
GEM FOUNTAIN PEN CORP. N.Y.

"FIBRE-LITE" LIMBS
Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work
AGENTS WANTED who use Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
WORMAN CO., 319 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.





"Usco" The Rubber Heel That Never Pulls Loose

Step into a shoe repair shop—

Say—"Put on a pair of USCO Rubber Heels."

And in *less than five minutes*, your shoes are handed back to you perfectly heeled.

Magic?—Yes, the magic of science is in this new wonder heel.

It is built on a curve like a saucer. This curve is so accurately designed that the use of cement—with all its attendant labor so necessary in the *flat* rubber heel—is completely eliminated.

Just a few nails—a few blows of the hammer and a perfectly invisible tight joint and an even tread surface are made—that will remain until the heel is completely worn out.

You will enjoy the soft yielding, comfortable—yet safe and sure tread of USCO heels.

You will appreciate the *economy* of its tough, wear-resisting rubber.

Your repairman has them in black, tan and white.

Five minutes will do the job.

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Department, New York

(Continued from Page 45)

The next day Paul drew a long breath and began to answer ads himself.

Was an office manager wanted? He took his pen in hand. Was an accountant wanted? He wrote a letter. Was a young man of executive ability in demand? "Dear Sirs," began Paul: "Referring to your advertisement in this morning's paper ——"

After a while the expected happened. Paul was asked to call between the hours of twelve and one. He was received with hope, and after a few questions and answers he was dismissed with indifference—polite indifference it is true, but just as unmistakable as Old Man Palmelee's—he of the shining dome and the plaintive voice.

This started Paul thinking. And when the same thing happened twice more in the next few weeks—in each case Paul being received with an interest that was evidently based upon his letter, an interest that soon flickered and died out in the course of the interview—he began to do some mighty tall thinking indeed.

"Darn it all," he frowned, "it's always been that way with me somehow. I can get on with the little fellows all right, but the big ones have no time for me at all."

He carried the problem back to the office with him and was still mulling it over late that afternoon when Tiesey the Tease came sauntering in to wait for his friend the head draftsman.

"Well, well, if here isn't Little Sunshine!" he bantered, looking at Paul with cool gay eyes that had the least touch of contempt in them too. "Haven't seen you for a long time, have I, old dear? Shake hands."

He held out his hand, but when Paul, inwardly seething, reached up to take it Mr. Tiesey gayly shook hands with himself instead, while those who saw it laughed at Paul's discomfiture.

Paul felt his lips trembling, and when he spoke he could hardly trust his voice.

"You're a dirty dog, Tiesey," he said, "to do a trick like that."

"Oh, well," said the salesman, his smiling glance now openly contemptuous. "You're a yellow pup, so what do you say if we bark together?" And half turning to his admiring audience he threw up his head and barked: "Wuh! W-w-w-w-wuh!"

A yellow pup. Yellow. "Yes, and I must be too," thought Paul to himself as he made his way home that evening, "or I'd have jumped right up and punched him, instead of sitting there like a fool and letting him get away with it." A deeper, more significant thought suddenly came to him. "I wonder if that's what's the matter with me," he breathlessly continued. "A streak of yellow in me somewhere? I wonder if that's what the big men see when they sit back in their chairs and size me up, and have no more time for me!"

The more he thought about it the more convinced he grew that he was on the right track. He had never been a fighter, having been brought up to regard a bloody nose and a black eye with a mental aversion that gradually grew into physical fear. Yes, all his life he had side-stepped physical combat or anything that looked as though it might lead to a scrap. Did an argument grow heated? Paul quit; no rough-and-tumble for him. Did a hurrying stranger push past him? Paul let him; one push back might lead to another.

"And I guess, like everything else a man does, it shows on him sooner or later," he mused; "and somehow or other it shows on me—though only the Lord knows how! But I guess if I was a blacksmith I could tell if another fellow was a blacksmith the moment he tapped the anvil. Yes, and if I was a scrapper and had scrapped my way to the top of the tree I guess I could tell if another young fellow was a scrapper just as soon as I caught his eye."

That night when he reached home he kissed Mary with extra relish.

"Little Peachy," he said in that broken voice which every woman loves to hear, "if you aren't worth fighting for tell me what is!"

She took his words in a metaphorical way, and was happy. Great mistakes are sometimes made that way.

Paul didn't have to wait long for his chance. The next afternoon he was finishing his work at the office, commuterwise, one eye on the clock, when the debonair Tiesey came sauntering in again to wait for his friend the head draftsman.

Paul had already mapped out his plan of campaign, and I should like to tell you that the moment he saw his ancient enemy he sprang up like another Vulcan and proceeded to hurl his thunderbolts. As a matter of fact, however, his scalp went warm and his feet turned cold, and in between these two extremities he had the prickly, uncomfortable feeling that generally accompanies goose flesh.

Nevertheless he awkwardly rose and sat on the edge of his desk, exactly as he had planned it, and steadying his voice as best he could he called out: "Oh, Tiesey! Can I see you for a moment, please?"

Tiesey strolled over, and the others cocked their ears in enjoyment, already sniffing merriment in the wind.

"Now yesterday," began Paul, mortally afraid at first that his teeth would chatter, "you called me a yellow pup. Don't you think that those are fighting words?"

"Why, yes, old dear," said Tiesey; "I believe they are generally so considered in our best circles."

"All right, then," said Paul, suddenly straightening himself. "Look out for yourself!"

And before the astonished Mr. Tiesey could grasp the fact that development of character sometimes causes miracles to ensue, Paul caught him fairly in the middle of his disappearing smile, and laughed aloud when he saw how easily it was done and with what inexorable precision Mr. Tiesey went crashing back between the desks behind him, looking infinitely more foolish than he had ever made Paul look—and much unhappier too.

Tiesey came up again, though, almost as soon as the back of his head kissed the floor; but Paul was on him like a wildcat, the glory of battle firing his veins, alternately smashing out his two fists—the right for himself, the left for Mary. It was indeed a spirited session while it lasted, and when a few minutes later Paul rose and dusted off his trousers he saw a look of respect in the eyes round him—a look of respect that he had never seen before.

"Well," he demanded, "anybody else here think I'm yellow?"

They were still denying their participation in any such belief, both orally and by pantomime—all except the head draftsman, who was applying a wet towel to the nose of his friend—when the door opened and in came Old Man Palmelee, who had evidently been passing along the hall on his way to the elevator and had heard the fracas through the door.

"What's all this?" he asked.

"He called me yellow," replied Paul, his voice as steady as the Rock of Gibraltar; "but I don't think he'll do it again."

"Dear me, I wish you'd settle these little differences outside. Why, it's Mr. Tiesey," he said as the wet towel made identification easier; and turning to Paul in quite a pet he complained: "You've put him out of business for a week or two. A nice thing to do—when you know how busy we are just now!"

In his new-found confidence Paul did a thing that he could no more have done the day before than he could have flown to Florida. Walking to Mr. Palmelee's side he gently laid his hand upon the general manager's shoulder and gently walked him out into the hall.

"Mr. Palmelee," he said, "I want you to try me out as a salesman. When I first came here I was stenographer in the sales department. That was when McMasters had charge, and we never had a better sales manager than he was. You know that. You trained him. So, you see, I'm pretty well up on the sales end. Besides that, I know costs and how to figure them better than any salesman you've got. And I've been in the drafting room long enough to know how to read blue prints and make rough sketches. I tell you, Mr. Palmelee, I've been doing woman's work round this office long enough. Now I want to go out and do a man's work. I want to help bring in the business. What do you say?"

Palmelee and Paul looked at each other, the old man and the young, their glances meeting like the play of two swords.

"Well, young man," said the manager, evidently satisfied, "you can talk—and you can scrap. Let's go back to my office." He took off his hat and the light shone brightly on his wise old polished dome. "Just as I was going home too," he said in his plaintive voice.

IV

THE next summer the new assistant sales manager of the Consolidated Elevator Company was driving his new car along

(Concluded on Page 49)

LANGHAM-HIGH CLOTHES FOR YOUNGER YOUNG MEN



THE High School spirit recognizes no conventional bonds. Personality must be reflected by personal appearance. In Langham-High Clothes, you of fifteen to twenty will find the sought-for expression of your ideals. They are distinctly *your* clothes.

LEOPOLD, Chicago
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Libby, McNeill & Libby, 509 Welfare Bldg., Chicago



(Concluded from Page 47)

a country lane, with Mary proudly seated by his side. He was learning to drive with one hand—so the car was going slow.

"What a keen little chin you have!" said he. "Did I ever tell you?"

Mary laughed.

"And—as I live!—where it joins the rest of your face there's the cutest little crease. Turn your head a bit, please. There!"

"You do say the funniest things!" beamed Mary.

But she turned her head and he kissed the crease in her chin, making the car go slower yet—making it go so slow, in fact, that the engine stalled and the car stopped short in its tracks. Looking round, they saw an old farmer over the fence gathering peaches. He was an old, old farmer with whiskers like cotton wool, but he was watching Paul's behavior with an air of critical approval.

"Howdy?" said Paul. "Got any peaches for sale?"

The old man slowly climbed over the fence with his basket.

"What beauties!" said Mary. "How do you get this lovely bloom on them?"

"Cultivation mostly," replied the old man. "A peach is a thing you've got to cultivate and look after."

"You bet your life it is!" said Paul. "I had a little orchard once—neglected it and very nearly lost it.

"But one day I woke up and started cultivating it, and to-day it's as good as ever—and just as much bloom on the peach ——"

"Paid you for your trouble, didn't it?"

"Paid me for my trouble? I should say so! Most profitable thing I ever did in my life!"

They rode on.

"Paul," said Mary.

"Yes, honey?"

"I didn't know you had a little peach orchard."

"Oh, dear me, yes."

"But where is it?"

"Why, it's riding in the car with me right now."

Mary laughed, a golden ripple, but when she spoke again her voice though muffled had the note of utter contentment in it.

"You do say the funniest things!" said she.

LAST DAYS OF THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY

(Continued from Page 4)

Our servants did the packing and closing of the camp home with utmost rapidity and displayed a touching intention to save me trouble and serve me faithfully. They worked day and night, without orders or superintendence, and when I went to see results I found my household had given me support of immense value.

With the home and children no longer on my mind I gave all my attention to the long shopping expeditions necessary to turn a "maneuvering kit" into an outfit for serious war. Business consultations and arrangements also filled our time in town.

Sazonoff and his secretaries and aids came from their work in the palace of the Foreign Office across the square to snatch a little food and a few moments of rest at odd hours. Their faces were pale with fatigue, and the minister himself showed wear from day to day, under the frightful strain of responsibility. To the last moment he was admirably calm, hopeful and unsensational. His dispatches during that time are now historical documents of current knowledge, and prove how he strove to avoid bloodshed, while holding high the banner of our national honor. We who were with him during the experience learned to esteem him vastly for this noble work under most trying conditions, for he had just come through a long illness and a most serious operation and had been told by his doctors the stress of public life would be very harmful to him.

Saturday morning, July nineteenth, I woke to read in the paper that the die was cast.

Mike would be going in a few days, and behind him stretched to the very horizon of my realization the faces of all the friends I had made in twenty years, all headed in the same direction—a terrible road of privation and suffering we must stumble along for an unknown period of time!

Prayers at the Palace

I was struck anew each time I went out in Russia by the order at large gatherings. There was always plenty of space and time, not to mention proverbial good nature; and these qualities gave a Russian ceremony a note of charm and distinction all its own. The day set for a service of prayer in the Winter Palace was no exception. The ten or fifteen great reception halls were already filled with people holding gentle conversation when I arrived—old men in court uniforms, young ones in fighters' khaki, women in light gowns and pretty summer hats. They all looked tremendously tense and alive, as if gathering up their strength to offer it collectively to their ruler. It must have given the sovereign pleasure to see all that mass of Russians so seriously coming to him in the hour of need. Mostly the men present were going to the Front within a week.

We entered the Nicholas Hall, where the imperial cortège had already taken its place down at the end near an altar. The room's immense dimensions—it was built to contain comfortably three thousand people at a ball—held a most imposing concourse of the cream of Russia's people. For this occasion there were standing there the members of the Romanoff family and their numerous suites, the court and government officials, all the aristocracy within a large radius, and the officers of the imperial bodyguard regiments. In broad daylight the sun streaming through the great windows took all artifice of appearance and manner from the high-bred crowd; so different from that at the court balls of ancient times. Now we were simplified to our primitive traits, and nothing but our warm national heart showed. Each man looked strained and exalted; no woman had dry eyes.

The religious ceremony was not long, but its intensity was extreme, and never had the intoning of priest or the singing of choir been more lovely. Certainly, also, the prayer that went up to heaven was profoundly sincere. As it ended and we rose from our knees the sovereigns turned and stood a moment facing their subjects, the Empress taking her husband's arm. Quite spontaneously from five thousand throats broke forth the national anthem, which was not less beautiful because the voices choked with emotion. Then cheer upon cheer came, till the walls rang with their echo.

It was the first time, I fancy, the Emperor had been offered such a tribute. He was paler than usual, and seemed somewhat startled and not displeased.

He advanced with the Empress still upon his arm, and continuing its mighty cheers the crowd parted in front of them, forming an aisle from the altar to the immense double doors opposite. I chanced by this separation of the people to be in the first row of those the sovereigns would pass, and I watched them with interested sympathy. As they progressed those of the crowd who could not see well pressed forward, and the lines on each side became somewhat irregular. General Woyeikoff, commandant of the palace, always quick to be officious, rushed forward to reënforce the grand master of ceremonies and his aids, and he roughly pushed back men and women into their places, saying the space must be left clear. It was the Empress who gently stopped him; and it was she who seemed best to understand the movement toward her husband, and to welcome it.

Woyeikoff returned to his position in the procession among the imperial household, and the sovereigns continued down the room, the crowd gone wild with love for them. Old men and young, red in the face and hoarse from the effort, kept up the noise. They, and the women, too, bowed low or threw themselves upon their knees as their rulers passed: His Majesty, in absolute silence, showing no recognition of any special face, our beautiful Empress looking like a Madonna of Sorrows, with tears on her cheeks, stretched her hand in passing to this or that person, now and then bending gracefully to embrace some woman who was kissing her hand.

Her Majesty that day seemed to symbolize all the tragedy and suffering that had come upon us; and, feeling it deeply, to give thanks to this group for the devotion their attitude implied. Her expression was of extraordinary sweetness and distress, and possessed beauty of a quality I had never seen before on the proud classic face. Everyone was moved by Her Majesty's manner in a moment when she must be tortured by thoughts and memories of her old home. In passing me she stretched out her hand and as I put my lips to it she leaned over, kissed me and said "Your husband too?" and continued, in reply to my affirmative, "Then you must help me with all the work there is for us women to do."

I cannot forget the beautiful, touching Madonna of that day, stooping to console and encourage her people, drowning her own sorrows in her tears of sympathy for her subjects. Till then through fifteen years I had seen only a statuesque and austere presence, presiding at feasts and ceremonies with an almost inhuman severity of expression, and entirely repressing the tenderness this situation had brought out.

From the Nicholas Hall the procession of the imperial family passed through long suites of state reception rooms in its progress to the hall, from which a balcony overlooks the Palace Place. As they went by I saw that several members of the imperial family had been greatly moved. The poor Grand Duchess Marie-Pavlovna, widow of the Grand Duke Vladimir, had wept copiously, but held herself as always with dignity, and spoke here and there to friends in the crowd whom she knew to be unhappy, embracing them or saying a kind word. The Grand Duchess Anastasia-Nicholaïevna, wife of the Grand Duke Nicholas, showed affectionate solicitude to those whom she felt would especially be sufferers.

The Grand Duke Nicholas-Nicholaïovitch was the observed of all observers. He had been told that morning he was to be intrusted with the supreme command of all the Russian Armies! He had neither asked nor hoped for so great an honor, and his gratitude and emotion enhanced his intense personality till he dominated the surrounding throng completely. One seemed to feel him in the room, where his immense height put him head and shoulders above the tallest of the guard officers. He stood straight as an arrow and walked with the graceful elastic stride of one in good training. This, with his admirable proportions, kept him still young in spite of years. He was intensely pale beneath his tan, and the small classic head was thrown back nobly. His distinction and physical beauty had won admiration from both men and women for years, and one felt they partly explained the enthusiasm that troops and populace always showed whenever he appeared before them. The ideal leader in an emergency he was to everyone.

"An imperial eagle," said someone in the crowd as he passed; and really the name suited the proud figure well. Everyone turned to him, with gratitude that the conduct of our armies was to be in his good hands. As he realized the sentiment expressed his appreciation showed in his flashing looks and in the sudden beauty of his rare smile.

I was told from a sure source that in accepting his appointment that morning he had begged two favors from his imperial cousin: First, to go to the Front quietly and without official leave-taking, avoiding the noise that had attended General Kuropatkin's departure for Manchuria ten years before. This request was granted; but not so the second, which was that he might name his own staff. General Ianouschkévitch was already nominated as his chief of staff, he was informed; and General Daniloff was to be the chief of his military bureaus. Both these were friends supposedly to Soukhomlinoff; and at headquarters the chief was allowed to choose only his personal staff, and not his military one. This measure struck everyone except the generalissimo himself as dreadfully unfair, since he must work with these men as instruments, and be responsible for their acts. In it those devoted to the Grand Duke felt a first move of his hidden enemies.

I followed the imperial family on the lengthy walk to the far side of the palace. Once there I approached a window, from which I saw not only the square below but the balcony where the Emperor and Empress stood without attendants. They looked small and lonesome against the mountainous rich façade of the construction, and they gazed down in silence upon a most amazing sight. Below, in the Palace Place, of which few in the world are so large and splendid, a sea of raised faces filled the entire space. Societies were there with flags and emblems; young students in uniforms of schools and universities; old men and women, children and priests, soldiers and workmen, of various degree. All were prepared for the terrible future the war would bring them; yet they were present without a call, spread out at their ruler's feet, come to offer humbly their homage and their lives. As the Emperor had appeared this crowd had fallen on its knees, their flags dipped in salute; and they burst forth in a great chorus—the imperial anthem! Here in the street the lowly people equaled in their show of faithfulness the nobles' tribute of an hour ago inside the palace.

Did the Emperor remember, as he gazed down on them, that ten years ago a crowd at this same place seemed sufficiently threatening to his throne for him to order it to be dispersed—with cavalry? Did he remember that their attitude had then drawn from him the concession of a parliament, and that his promises made then of other reforms had not yet been carried out? That he, for security and because he disliked his capital and its citizens, had not occupied again since then the great city palace? Was all this in his mind as he stood there with bowed head? Did he forgive, and admire the spirit his people now showed?

I turned; and a number of eyes I looked into were filled with tears. A hardened military man said gently: "See how devout and serious they are; and how they pity their Emperor, and wish to help him!"

"The Emperor holds trump cards in the great game he must play," said another. "His people have brought him their gift of loyalty to-day, and his proud aristocracy as well as his poor peasants are of one piece in this."

General Leave-Takings

At this same hour William, in Berlin, was making speeches to the multitude in front of his palace, trying to inflame their patriotism by his eloquence; but Nicholas stood before his subjects without a word or gesture, and they kneeled in adoration to the "great white Czar" of history, and gave him thus the greatest hour of his life!

The imperial couple left the balcony and returned to their private apartments, while the concourse, indoors and out, dispersed; but the exaltation of these wonderful scenes remained with us, a memory to return in camp and trench or in abandoned homes at lonely hours, comforting the martyrdom of those who were so brave and true.

From the morning of the twenty-first—Monday—began the distress of partings for us, with the departure of my brother-in-law, Count Théo Niroth, commanding the Dragoons of the Imperial Guard. Knowing poor Théo to be living through his troubles alone I motored to his barracks at Peterhof that morning, early, to say good-by to him and see if I could be of any use. I found him very occupied and entirely calm; while his regiment seemed well in hand and officers and men went about their unusual business of packing and entraining with utmost order and great rapidity. Théo was greatly distressed not to embrace his family before leaving. The war had come so suddenly that though he had wired them he could scarcely hope to see anyone arrive from the far-away country estate. As I was making my adieus, his wife, having made a forced voyage, with great good luck appeared at Peterhof an hour before the Dragoons departed; so at least of her he had a glimpse, and said good-by.

Our Chevaliers Guards were to leave the following morning, and Monday there was a most touching function when in the courtyard of their old historical barracks the regiment in battle array was reviewed by its commander, Prince Alexander Dolgorouky, and all the ancient retired officers then in St. Petersburg. The senior ex-commander of the regiment said a few heartfelt words of good wishes from those too old to go; and squadron by squadron the men, with their officers, knelt, and were blessed by the regimental priest. All the wives and mothers who could possibly come were looking for the last time at the assembled regiment. They were scarcely to be recognized in their

(Continued on Page 52)

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VN — PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 49)

rough khaki as the same men we knew in white or red-and-silver uniforms of old gala days. They looked less brilliant now, dressed for their grim work; but in size and strength and moral fiber they still were the first regiment of the land. We women and the ancients stood on one side, those going to the sacrifice on the other, while the priest read out a short service and tried to inspire us with courage, each to face our fate; and then we knelt together for a last prayer in the dust.

As they were to leave at daylight next morning we had but a few hours for our preparations. No time to think. Numerous officers were obliged to go without seeing their people scattered in the provinces or abroad by the summer season; and the few women lucky enough to be in town were multiplying their care, looking after comrades who were alone in the hour of need. Baskets were being prepared with food, literature and small comforts that might help out the tedious hours of a long trip in a military train.

Our little girls came up from Strelna to lunch with us that day and say good-by to their father. We tried to make the parting as easy as possible for them, so their young minds would not be weighted with the tragedy we elders were living.

Our boy remained the night in town with me, and had his first experience of real drama. At five A. M. we rose and went to the railway, where we saw the beloved regiment, in the midst of which we had lived so many years, entrain. Perfect order prevailed, though the embarkation took several hours. Each squadron occupied a train. Freight cars fitted up for soldiers and horses; platform cars for baggage and provisions; and at the end a car or two, second class and far from clean, for the officers, doctors, and so on. A most curious sight were the horses belonging to the regimental band. It was a tradition of the regiment that though the other soldiers were all mounted on bay horses the band should ride pure white steeds. With the new ideas of warfare these animals became a danger to their unit, and had been dyed for safety in olive brown. This was their first appearance in their disguise; and their comrades of the four squadrons did not recognize them and made a dreadful fuss, showing such desire to avoid the poor painted creatures that the latter felt insulted, and regarding themselves as victims of a ridiculous mistake they lost no opportunity of protesting. Their humiliation turned them timid and fractious, and it took time and persuasion to get them into their cars. Everyone rushed to help; and officers as well as soldiers were amused at the result of this first essay at camouflage, which came as a diversion to our strained feelings.

With the actual parting there came a general breakdown, hurried kisses, choking blessings; then a rush for the platforms. The trains moved off, and lonesome small groups of relatives faced the long days of anxiety and emptiness ahead. It seemed dreadful to see Mike go! Besides my husband these trains contained many of our oldest friends, and we knew they would be put immediately under fire. At that last moment I had been charged with packets of valuables and letters, and had promised to look after and send news to various families unable to be with us that sunny morning.

The Intrigues of the Court

That day, and those immediately following, my time was taken up by the many commissions intrusted to my care. Still a few friends remained, who were making their adieus and leaving for the Front to join regiments or staffs on special duty. There were Red Cross units pushing their preparations to start as soon as it was possible to organize. They greatly needed supplies of all kinds, nothing having been foreseen of the events that were upon us. In the capital itself hundreds of hospitals were opening, governmental as well as private ones. A great need for pity and charity appealed to the country's womanhood, and one and all responded, giving of their riches in money, time and personal labor. There was a movement to rally about the Empress for direction in this, and many like myself, who had till then avoided Madame Wiroboff, called upon her, knowing that for all the imperial war work she was chosen by the Empress to represent her personally.

Madame Anna-Alexandrovna Wiroboff had been named lady-in-waiting to the Empress and taken to live in the palace at the time of her début. She was the daughter of a poor and worthy gentleman at court, and it was by way of recognizing his long service that his daughter was given this situation and the small income attached to it. In looks she was very fat with clumsy walk and figure, a pretty head, soft curly hair, blue eyes which always looked sleepy, and fine complexion and teeth. She had no conversation, save to make compliments in a soft voice; and she posed for being very shy, sentimental and stupid. By this method she succeeded for years in allaying suspicions of her real ambition, and covering her conduct. People said constantly: "Anna-Alexandrovna cannot have done that; she is not clever enough for a successful intrigue."

On entering upon her career she at once adopted an attitude of abject flattery, which at first surprised, then pleased and touched the Empress, who as time passed admitted the self-styled "slave" more and more to her presence. Court gossip said Madame Wiroboff sat at her mistress' feet; kissed them; begged for the meanest tasks as an honor, and talked to the Empress in picturesque language of the Orient, addressing her as the "Sun" and "Moon" or her "Life," and claiming she had been saved from dying during typhoid by the adored mistress' presence at her bedside.

The Czarina's Favorite

About seven or eight years before the great war Madame Wiroboff had married, at the wish of Her Majesty, a man the latter chose. Her husband was persuaded to leave his active service in the navy, and to live at court, where he was given the position of aid-de-camp to the Emperor. To everyone's amazement he insisted upon divorcing her after a few months, and left the court and his honors to return to sea. He never reappeared, and was dubbed mad for the story he told of his married life. After this episode Madame Wiroboff remained always with the Empress, was called simply "my friend" by the sovereign, and became her favorite and confidential attendant. She was given an apartment in the palace and also occupied at times a small house outside, where she could entertain with freedom, and where her imperial patroness was often asked to meet people whom it would have been difficult to introduce at court.

During this time the new favorite made advances to various women of society in our group whom she considered desirable acquaintances; but though all felt obliged to see her at the palace and at the homes of such officials as were cultivating her to make their way, most of the women of high standing avoided her proffered intimacy. She resented this probably, but gave no sign of it, only representing to Her Majesty that she was too absorbed in her service to wish for other occupations or interests. Later, however, she made the Empress feel that she had sacrificed her husband and all her friends to her patroness, and the latter repaid this devotion by redoubled kindness. Soon the evident dislike shown by loyal subjects to the Wiroboff ways was explained by the favorite as covert criticism of the Empress' friends and tastes and occupations; and a very delicate situation was created. People felt disinclined to push into the charmed circle, not wanting to risk the ire of the new star, or her jealousy; also, not willing to hold out a hand to her; and by various intrigues on her part many of the best and most normal elements were eliminated from the imperial circle or kept at a distance. The sovereign's mind was poisoned with a morbid belief in the hostile attitude of Russia's aristocratic society toward her; and thus more and more was she separated from healthy influences. About two years before the war Rasputin was introduced at court by the favorite, and his ministrations to the Empress were encouraged and a clique of conspirators was formed, to surround, flatter and keep in hand the Empress; but then, as yet, they had no political program.

When the war came a number of women felt with me that nothing counted but our patriotic duties, and in a desire to make a demonstration of loyalty we all called on Madame Wiroboff, asking for any work in the various Red Cross organizations, which we thought would be organized by Her Majesty's orders. From now on it was impossible not to admit Madame Wiroboff's influence on events. There were amiable smiles and messages on her lips, purporting to come from the lady's mistress. We were told by her that Her Majesty was suffering from one of her frequent attacks of nervous pains; and all those wishing to help her were begged to join in the work at the Winter Palace, where the doors would be thrown open, as they had been at the time of the Japanese War. In a few days the papers announced that all was ready at the palace; and the afternoon of opening there was a spectacle marvelous to see. A vast crowd of women presented themselves to the presiding committee, the members of which were ladies-in-waiting from the palace, with Madame Wiroboff at their head. Wives of government and court officials, wives of officers, wives of simple soldiers, and simple workgirls from shops and dressmaking establishments were there, rubbing shoulders, all filled with zeal, making up in generosity and enthusiasm what they lacked sometimes in science and experience.

The contributions in money, in materials and in medicines were so immense that it seemed quite unbelievable such riches could be put forth in so short a time. It was a cause of great admiration to me how quickly organization came out of the chaos. Madame Wiroboff herself was swamped with the difficulties; but women who had done this kind of work in the other war took hold at once, and the crowd of willing hands found their allotted employment as if by magic. Two or three halls were turned into a factory for surgical bandages, under professional teachers; other halls were packing rooms or were installed to receive and store the gifts which poured in. Cutting rooms and sewing rooms were arranged, with machines and specialists to handle them. Everyone was ready to give all she could in time, money and good will, without pretensions to recognition.

It was done to help the army, for which so little had been prepared, and to show to the Empress how her subjects upheld her. Daily it was hoped she would appear, especially to thank the humbler element for their generous effort, which meant loss of money in their bread-winning lives; but as the weeks passed and Her Majesty never came the rumor spread that she was entirely preoccupied with her own small private hospital installed in the Tzarskoe Palace, and took no interest in the capital, leaving everything there to Madame Wiroboff. The latter frequently showed great lack of tact, and was pretentious with women much older than herself and of more dignity. Discords broke out, in which the Empress' friend and Madame Soukhomlinoff were the storm centers, and different camps were formed. Luckily, however, just as the affair was becoming dramatic these two ladies discovered they were needed elsewhere, Madame Wiroboff retiring to Tzarskoe, to go into the hospital, where she seconded the Empress and began her political work; and Madame Soukhomlinoff founding a unit of her own and going to the Front.

The Grand Duke Takes Charge

Immediately upon their departure all the elements settled down in perfect harmony, and in the palace everything ran smoothly. A half dozen ladies, wives of court functionaries or of the ministers, giving their whole hearts to the success of the enormous organization, carried out the good work for two and a half years. Peace reigned in the great halls, though the neglect by their imperial owner was felt and regretted; and owing to this the poorer people by degrees drifted away, as well as some others who should naturally have remained attached to that particular group. These departures caused Her Majesty great chagrin, I heard, and late in the year 1916 an effort was made by her to draw back some of the scattered elements. But it was too late then. All had settled elsewhere; and the early beautiful, personal spirit had disappeared. Luckily our men at the Front lost nothing by all this, for the same supplies reached them through other channels.

During that first month of war I was amazed at the extent and quality of the charities organized all over the country by our women. All their souls, talents and generosity went into supplementing the government and supplying the soldiers with the necessities the state could not give them. It was done with admirable system, and no one faltered till the revolution came, disorganizing transportation and the army and making the work impossible. But in the beginning there was only enthusiasm, and the dark future was not suspected. I found myself drawn into the stream, making and packing bandages like all my friends, while talking of the daily news. The latter was most encouraging and gratifying to our national vanity. The campaign in East Prussia progressed rapidly, and we captured town after town, till our armies had advanced far on German soil.

Within a week of his nomination the commander-in-chief had left for the Front, without send-off or notice of any kind. His train had been made up in St. Petersburg, where the officers of his household and four personal aids went aboard. The Grand Duke had in no way augmented his personal household for the war, much to the chagrin of various men, who had hoped to find easy berths in his train. This type was forced to look elsewhere, as the headquarters staff consisted of those named from above to do the military work of the offices, and the six or eight persons whom the Grand Duke had always previously kept near him. In the course of the year he was commander-in-chief almost no new man was added to this group. His Imperial Highness disapproved of purely ornamental people and wished to avoid the kind of surroundings that had been those of Kuropatkin.

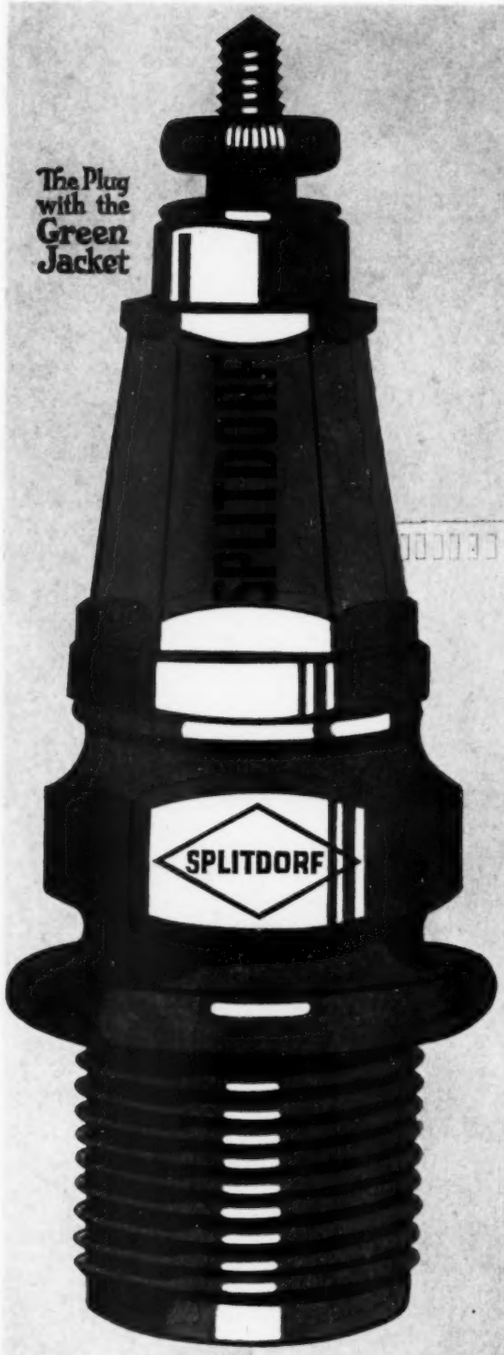
The Loyalty of His Generals

The Grand Duke's train left St. Petersburg quietly one day, and made a stop at the Peterhof station, where the main passenger, his body servant, his Cossack and Doctor Malama climbed on board in silence, and they started for Baranovitch. The military staff, already organized by General Ianouschkévitch, awaited them there. The chief took complete and immediate possession of all the various personalities congregated at Baranovitch, never had the least trouble with them apparently, and ignored all evil intentions. He won the men composing his military staff so completely that when, a year later, he was sent from the high place he had filled General Ianouschkévitch went with him; and every member of his staff, to the last man in the offices, asked to do likewise. They showed him the most signal personal devotion, since to remain where they were meant working under the sovereign's eyes; while the Grand Duke was going into exile, disgraced and out of favor.

Life at headquarters under the Grand Duke was of the simplest. The chief rose early and spent a busy day at his work table or in the council chamber. Those on duty were immensely occupied, those off duty greatly bored. No amusements were furnished them. Everyone personally attached to the chief lived on one or the other of his two trains. Those whose energies were employed in the offices lived near these, in temporary buildings of the cheapest construction. The table fare was plain in the extreme, and so was the service, even when the Emperor or a foreign mission came to headquarters. The Grand Duke never took a day off or left Baranovitch except for occasional and sudden trips of inspection to the Front. No ladies were allowed at the staff, exception not being made even for the Grand Duchess. The Emperor finally asked, and obtained, toward Easter, permission from the commander-in-chief for her to go there once for a two days' stay, as her husband was the only man at headquarters who in eight or nine months had not had a single day's leave. He took no rest or recreation save a short walk daily near his car—where his aids had arranged a small square garden—and an evening hour of conversation after dinner with the foreign attachés and the members of his household; besides this, the time required to write his wife a daily letter, which he never failed to do. His behaviour, according to universal report, was always even, quiet and courteous; and in the severe strain and tension to which he was subjected, though often his face went gray from anxiety, his self-control never failed him for a moment. Gambling and cards were forbidden; and the younger members of the staff and foreign attachés thought it very dull at Baranovitch and the chief much too austere, though they all added that at meal hours, when they met him, he was altogether charming. Tales of this staff life came back to the capital, and there, and all over the country, made a fine, reassuring impression.

In the early days of August, the Emperor and Empress with their children and court had moved from Peterhof Palace to Tzarskoe, as there was fear of the Germans'

(Continued on Page 56)





A TYPE best suited for EVERY ENGINE

No one type of spark plug will work equally well in all engines. To get the highest efficiency from your engine it must be equipped with the plug best adapted to its special requirements.

For seventeen years SPLITDORF engineers have been studying the ignition needs of all sorts of internal combustion engines. They have learned wherein these requirements differ and have designed plugs to fit every varying need. Tell your dealer the make and year of your car and he will show you the SPLITDORF Plug that will give you the best service. Also ask him to show you the laterally wound ruby mica core which distinguishes SPLITDORF Plugs from all other plugs. Unlike porcelain, this mica core is practically indestructible. It cannot crack, chip or leak, and it may be cleaned and recleaned without injury to the plug's efficiency.

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Manufacturers of DIXIE and SUMTER Magnetos and Plugoscillators

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SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS



Side by side in this photograph are shown the two major types of motor truck tires: The Goodyear S-V Solid type and the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord type. Both are shown in actual service.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

What Tire to Use and Where

AS between pneumatic tires and solids as equipment for motor trucks, each type affords well-defined advantages in certain kinds of service.

For short hauls, through congested traffic, where slow speeds are necessary and pavements are good, solid tires serve economically and well.

But in long distance transport, where speed, cushioning power and traction are essential, pneumatic tires are far more efficient and saving.

In interurban and passenger service, in all safe-conduct rapid-transit such as the delivery of foodstuffs or of fragile wares, the pneumatic tire's qualities are well-nigh indispensable.

Our interest in proper tire equipment dates from the beginning of the truck industry, and is faithfully expressed in our product.

We make all kinds of truck tires, both pneumatic and solid, under the most advanced standards of design and construction.

Our S-V Solid Truck Tires represent the highest development of this type, as shown by their remarkable service returns to users.

They combine in extreme measure the three essentials of satisfactory solid tire service: long tread wear, freedom from chipping and cutting, and resistance to separation from the base.

Behind our Pneumatic Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are fifteen years of experiment, including two years of practical testing before they went on the market.

Their advantages in increased speed, greater range, larger returns from gasoline and oil, and the reduction of depreciation, have been demonstrated beyond any question.

In more than 250 cities, as well as in our own Akron-to-Boston highway transport experience, they have verified every virtue we had hoped for.

Whatever field your own trucks occupy, whether they need pneumatics or solids, there is a Goodyear Tire to help them serve at their highest capacity.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES

Whitman's candy in war time

It is possible to eat candy and satisfy your sweet tooth and still be patriotic if you use care in selecting the kinds of candy that contain a minimum rather than a maximum amount of sugar.

Candy not alone has food value but a reasonable amount of it is desirable in the diet. Eat the kinds of candy that contain the least amount of sugar, but which also contain other pure and wholesome ingredients, which are plentiful.

We are offering a limited amount of our standard packages for public consumption and recommending those kinds that the Food Administration suggests for conserving sugar.



Nuts Chocolate Covered
A Maximum of food value
A Minimum of Sugar

Write for booklet and folder on "Candy in War Time" and use sweets intelligently during the war.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

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Sooner you get away from "garter bind nerves" the better your business speed and snap will be! *You wear Ivory Garters unconscious of the fact you have garters on*, Ivorys gird your leg so gently!

Light as a silk sock; free from pads; free from metals that rust and start irritations, Ivory Garters supply every feature you ever looked for in a garter—beyond criticism from any angle. They're simply great!

You get a pair of Ivorys and get into them pretty quick and get a taste of real garter comfort!

WHEREVER men's wear is sold you can buy Ivory Garters. Popular shades in both mercerized and silk—40c per pair, and up.

IVORY GARTER COMPANY
New Orleans, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 52)

bombarding our coast, where the former palace stands. For the same reason, and because of her many interests in Red Cross work, Princess Orloff moved to town also, bringing my children with her to her palace there, and vacating Strelna. I was personally glad of this change, being very busy; for besides my afternoons in the palace bandage factory my mornings were spent in the throes of settling our new house. In the conditions of that time it was an appalling undertaking to arrange even so small a palace. The workmen I counted upon were always being mobilized for war purposes, and my own servants had nearly all been taken. I had to resign myself to great waste of time and energy; but various friends came to my aid, and in spite of all complications I began to hope I might move into our new home toward the middle of August.

Thus life systematized itself round the house arranging and the palace work, and the days flew; while each evening I returned to the Orloffs'. Here there was invariably a group of interesting people, presided over by the most distinguished and charming of women. Orloff himself divided his time between town, where he managed the Emperor's military bureaus, and the palace at Tzarskoe, where his duties as confidential secretary, informal adviser and faithful attendant to the sovereign gave him rather more occupation than fell to the lot of many other men. During the first year of the war Prince Vladimir Orloff reached the zenith of his power, and his brilliant reputation was well deserved. He had nothing to gain from imperial favor, blessed as he was with position, fortune, palaces, collections and personal talents second to none in the great empire. Since the year when, under Alexander III, his dying father had left him a ward to the then Emperor, boy and man, Orloff had occupied a place in the sunshine of imperial smiles, and was constantly at court in exceptional circumstances. First at the page corps, then in one of the bodyguard's crack regiments, afterward aid-de-camp to the young Emperor, Nicholas II. Soon the latter called Orloff altogether away from his military duties to court service, made him his secretary and his constant companion.

After the revolution of 1905, in gratitude for the disinterested services Orloff had rendered, he was given a situation equal to that of no one else. Confidential adviser and personal friend to His Majesty, he always gave the Emperor his honest opinion, and could be counted on for tact and intelligence, absolute discretion and loyalty to the throne and country. No honors or bribes could make the least difference to this man's honesty and high principle; and the Emperor showed him above all others unbounded faith and affection. Under Orloff's influence for years nearly all the kind and gracious acts of His Majesty were thought of and carried out. Orloff's pen wrote many of the great messages and edicts of the period. Members of the court and of the government surrounded him, begging him to present this or that measure to imperial notice in a happy moment. One of the ministers told me that Orloff was the greatest force for good in the government, to his mind, though he occupied no cabinet place, because anyone wishing to put through a patriotic law was sure of his timely support, and any bad influence was downed by him with certainty in private conversation.

The Self-Made Minister

Previous to Madame Wiroboff's success at court the Empress had recognized Orloff's talents and virtues, and had greatly encouraged his intimacy with her husband. The Emperor loved him as he did the Grand Duke Nicholas, and leaned upon these two men in growing confidence. The Grand Duke and Orloff were friends, with frank esteem for one another; and Orloff saw in the commander-in-chief the strongest arm to protect the throne and serve it; and he for his part gladly lent himself to all the missions to and from the staff, handling negotiations so admirably that confidence grew between the two great cousins; and the game of the conspirators to oust the Grand Duke was constantly undone for months.

Naturally Madame Wiroboff and her people wasted no love either on Orloff or on the Grand Duke, and Soukhomlinoff felt the same way; though I heard both him and the favorite speak to Orloff, and of the chief, with cringing flattery. One felt their envy, but they were still negligible quantities in those early days. I even met the Soukhomlinoffs at the Orloff dinner table. Madame Soukhomlinoff had much ambition to show herself an inmate of this salon, and did her best to attract the sympathies of those she met in the charmed circle, which was to her mind a rendezvous worth cultivating.

The Prime Minister, a dear old gentleman nearly eighty, very ancient in ideas and traditions but patriotic and devoted to the Emperor, was Orloff's warm admirer. He and his wife, Madame Goryмékin, dined frequently at the hospitable board. There was Krivaschène, also, the brilliant Minister of Agriculture, author of several reforms in land division among the peasantry which had been most helpful to the country. He stood for all that was liberal, and wanted our government to move forward in joint understanding with the Duma; and he was spoken of as a rival and successor to old Goryмékin, if the sovereign should inaugurate a liberal policy. He also was a man of fine reputation and a friend to Orloff. Bark, the self-made Minister of Finance, was young and strong, with great things prophesied for his future by Krivaschène, his sponsor in the cabinet. At forty-five Bark was an element to be reckoned with, liberal in his views, desiring the development and education of the people and their welfare. His devotion to the Emperor was profound and sincere, and of the same beautiful quality as Orloff's own, and they showed one another sympathy and mutual understanding. Bark at this moment wore a halo in our eyes for his encouragement of the Emperor's edict suppressing the sale of alcohol; which as a government monopoly brought seven hundred million rubles into the treasury annually, since Witte's time; and this was erased from our revenues at the moment we entered upon the great war. It spoke well for the nerves of the Minister of Finance, someone said, to dare such a stroke for an ideal just then. Sazonoff was of this group also—Orloff's intimate; and as I had greatly admired and liked him always I enjoyed his presence among us exceedingly. There were many more men, and the military element was well represented. Officers, simply friends, found their way to this sheltered corner for a farewell dinner before going to the Front, or a welcoming one when they returned on military business. Also there were many who came to ask Orloff's help in one way or another.

Wounded in Action

Women—young, pretty, old and clever—were of these informal parties, bringing the charm of their presence, with their sewing or knitting, to the fêtes. Dignity and quiet were the order of the day, and brilliant talk from the "lions" present was as much the rule as the afternoon dress worn by all. Frequently the men gathered in small groups in one or another of the many salons, and questions of world interest were settled in comfortable corners.

I loved St. Petersburg in those fine first days of war, and admired my compatriots as never before. In the streets everyone hurried, everyone was busy, and autos, houses and women wore the sign of the Red Cross. Especially the humbler elements were touching in their ideals, and each poor shop readily sold things "for the soldiers" at a discount, as each poor workgirl gave of her strength and work in the good cause. The rich were vastly generous; gave not only money but time and thought, their palaces and motors, to fill out and complete the omissions in the government's care for its sons.

Then one evening the weight of a hammer blow fell on us. The offensive in East Prussia had continued brilliantly, and the thrilling news of daily progress had kept us women in high spirits. Were not the troops engaged our very own, of the Imperial Guard; and had we not a right to bask therefore in our men's reflected glory? A day came when, in the taking of Kauschen, August sixth, the Chevaliers Guards and the Horse-Guard Regiment suffered losses which carried anguish with the tale of triumph to the mothers and wives in the capital. So many officers and soldiers were killed, and the list of wounded was enormous too.

My husband had led the three squadrons of his regiment who, dismounted, had attacked the fortification on one side and

he had been shot through the liver at the beginning of the movement. He had not wanted to give over the command in so grave a crisis, and had continued in the action some twenty minutes, till weakness from the terrible loss of blood overcame the artificial strength excitement had given him. Then, upheld by a young comrade, Baron Pilau, he went to the regimental first-aid station just behind the lines. Doctor and aid doctor were so rushed with work that the regimental veterinary had been pressed into service and it was the latter who, with Pilau, dressed Mike's wound. Then he was put on a horse and, with a soldier to accompany him, rode back eight miles to the hut where the regimental commander was installed. Here all the wounded were stretched out in a small orchard, on straw which had been scattered for their comfort.

That hot day they lay without any food or care till, in the evening, the end of the battle brought back the surgeon and his aids. Then with the voluntary help of one or two officers the doctors went their rounds in the suffering crowd, doing what little they could to give relief with the slender means at hand. Mike heard about him laments and broken phrases, and recognized some voices; but he could not turn to identify his neighbors in the orchard. He understood that there was as yet no organized service to look after the wounded at the Front, and that they thought him dying, and his wound was not redressed; but he was lifted by comrades' hands and carried into Prince Dolgorouky's room, where the latter ordered a bed of fresh hay arranged for him, and he was given doses of brandy and morphine.

That night remains a painful memory, though his commander gave him what care he could. Constantly men came and went with reports and orders. If they knew Mike they would approach his corner and offer him a few encouraging words. In the morning there was a slight improvement in his condition, and he was so anxious to leave for home with the other wounded who were to be transported to the railway that the commander and the doctor consented. More morphine, more brandy, and he was again lifted by comrades and gently put into a peasant cart, where his soldier servant and belongings had been already loaded.

Mike's servant, who had been attached to him for years and had been mobilized with him, was from our country place, of our own peasants, and his devotion showed in the long trip when he followed the doctor's orders as to how he must handle his master. His excellent care certainly was one of the reasons why my husband lived through the torments of that voyage. Two days the procession of rough carts traveled backward toward the home country, springless over rough roads. Their slow pace was torture. Part of the time delirium, part of the time vague somnolence from weakness made for forgetfulness. For the rest it was agony so great that Mike never refers to it in conversation; and what I heard of their adventures came to me from a wounded fellow officer, traveling in a cart behind, who came on from time to time to see how my husband was faring. Davidka, who sat many hours holding his master, told me a traveling surgeon, in passing, stopped their cart, and taking my husband into an abandoned stable near the roadside washed his wound, changed the dressing on it and unpacking Mike's small trunk changed all his clothes, which were saturated from the bleeding wound.

Fooling the Doctor

Finally they reached the railroad, with Mike still living and conscious, though very weak. Here a train was made up of empty cars, which had brought troops and provisions and was returning to St. Petersburg for more. The wounded were loaded in, pell-mell, foodless and without attention. The faithful Davidka put his master into a berth and installed himself near by, and for more than two days they traveled thus, Davidka helping where and how he could.

A telegram was sent me by Prince Dolgorouky and by my husband also one was sent on the way; and so we were expecting the train and I went to meet Mike with my boy on Sunday afternoon, the fourth day after he had been wounded. Since Wednesday morning Mike had dragged, and because he was not dead there was still hope, but that was all. He had had no food on the journey but the stimulant administered at the beginning and now and then a glass of milk given at the stations along the way by women who, hearing of these wounded and their wretched plight, played the Good Samaritans and offered what they had—bread and fruit and milk.

I met Mike with an ambulance, a stretcher, and Doctor Cresson of the French hospital, who was kind and talented and full of interest in getting his first war patient. He heard the latter was so gravely wounded as not to be expected to hold out through the trip home; and he entered the car to gather up this invalid, but found Mike standing in the corridor. To his question of "Where, can you tell me, is Prince Cantacuzène, shot through the body, and dying?" the man addressed answered with a vague smile: "I am that person."

He was helped out of the car by the frightened Cresson and the faithful Davidka, and having told me he was all right and would not go to the hospital in an ambulance, he collapsed on the stretcher we had ready for him and was carried away. His next sentence was that he would certainly be well in three weeks and would then return at once to the Front.

To this Doctor Cresson and I agreed with enthusiasm, on condition that for those three weeks he would allow himself to be properly nursed, and would not fret about the war. Then he gave himself up to the weakness, which for four days he had held at bay by sheer will power. For weeks he lay at the hospital, unable to raise an arm. Intense suffering, danger of blood poisoning, pleurisy, high fever, nothing was wanting; and always the probable change for the worse, with the end hanging over us. All that science could contribute was given him; and the comfort and nursing of the hospital and Sisters of St. Joseph were beyond praise. His good constitution did the rest; and after about a month a change for the better was noticeable; and the doctors promised that he would live, though probably as an invalid and with no possibility of taking up his career again.

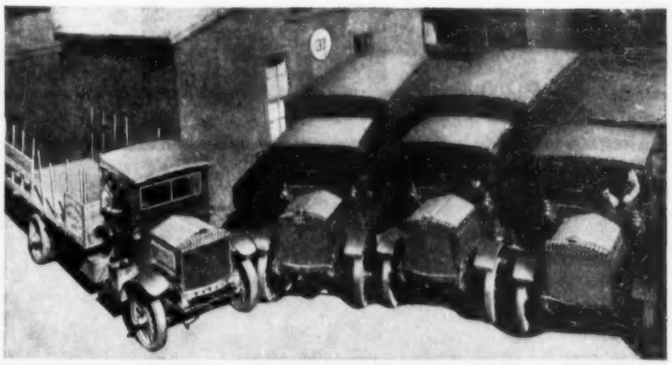
Happy Convalescence

During these weeks everyone was immensely kind. It would be impossible to count those who inquired or came to see me the first days; and later, as he was able to see them, at the hours allowed, Mike had a congregation of convalescent wounded comrades and other friends about his bed. Men and women had heard of the pain endured; and the feat of Kauschen's capture had made a great stir in our world. The dear maternal Grand Duchess Anastasia brought Mike letters and telegrams from her husband, in which the old chief in the midst of all his activities found time to congratulate Mike, ask for his news, and say that since he had consented to my husband's leaving him and going to the Front he felt personally responsible for his being nearly killed; and now was hoping to have him join the staff, where he could be kept out of further mischief, as soon as the cure was far enough advanced to permit his leaving home.

Mike was delighted with this, and once more it proved the chief's kind tactfulness and understanding of his aid's mentality. The Grand Duchess and her sister, Militza-Nicholaievna, brought Mike the war news constantly, some of which they had directly from the Grand Duke; and thus we learned at first hand and with joyful tears, from his telegram, the news of the Galician advance and the taking of Lemberg and Przemysl. From the Grand Duchess' place came great clothes baskets full of flowers and all sorts of dainties; and she was delighted when she saw the pleasure Mike had in dividing them out among all the inmates of his hospital. Another great pride and comfort was the Golden Sword of St. George, awarded him unanimously by the committee of that order, with a rare dedication as to his merit and courage in continuing the duty intrusted to him after the enemy had shot him through.

He had several unexpected visitors. One day the Empress-Mother appeared quietly at the hospital door, having arrived without announcing herself, and asked her way up to Mike's room. Her Majesty sat nearly an hour, with her lady-in-waiting, at the bedside, announcing gayly that she came as his commander—the Empress-Mother was honorary commander to the Chevaliers Guards—to see how he was and thank him for his services, and that she had chosen

(Continued on Page 61)



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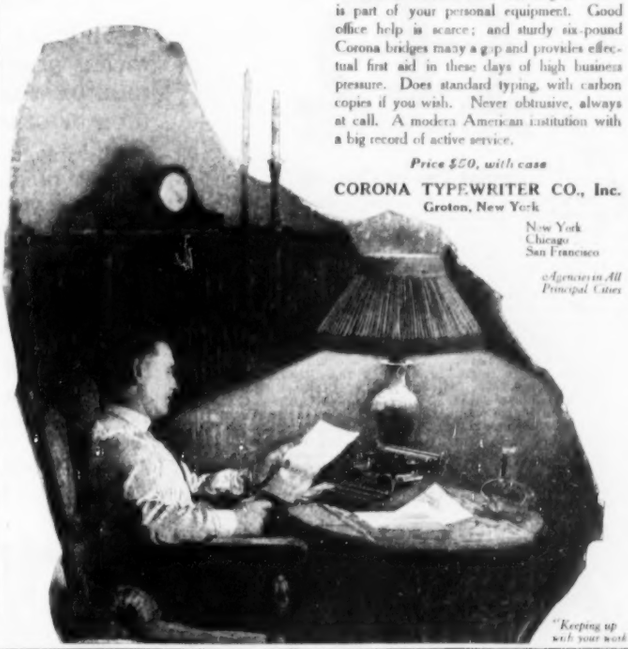
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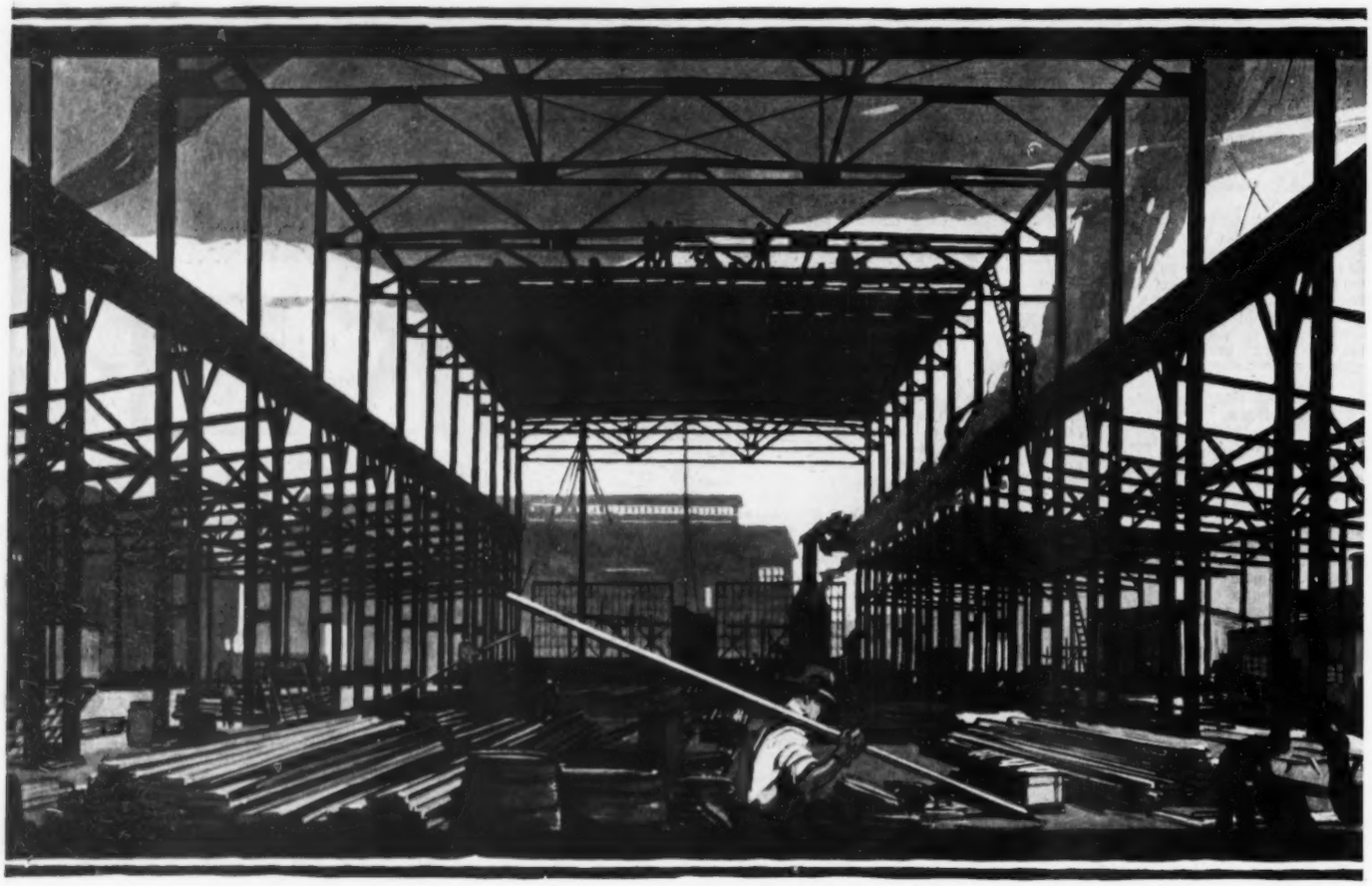
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Dayton-Wright Airplane Co.	Dayton, Ohio
Naval Aircraft Factory, U. S. Government	Philadelphia, Pa.
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Timken-Detroit Axle Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Benj. F. Shaw Co.	Wilmington, Del.
Standard Equipment Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
Torbensen Axle Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
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Building time lost is lost forever. Slow construction means production time gone. If you build a factory in four months which could have been built in half that time, two months of wealth-producing time is absolutely lost.

Multiply that loss by the total number of buildings erected in a year and you have a stupendous sum. Compute the interest on the idle capital invested and another material loss is disclosed.

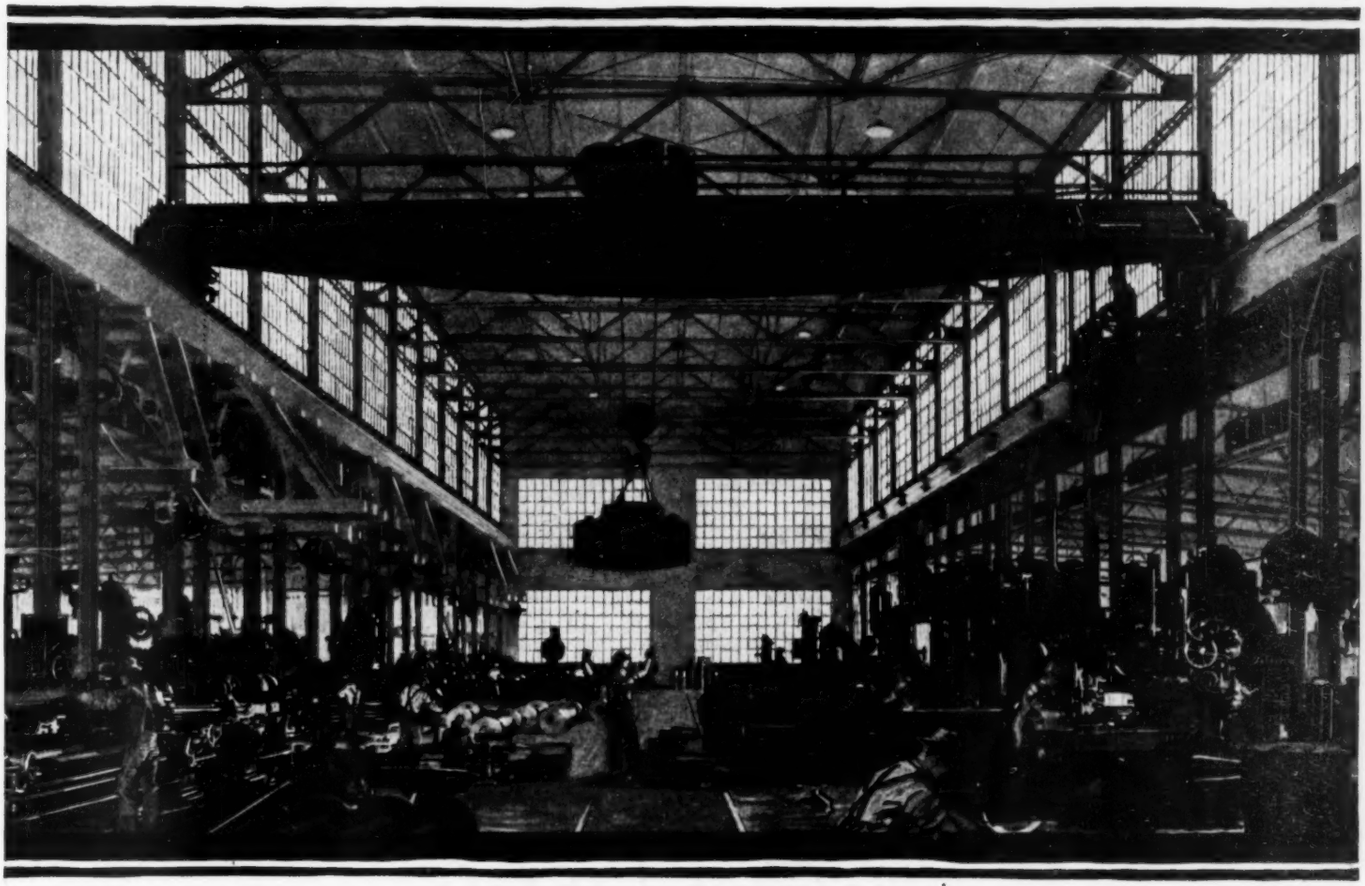
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The builder must first standardize the plans as far as is found practical; then purchase materials in quantity and at advantageous times; stock them at strategic points for quick delivery, and methodically assemble them by a co-ordination of all building operations. *Less building time will result.*

Like the building-hardware manufacturer who has reduced his patterns by fully nine-tenths, or the brush maker and the shovel manufacturer who have made equally startling reductions, manufacturers generally must standardize their building requirements for the good of the business. *More earning time is the reward.*

AUSTIN STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS

More Earning Time



The manufacturers listed in these pages, together with several hundred others of the country's largest corporations, have already profited by the Austin Method of Industrial Construction. They have advanced urgent production by weeks and months, and will testify to the benefits of standardization in industrial housing.

Ten Austin Standards Meet Most Industrial Needs

Through over 40 years of experience in the construction of *special* industrial buildings, Austin Engineers have developed the 10 Austin Standards. These ten standard types, together with their variations and combinations, have been found to meet most industrial housing requirements.

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Cleveland Foundry Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
Industrial Foundry & Machine Co.	Pottstown, Pa.
Lakewood Engineering Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
Dominion Glass Co.	Redcliffe, Alberta, Can.
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Kennedy Refractories Co.	Bettsville, Ohio
American Engineering Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Cleveland Tractor Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
Morgan Engineering Co.	Alliance, Ohio
National Cash Register Co.	Dayton, Ohio
New York Air Brake Co.	Watertown, N. Y.
Standard Steel Car Co.	Hammond, Ind.

AUSTIN STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS



[*Reprinted from letter of May 25 to Committee on Public Information, and incorporated in War Activities Report of National Association of Motion Picture Industry*]

"The people of the country who are working at high pressure to win the war need some form of recreation, and to a vast number of our people moving pictures are the only form of recreation within their means. The majority of the moving picture theatres of the country have placed themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Government for the furtherance of Liberty Loans, War Savings, and other Government movements, and deserve the thanks of the country for their patriotic attitude."

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THE motion picture is like the magician's crystal. You gaze into it and you see life.

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By what test have Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures emerged crowned monarchs in this art?

By the test of the *faithfulness* and *clearness* of their crystal-reflections of life!

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And nowhere else is there such *directing* as in *Paramount* and *Artcraft*, such gorgeous presentation, such superb understanding of the story's artistic atmosphere, such closeness to *life's richest hues!*

In *deed* as well as in *name* are these motion pictures—*Paramount! Artcraft!*

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These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them

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"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

(Continued from Page 57)

Countess Mengden to accompany her that day because she knew the latter to be a childhood friend of Mike's.

When Her Majesty had left and the hospital staff realized who had been within their walls unknown to them, these republican French *religieuses* were greatly upset! They had had a marble tablet put in their front hall commemorating a visit of the Grand Duchess Marie-Pavlovna ten years ago; and here they had had within a few weeks the Grand Duchesses Militza, Anastasia, Victoria, and now the Empress; not to mention several Grand Dukes, old comrades of my husband, who had come frequently to see him. And no one to receive them or accompany them representing the hospital! I promised to let them know when anyone like this was coming again if I myself should hear beforehand of the projected visit.

A Visit From the Czar

Two days later Mike awakened from a short sleep, during which I had gone out to walk, and thought himself dreaming. The Emperor stood in the door, smiling with his charming, gentle smile, alone! As Mike made a painful movement to rise, His Majesty stepped quickly forward, putting a hand on his shoulder to hold the invalid down; and shaking hands he found himself a chair, and was seated near the bed. For some time the visitor stayed, made Mike tell him all about his experiences at the Front, asking many intelligent questions and showing the keenest interest in all sorts of details connected with our troops, organization, transportation, and so on. On leaving he thanked Mike for the services rendered the country and himself, and told him to get well soon and take care of himself. With all sorts of good wishes the Emperor departed as quietly as he had come. The heads of the hospital nearly collapsed over this visit. As a compliment to Mike His Majesty had brought for his attendants on this day two ex-Chevaliers Guards, General Woyeikoff, commandant of the palace, and Count Chérémétief, aid-de-camp. I heard from them that he had let them wait in the corridor during most of his interview with Mike, calling them in at the end of a long hour for some general talk.

Mike was deeply touched by the sovereign's attitude and the spontaneous manner in which he had paid him the rare compliment of his visit; for such things were not in the habits of Nicholas II. Especially was my husband moved by hearing afterward from several sources that the Emperor had said he had never heard from anyone so clear a description of a battle; or from any officer such appreciation expressed of the plain soldiers under him, and such comprehension of their value and qualities. The sovereign had noticed this, as when occasion offered he himself always tried to show his love for the plain poor people of his realm.

When after two months my husband could leave the hospital our new home was ready to receive him, and the children and I had been in it several weeks. It was in fair working order in spite of the holes in our staff of servants caused by the mobilization. The interest of seeing the new house helped him through the month when he was still condemned to the life of an invalid at home. Then he went to the Grand Ducal staff, where the old chief received him with deep affection, established him in a compartment next to the doctor, and gave minute directions to the latter to have a severe eye on this new patient, taking his orders by letter from Mike's doctors in St. Petersburg.

Through the winter Mike remained at the staff, gaining strength slowly, well cared for and well nourished, with work that suited his lack of strength. Two delightful trips he made. One, in the late winter, attached to General Sir Arthur Paget and his British mission, took him to Rumania to meet these guests; then back to the capital, where many official entertainments were given for the envoys; after which he conducted them down the Front into Galicia, where the English saw our troops under fire and were forced into great admiration of their bravery and patience, and their capacity to stand cold, hunger and fatigue, and fight on. This trait, in both officers and soldiers, seemed to strike every foreigner attached to our Front; and called forth enthusiastic comment always, especially in the later disasters of the retreat of 1915.

Mike's second trip was in the spring, when the Emperor joined the chief at the staff, and together they made a triumphal tour of inspection through Galicia. Everywhere they were acclaimed with wild enthusiasm as the Emperor was shown the new provinces added to his land.

This trip impressed the sovereign with the importance of the conquest made, and gained his interest to the cause of winning from Soukhomlinoff the delivery of ammunition needed to go on with the advance. During the winter the talk of this had been interesting everyone. Before the chief undertook his offensive into Galicia there had been much discussion, as the Grand Duke, mistrusting Soukhomlinoff, had counseled not commencing the campaign till cannon and ammunition should be on hand in great reserves. These were promised by the War Minister for the end of the winter, and the Emperor had guaranteed his word. The offensive was then made, and had proved so great a success that not only town after town became Russian but the enemy's troops were joining our flag in numbers, sometimes entire units of Czechs or Slavs passing over to our side, with their music, officers and banners; and our armies looked down already from the summits of the Carpathian Mountains on the Hungarian plains and menaced Buda-Pest. But we could go no farther without the wherewithal to shoot; and while we stood still the Germans were rushing their picked troops south to reënforce their fleeing allies. The trip—made by auto in part and through beautiful country—was suggested to engage the Emperor's coöperation. His Majesty was delighted with the new acquisitions offered him, and having enjoyed seeing them and the excitement of traveling through new lands as a conqueror to the full he complimented the various commanding generals of armies in the field, and gave the Grand Duke a diamond-mounted sword as a souvenir of his gratitude, with an edict of thanks. Then he returned to the waiting circle at Tzarskoe and listened to their commendations of Soukhomlinoff, and to the War Minister's own honeyed words of explanation. The War Minister even went down to reassure the chief in person, at staff headquarters; and returned playing the martyr, as he was there shown his acts would be more impressive than his words, and was told that time was precious since perhaps the fate of the war hung in the balance.

Court Intrigues

All the country and the army joined in feeling this issue to be of paramount importance. To such an extent was this the case that the Duma took it up, and Soukhomlinoff went before it at a session about the beginning of February, and publicly gave his word of honor that by March first the promised supplies would be served out all along the Front—cannon, guns and ammunition in fixed quantities, which he named. In the meantime he and his friends at court—Madame Wiroboff, Woyeikoff and their clique—represented that Soukhomlinoff was a man of his word and a devoted servitor of their Majesties; that he had been ill-treated by the liberal elements of the Duma because of his old-fashioned ideas of loyalty; that the Grand Duke, for personal reasons and ambition to hold the military power alone, had suspected his intentions and joined the liberal movement; that the poor Minister of War was being "eaten up" in the Emperor's estimation; and that the Grand Duke was trying to get undue influence over the sovereign, undue popularity with the army; and who could tell how he might use his power when he arrived at this result? The Grand Duke had persuaded, they said, the sovereign to let him make the proclamation to the Poles—in the autumn of 1914—in the imperial name, and had thus gained their allegiance by his association with their proposed autonomy. He had gone with the Emperor on a trip to Galicia and had been acclaimed with, and as much as, his master. Already the cabinet ministers were running back and forth from the staff; already foreign governments were addressing telegrams and compliments to the generalissimo!

Such a plausible, insidious campaign was inaugurated that the Empress' indignation was roused; and she put herself frankly at the head of the Wiroboff-Soukhomlinoff party, to save her husband from the result of his too affectionate and trusting nature, and from the liberals, who wanted to undermine his rights, as well as from the possible



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rival she saw looming large on the horizon. The Emperor demurred, refused to take action, but was duly interested in the case presented to him, and his jealousy of the Grand Duke was somewhat roused. Orloff saw the danger and bravely tried to stem the current, throwing all his ability and the weight of his influence to the side of the Grand Duke; praising him discreetly, recalling his talents and modesty, his devotion in the past, his lack of ambition, and his dignified and unassuming demeanor during the triumphs in Galicia; his having seen only those ministers sent him by the Emperor to talk with him; and his having made the Polish proclamation by order from above.

For a time the Emperor remained vacillating; but the daily sowing of distrust in his mind was beginning to bear fruit. Soukhomlinoff was not pushed; and when, thanks to his failure to make good his promises, the retreat began and the Grand Duke demanded that the Minister of War be dismissed, judged and shot for his treachery nothing was done to him, though the whole country was indignant at such weakness. Then it was that the commander-in-chief—who felt in loyalty to the crown he could not give his resignation now in the face of the disaster that had come to pass—uttered the solemn warning that the protection of such a traitor as Soukhomlinoff risked putting the army and the people into a frame of mind that would make for the easy acceptance of any revolutionary propaganda that might be preached to them. The soldiers knew they had been ruthlessly sacrificed, and the people felt this also; and if the criminal who had caused all this misery, humiliation and carnage were not held responsible by the throne, what could be thought of sovereign autocracy? Knowing all the circumstances could the sovereign prefer the cause of such an abject creature to that of the whole country and his allies?

Terrible Months

This protest of the Grand Duke's was spread about, no one knew how; and it was said everywhere that he had acted as he should, and had only kept his place because as an example to the soldiers he must obey orders and not leave his post during the retreat. It was felt he had been sorely abused and he was more adored than ever, and all over the country his name and portrait were to be heard and seen. He stood for loyalty and devotion to the Emperor's best interests, and was counted above reproach. The Soukhomlinoff party, with the Empress at its head, came forward for the first time to play a political rôle; and because of the Empress' origin, and of the fact that Soukhomlinoff among other faults was discovered to have protected various spies of Germany, and to have played, through the lack of ammunition and his false promises, into the Germans' hands, it was called loudly and continuously the "German" or "Occult" Party at court. It comprised Rasputin as its prophet; and other picturesque but shady characters; and strange tales were told of its reunions and its plans. Tales of future ambition, also. The Grand Duke found himself counted the head of an opposing party quite unconsciously and against his will. In fact, at this time the city of Moscow sent a deputation asking him to overthrow the Emperor and take the throne himself. This I knew of, because His Imperial Highness refused even to receive them, and my husband was charged with the delivery of the Grand Duke's refusal to consider or discuss any such proposition. On the side with the Grand Duke, for an open pursuit of spies, stood the Duma and the opinion of honest men of all classes over the country; also many members of the cabinet. The Emperor stood between, hesitating, uncertain; drawn toward one group by the circle round him with its daily suggestions and his affectionate belief in the Empress and her intelligence, drawn to the other side by his reliance on the Grand Duke's strong arm and the fine reputations of those who upheld him.

Orloff was the ambassador to and from the staff, and handled these delicate missions with such consummate tact and discretion that all difficulties were robbed of their acute angles by his words, and no message carried a sting. Finally, after several months of the retreat; after the loss of nearly all our conquests and the massacre of tens of thousands of Russia's bravest sons; with our riches in harvests, cities and provinces handed to the enemy or destroyed; with our army fighting with naked fists and sticks or unloaded cannons, and guns that had bayonets only; unbeaten, undaunted, they retreated to Warsaw, losing men and ground as little as they could; using every natural protection of swamps or woods; tearing down buildings to use the bricks for ammunition; holding their lines, and rallying again; many regiments five times renewed in personnel; patient always; with almost no food or rest for their weary bodies; yet never allowing the line broken through.

And the Grand Duke in his misery had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that all the world bowed down to his strength and military ability, and that he had saved his army from a complete rout. Never in all our history was so grand a page as the story of those terrible months of the retreat; and crowned with the glory of his courage, towering above his men, was the noble figure of the old Grand Duke, the leader and inspirer of them all, adored by the whole country except those people who owed him most.

The Grand Duke's Kindness

A slow and sickening waste of opportunity, and suddenly the Emperor made up his mind. Soukhomlinoff was summarily dismissed and was replaced by the extremely liberal General Polivanoff, wounded during the last war, and with a record of intelligence, honesty and bravery, something of a politician, and a friend of the Duma. Not only this; but the Duma, which had been closed indefinitely in the spring, was called again for the nineteenth of July, and all Russia was on tiptoes of hope and expectancy.

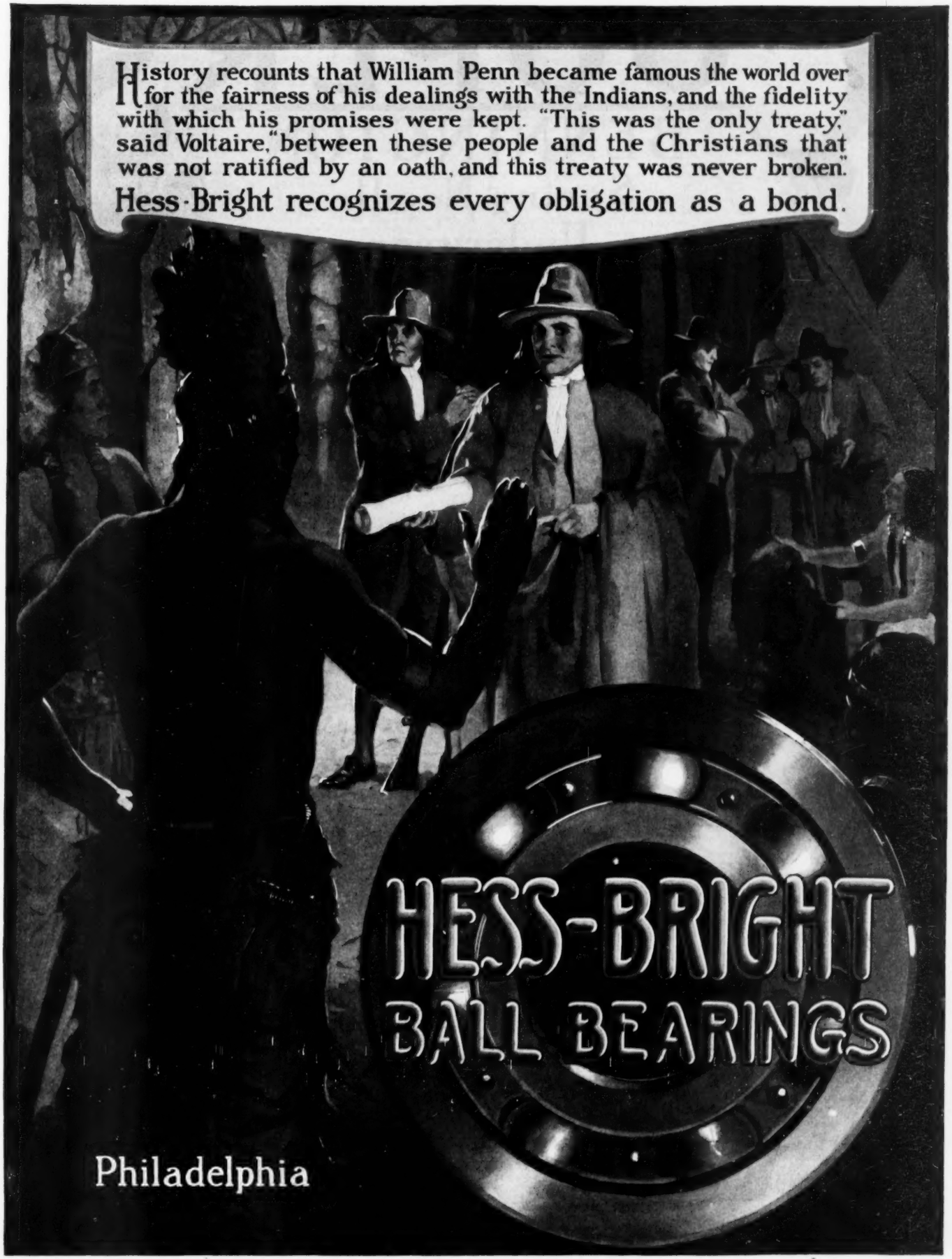
During the spring's early months Mike had been able to ride again, at first slowly on a quiet horse and with the doctor in attendance; and as time passed, and he gained daily in strength and energy, it seemed impossible the dying man of ten months before could be this normal individual, clamoring to depart for the firing line again. Yet the Grand Duke kept him at staff headquarters, to Mike's indignation and dismay. All of his companions reported when they came to Petrograd the discussions that Mike had daily with his chief on this subject, and the fatherly kindness and severity of the latter. It was characteristic of the Grand Duke that he sent me a message at this time. He said that he was not at all frightened by Mike's violence, and I was not to be so either. He had considered that he, the chief, was to blame for the awful wound at Kauschen, and was infinitely grateful for Mike's recovery. He also considered that my husband had done his entire duty for the country and that Mike could now without possibility of criticism remain in the staff, where he had his normal work to do and where he filled his place extremely well; but he wanted to go so much and had such a vocation for soldiering that undoubtedly he deserved by his record a command of responsibility at the extreme Front. Would I tell him what I thought about it; and would I also see the surgeons who had cared for Mike and ask if in their opinion he could begin life at the Front again? Malama, his doctor, had written them a diagnosis of the case in its present phase.

Orloff, who bore the message to me, added the chief said he would promise not to speak of all this to my husband if I would make the same promise about him, as he believed we should be given a very bad quarter of an hour by Mike if the tale of our conspiracy came to light.

I saw the doctors; and as they seemed to believe from Malama's report that Mike could stand the rough life again I sent the Grand Duke word I felt I had no right to protest when the situation at the Front was so terrible and every man capable of fighting counted. I had had a comparatively tranquil winter, mentally, and that was more than I could have expected. I knew this was due to his kindness, and I could only be grateful now if he gave my husband the much-desired command on the firing line. Mike had a leave for two weeks, the first he had had since his sick leave of hospital days; and I was enchanted to see how he enjoyed it and how his vigor gave him back confidence in the future and renewed his joy in life.

I closed up our town house with regret when at the end of May we started for the

(Continued on Page 65)


History recounts that William Penn became famous the world over for the fairness of his dealings with the Indians, and the fidelity with which his promises were kept. "This was the only treaty," said Voltaire, "between these people and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and this treaty was never broken."
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country, where I had promised to spend the summer with the children at my mother-in-law's. I had enjoyed my winter very much in spite of the war, which had filled it; or perhaps because of that, for I was very busy. Besides the interest I took in all our personal business, which my husband had turned over to me, I had undertaken work for two hospitals—those founded by the women of the Chevaliers Guards Regiment and by the nobility of Petrograd. Also I had gone into the supplying of our regiment with necessities and comforts, as the head of the committee of officers' wives and mothers. These things gave me a great deal of occupation at irregular times; while for daily work I had joined with great enthusiasm the bandage factory arranged by the Empress-Mother at her palace, the Anitchkoff.

These gatherings were small, informal and cozy. The members were comrades and friends, and our imperial hostess frequently dropped in to see how we were getting on, giving us always an encouraging compliment. Tea was served daily at five. This ended our labor, and we were sent home with a delightful feeling of being very useful and greatly appreciated. Ambition to excel in our work, both as to quantity and quality, was kept at fever heat, as we were all Chevaliers-Guard women, and felt that the honor of the regiment rested upon our shoulders. An admirable professional taught us, and was very severe over any piece of botched bandage or compress. Our *ouvroir* was the talk of Petrograd for the harmony that reigned therein, and was cited for its value as compared with that at the Winter Palace. Our hostess was entirely to be thanked for this, as her smiles and presence made us feel content and anxious to please. Sometimes she would put on one of our great white aprons and sit an hour working at the long table, folding or packing, and her presence made for the gay laughter and anecdote of other times.

She showed herself very indignant at the changing of the capital's name from St. Petersburg to Petrograd, saying: "As if we had not more important things to do than to be renaming our cities in such times as these!" and that the present government had better leave Peter the Great's work alone.

Also, she told us of the experience she had gone through when, though William had telegraphed her permission to pass unmolested through Germany from the Belgian frontier to the Russian, her train was stopped in Berlin; and after long negotiations and many insults that roused her anger she was arrogantly turned off toward the Danish frontier.

She leaned forward once and speaking down the length of our work table suddenly said to me: "Princess, your friend the Crown Prince is certainly a pig!" And then, for the general edification, she went into much detail of explanation as to this young man's exploits among the French châteaus. She had always spoken of the Crown Prince's politeness to me since twelve years before, while His Imperial Highness was on an official visit to our court, where he had been greatly fêted, my husband being attached to his suite, he had shown me much kindness and I had often danced with him.

Days at the Palace

She told us also how the young married couple, Prince and Princess Youssoupoff—the latter a daughter of the Grand Duchess Xénia-Alexandrovna and granddaughter of Her Majesty—had been stopped in Berlin when war broke out, and how the young Princess having appealed to her own first cousin, the Crown Princess of Germany—the Crown Princess has a Russian Grand Duchess for mother, a sister of Alexander Mihailovitch, who is the husband of the Grand Duchess Xénia—for aid and protection, she had received a cold reply from a court chamberlain that Her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess could do nothing to help her.

When Her Majesty had come through she had picked up these young people, together with other Russians she had heard of, and had brought them through on her own train, in spite of difficulties made by the German Government.

During those months early in the war the Empress-Mother won all hearts, and wore her health out, going on long fatiguing rounds of hospitals in Petrograd, encouraging and helping the wounded, founding charities for families of poor soldiers who were without resources; and also, toward spring, working to aid and feed the refugees from Poland, who threatened to swamp the country with their numbers. She had both courage and energy, a never-absent gentle smile, and a manner that warmed all hearts to her quiet, dignified person. Never had she played such a marked rôle as now, since her widowhood. She had always preferred a most retired life, but with all the crying misery waiting to be helped, this woman felt her people calling to her; and in spite of her age and fragility she buckled on her armor and went forth; and the humblest soldier's bedside was not too mean to hold her attention by its suffering and tale of battle. She was vastly admired by the poor, and known wherever a helping hand was needed; and all those who worked under her orders grew to esteem and respect her mind and organizing capacity. She understood her rôle so well that when the revolution came there was a universal thought for Her Majesty's sorrow; and that she should be among those doomed to trouble in the general upheaval was deeply regretted.

The First War-Winter

During all this first winter of the war our courage was kept up by the news of our fine military records; and though there were no large parties for society, small dinners abounded in hospitable homes. Little groups gathered often in the evenings, at one friend's or another's, to work and talk and plan, and even sometimes for a game of bridge. Besides this there were a few formal and official dinners at the embassies and ministries for various visitors of distinction. The Grand Duchess Marie-Pavlovna had a small set of intimates dining with her quite regularly, to roll bandages afterward; and to many other houses one was invited on condition that one made oneself useful. But though there were wounded and killed to be served and cared for the depressing influence of failure had not yet come; and the parties seemed very gay, though almost always extreme simplicity of amusement and of dress was the rule.

I personally look back to that period with pleasure, as I was momentarily tranquil for my husband's safety, knowing he was at the staff; and the children's lives ran smoothly also. I loved our new home, and when I did not go out I quite regularly every evening opened my own salons in a most informal manner. Besides seeing all the old friends who chanced to be in town I met many new and interesting types of the government men or those attached to foreign missions, who brought me introductions.

Toward spring I deeply felt the change in the capital's mentality. Mike's letters from the Grand Duke's staff, day by day, also reflected the impressions there made by the terrible retreat; and in Petrograd the national and individual sorrow was very great, and the cheerfulness that had marked gatherings through the winter departed once and for all. There was a quantity of gossip about the Occult or German forces beginning to influence events, and a general foreboding as to the future, which created an atmosphere difficult to live in. Parties were forming; and it was an evergrowing complication to steer a straight course among the eddies of suspicion, when one knew one was apt to be accused without reason of belonging to one clan or another and blackening those in opposition.

June and early July my husband remained at the staff, still fretting to get away to the Front, while I remained in the country. About the middle of July he was suddenly named to command the Cuirassiers of His Majesty the Emperor, a magnificent regiment of picked men, admirably well-officered, and with already a remarkably fine record for discipline and bravery during this war. Mike was enchanted. He left the staff in haste for Petrograd, telegraphing me to join him, as he would be there for the length of time it took his nomination to go through the various departments of the War Ministry before it had effect, and if he went to the Front there were various things to be settled upon between us beforehand. We stopped in town with the Orloffs, who this year had kept their palace open all summer, and where the congregation of interesting people was ever greater and more brilliant. The weather was pleasant, and my host and hostess so infinitely hospitable and the great events that were being enacted about me were so absorbing that I accepted their tempting invitation and remained on with them through the whole summer, putting in hand a lot of work for the new regiment and looking on at the historical drama that was developing.

July 19, 1915, the Duma met in the great hall of the Tauride Palace. The members were to hear from the imperial ministers the state of affairs in the army and the government, and it was hoped would show a warm feeling of loyalty in upholding the latter. Thus a renewal of strength might be infused into the cabinet's actions to maintain the army and help it with ammunition and all the other necessities we still lacked so grievously at the Front, thanks to Soukhomlinoff's reign in the War Ministry. In spite of the frightful tragedy still going on, public feeling was one of hope and we drove to the great palace and settled ourselves in our seats, much encouraged compared to our mentality of two months ago. I had gone with some friends, and had a place in the front row of the loge, retained for the Emperor's suite, just opposite the ministerial bench, the speaker's desk and the president's chair, where a great portrait of the Emperor hung as background. It was an extremely interesting gathering, and a red-letter day.

Always it seems to me an irony of fate that to house the people's first effort at a parliament the building chosen should be the palace of the Prince of the Tauride, Potemkin, the arrogant and autocratic favorite of the great Catherine! I imagined what he would think were he to see some of the people his walls received!

But this day was not one for contention. On the contrary, Soukhomlinoff—accused long since of the responsibility for our disaster—was at last dismissed, and already replaced by the popular Polivanoff, who sat there opposite us. The change had been won from the Emperor by the tenacity of the Grand Duke Nicholas and his group; and for the moment the German-Occult party was down. It was hoped this mighty criminal would be judged and shot, as an example of what must be expected by those who were treacherous to their country in its hour of need. There was excitement in the Polish group in the Duma, as since the promises were made vaguely to the Poles by the Grand Duke's proclamation early in the war no definite word from the throne had reached them, and they were suffering greatly, much of their country being in the enemy's hands; while at this moment the latter was threatening their capital. Each minister was to speak in turn; and we waited with immense interest for the things we were to hear.

Hope Becomes Faith

As the always impressive Radzanko, president of the Duma, went to his place and rapped upon his desk there was immediate silence. His speech was short and patriotic, much applauded and appreciated. Enthusiasm was the order of the day. Then from the minister's bench came the old Prime Minister, and read his speech. Gorymékin was very broken in health, of small stature, bent, and with low voice; but to this silent crowd his words seemed clear, as they were full of promise of better days, of the desire of the sovereign to be strong in defending his land; and to stretch out generous hands to all his people, asking for their help, promising them his! The message from him to the Poles who were there was received with grateful tears upon their cheeks! When Gorymékin finished, what had been only hope before turned to faith in every heart. We waited impatiently to hear what Polivanoff would say to us. He was pale from the excitement of his maiden effort before such an assembly; and speech was made difficult to him by strain of nerves, weight of responsibility, and especially a troublesome twitching of the muscles in his neck, the result of an old wound. Also, he had nothing good to tell us. Warsaw was doomed, nearly all our conquered provinces were back in the enemy's hands, and much of our own territory besides. But nefarious influences that were responsible for all this were at last set aside—his presence in the cabinet proved it—and he said vigorous measures were already taken to obtain the ammunition so dreadfully needed. All must stand together in the country now, behind our heroic army, and that day everyone present felt ready to do so.

(Concluded on Page 67)

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of Creaming Vegetables

EVERYWHERE, the use of vegetables is increasing. The "War Gardens," fostered by Uncle Sam as a means of conserving wheat and meat, have given us all a greater appreciation of the food-value and health-value and goodness of vegetables.

Vegetables, either fresh or the canned variety, can be made most delicious when creamed.

Thousands of housewives have already discovered the "Carnation Way" of creaming vegetables, which not only improves the flavor, but adds to the food value, because Carnation Milk contains all the food value of the original whole milk.

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Carnation Milk is just pure, sweet cows' milk, with part of the water evaporated. It is safe, because it is sterilized. Economical, because there is no waste. It is most convenient, because it is always ready to use—stays sweet until opened and for several days thereafter.

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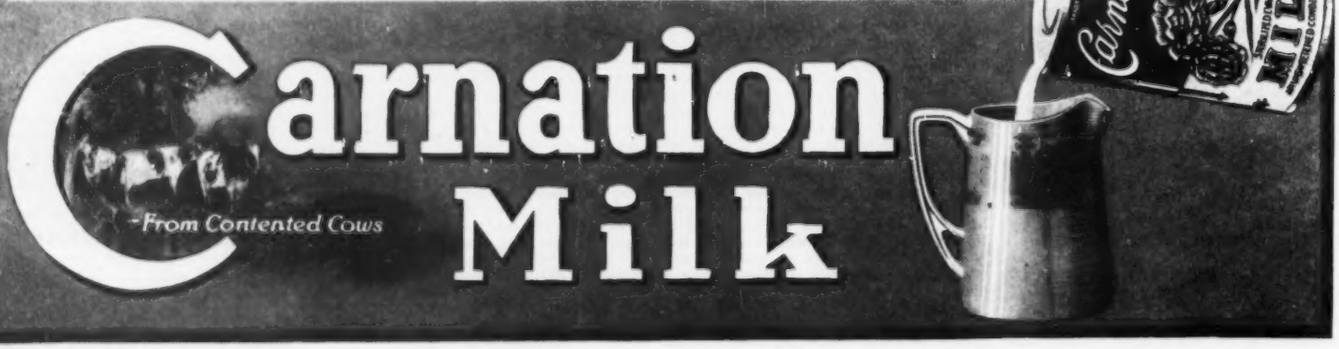
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(Concluded from Page 65)

Sazonoff also made a short fine speech, giving a brief sketch of the causes of the war, the action of the Foreign Office, and the relations of Russia with her allies. At the mention of the latter the whole audience sprang to their feet and cheered the ambassadors of the Allies, who were in the loge next us, and the latter rose and bowed, delighted with the spontaneous tribute. Other ministers then spoke on commerce, the navy, our industries and agriculture. Finally Bark made a concise, satisfactory statement on the financial position.

All these were well received by the attentive deputies and public. The only interruptions came from the grateful Polish element, who applauded and cheered when Gorymékin spoke of them; and from the enthusiastic greetings to the Allied ambassadors. There had been also two vague exclamatory interruptions from two rather carelessly dressed and rumpled-haired individuals, who lounged in their deputies seats and did not rise while speaking. One dark, clean shaven and of rather Jewish type, I was told was "an eloquent fellow at times, but disorderly, and with exaggerated views, named Kerensky." The other, "a leader of a party of hotheads, and always attacking the government, was Tchéidsy." Both men were to leave their mark, two years later, on the revolution.

When we left the Duma it was with a feeling that whatever our troubles and the terrible mistakes that had caused them, they were being corrected now. The Crown was well supported by a fine cabinet, and the future could not fail to be good. The days passed, and this impression began to wear away. The retreat all along the line continued. Warsaw was surrendered; and many other great cities, rich with our small reserves of ammunition and supplies, were ceded one after another inevitably to the enemy. Our officers and soldiers fought magnificently, reserve regiments waiting unarmed in the firing line to take the guns from those in front who should be killed or wounded. Sometimes the joyful news came into the lines that there was ammunition behind, but in such a small quantity that soldiers would run several miles back to fetch some part of it before it disappeared among the hungry hands so longingly outstretched to the distributors.

Days of Despair

Terrible tales of our regiments and batteries, defenseless, yet fighting for every inch of ground they gradually vacated, tales of bravery such as no other army showed, save perhaps only the Belgians'—came back to us. We were still paying for Soukhomlinoff's crime. The slaughter was frightful and, besides, the cruelty of it to the nation. Staffs and commanders were greatly preoccupied by the thought of what a grave waste was being made of our best material in men, and what a strain was being put on the morale of the troops so handled. The great retreat of 1915, with the heroism of officers and soldiers, and the silence in which the whole country suffered and still upheld the government, was strong proof of the confidence in our Grand Duke and our loyalty to the government. It should buy our pardon for many sins of the people, both past and future. Those who watched them during this period must understand why, as things grew worse, the seeds of revolution, which were being sown by German agents, might find fertile ground in the suppressed but general indignation. The fault was not in lack of patriotism or lack of funds at this moment. The finances of the country are admitted to have been well managed, and Polivanoff was rushing his orders. On the contrary, everyone said that immense energy was being shown; and all realized they were only paying for past faults, which had disorganized the transport and the administrative departments, making them helpless. The fatal intrigues of the dark powers made us most cordially hate them for creating all this. This party still fought the strong, loyal group of ministers with liberal views, who with the commander-in-chief demanded and implored that everything should be done to find a satisfactory solution of the terrible problem that existed.

Despair gradually shut down about our hearts. One day at this time I saw the devoted wife of the commander-in-chief, during a hurried trip Her Imperial Highness made from Kief to Petrograd. She was very preoccupied, and I was greatly shocked to see how worn she looked, and to hear what she said of our splendid chief and his suffering over the army's plight. Ammunition ordered by Polivanoff could not be brought to the Front, he knew, for some weeks yet.

He was straining every nerve to obtain better supplies from the helpless powers in Petrograd; and the distress increasing among the troops weighed upon him to the point where the Grand Duchess feared her husband would have a complete nervous breakdown.

She said to me: "Often the Grand Duke writes me how he wishes he might go out, and under fire take part in the unfair battle where the cream of our whole nation is being slaughtered. It breaks his heart to remain inactive, and to face the telegrams, with news of the retreat, which pour in daily; and he has done everything that human brain can devise to obtain ammunition. Nothing has helped, and he feels he must shoulder the responsibility and let even his soldiers believe he has not worked for them and has allowed them to be sacrificed, when he loves them as his children. The power against him is too great, and after many months he is in despair and awaits his own fate quite calmly, with his conscience at rest."

The Disgrace of the Faithful

The Grand Duchess wept over the situation, as many of us did; and I left her with a foreboding of I knew not what disaster.

A few days later I went by appointment to call on Madame Gorymékin. Arriving at her cottage on the islands I found many ministerial motors before her doors, and the larger of her two salons was filled with a group of men talking in animated voices, which reached us from time to time through the closed doors as my hostess and I sat in a smaller room.

I said laughingly: "You have a large gathering, madame. It cannot be a cabinet meeting on a Sunday afternoon?"

And she answered: "Dear Princess, it is a sudden meeting my husband called today. He is very anxious over the grave news just received."

I inquired if there was something wrong at the Front again, but she said: "No; it is much, much worse, and more tragic than that; but I must not divulge it, and perhaps—they hope, it can be yet prevented."

I stayed a little longer with the poor old lady, and we talked of other things; but motoring home through the warm afternoon the lovely islands with great Catherine's palace of Ellagen seemed no longer attractive. One shivered at the thought of what the future might contain for us. By this time we all feared the force of the Occult powers working below the surface at court.

The next morning news was passed about that the Grand Duke had been dismissed from his post and banished to the Caucasian Front—with a title of Viceroy, it is true, but without more than a brief rescript of official thanks. We knew the bearer to him of this news was General Polivanoff, who had begged to be spared the painful duty assigned him. We heard also that the whole cabinet had unitedly done all they could to prevent the sending away from staff headquarters of Russia's great standard-bearer, the lion-hearted commander-in-chief. The Empress-Mother had for once thrown aside all her prejudice against mixing in politics and had remonstrated with her son, begging him to spare the Grand Duke. Old Count Fréedéricksz, a faithful servant of the throne for more than fifty years and minister of the court, had risked disgrace to enter his protest. Several of the Grand Dukes had done likewise; but all to no avail. The Empress' party now appeared openly and aggressively in politics, and the Grand Duke was definitely relieved of his command, which was to be taken over by the Emperor in person.

Two days later it was announced that Prince Orloff was dismissed from court and ordered to accompany the Grand Duke Nicholas to the Caucasus. Orloff received no explanation of his sudden disgrace. He had no interview with and no message from the sovereign, near whom he had been for so many years. He was quite broken down by the manner of his dismissal, as his devotion to the Emperor was entirely personal, and without bounds.

All sorts of wild stories were current at the time. Of course everyone said it was Grigory Rasputin's influence that had accomplished this disgraceful act, to dislodge two of his enemies; and the most detailed accounts of interviews between the false monk and those he had influenced were whispered about. As a matter of fact, I believe Rasputin took little part in these events save that dictated to him by Madame Wiroboff and others, who undoubtedly engineered their business in the name of the man they put nominally at the head of their party. Ever since the Grand Duke had obtained Soukhomlinoff's dismissal, in the conspirators' minds he himself was doomed; and the charges made against him by the Empress' protégés were largely based on his extreme popularity everywhere in the country, and the adoration of the army for its commander-in-chief. Falsely it was represented to the Emperor that this feeling was being worked up with disloyal intentions by the Grand Duke himself and might, by the latter and his followers, be used in a manner to menace the crown.

Orloff had been on the defensive for the Grand Duke, and this implicated him in the so-called conspiracy. Many were jealous of Orloff and of his position with both sovereign and commander-in-chief. Probably when the news of the departure of the latter reached him Orloff rushed to implore the decision should be reconsidered; and thus he unconsciously gave color in the Emperor's judgment to the accusations made against himself. I am sure His Majesty, who had been very fond both of his cousin and of Orloff and had trusted them, must have suffered greatly in the belief of their combined treachery, when he was forced to accept it; and very frequently in the months that followed he must have missed their loyal service.

With reference to this an official story was told me by one of the ministers, which, knowing the Emperor's great sense of duty, seems to me worthy of belief. Monsieur Bark told me, and his loyalty and truthfulness gave it weight. He said that in July, 1914, at the moment war was declared, the Emperor stated to his assembled council of ministers that he had always reproached himself for not going to the Front during the Japanese War, sharing the hardships of the troops and the responsibilities of the commanders; and that in this war he would not repeat the same mistake, but meant to command his armies in person.

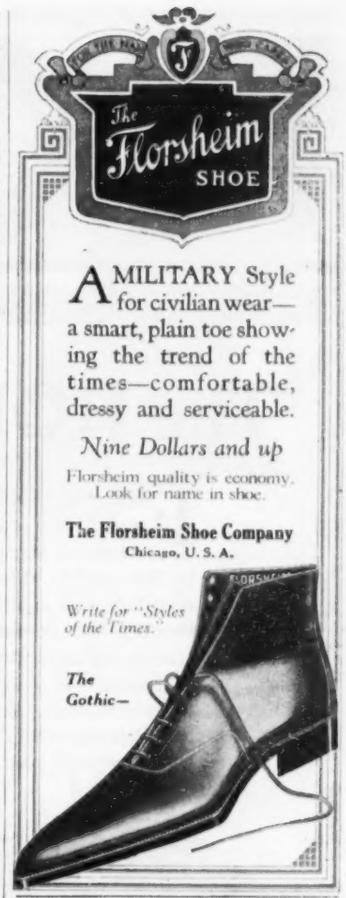
Monsieur Bark's Story

The cabinet on hearing this united to dissuade the sovereign from carrying out his wish, as they feared the danger to his person, also the danger of leaving the government to a regent's care if the Emperor took the field. To them it seemed better that the responsibility for possible disaster should be carried by someone who might be replaced on occasion, and thus the imperial credit be preserved intact. Their arguments had prevailed with the Emperor, and after reflection he had named the Grand Duke to the supreme command, remaining himself in the capital at the head of his government.

Monsieur Bark felt that possibly the retreat of the spring and summer of 1915 had brought this old thought, and the self-reproach he had spoken of, back to the sovereign's mind; and that it was a desire to make his army feel he stood with them that in part influenced His Majesty to change the Grand Duke to the Caucasian Front, and take command himself just at the height of the drama.

The Grand Duke awaited His Majesty at the staff, and received him with such dignity and tact that even those who were his critics were won to admiration and ready to give unstinted praise to his magnificent poise and manner. After forty-eight hours all details were settled, and everything was handed over to the new occupants of headquarters. The sovereign accompanied his cousin to the latter's train. Those who watched the parting said the Emperor seemed suddenly greatly distressed and upset, while the Grand Duke bore himself with the usual quiet pride that was natural to him. He seemed trying to uphold the sovereign's courage for the great task ahead. As the train drew away His Majesty stepped forward as if to stop it, but said no words, and it disappeared in the distance, leaving him commander-in-chief, as well as sovereign, of all the Russian Armies.

Editor's Note — This is the first of two articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The second will appear in an early issue.

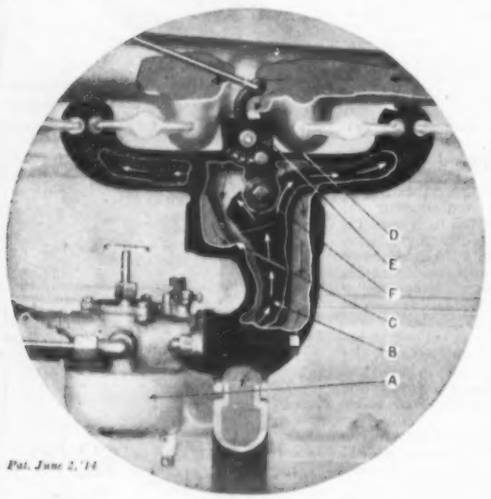




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You can get 5 to 8 more miles per gallon of fuel.

You can get better operation—smooth running, perfect ignition, and freedom from motor troubles which result from poor carburetion.

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MOTOR PRODUCTS
FOR TRUCKS, TRACTORS AND AUTOMOBILES

HOLLAND AND THE WAR

(Continued from Page 16)

evils of our times its root rests in Germany. With the outbreak of war the boche got busy in Holland. He had not been idle there before. In the Netherlands as elsewhere throughout the world he had prepared for the day when Prussian might would be proclaimed. In Holland, however, his activities were peculiarly pernicious because the little country was easy of access and must figure as an important jumping-off place for him after the war. Holland was rich with food and Germany needed that food.

The first gun of the war was the signal for the launching of a peaceful but none the less powerful German offensive in Holland, which had for one of its objects the cornering of all available foodstuffs, raw and semifinished materials—indeed anything that money or cunning could annex. The Dutch are not philanthropists; they had a perfect right to sell what they produced, and the traffic with Germany began. The Germans had said with the finality of prophets that the war would soon be over, and the Dutch believed it. Food and supplies poured over the frontier, and the era of the profiteer began.

Holland like Denmark decreed that half her surplus be given to Germany and half to England. At first this was fairly practicable and reasonable. Just as soon as the submarine became active sea transport got difficult. But even before this emergency Germany began to get the bulk of supplies. One of the chief offenders was the farmer, who lived in daily fear of the German and who wanted those friendly chalk marks put on his front door in the event of a Hun invasion. The Germans always indicate immunity for the native by writing the words *gute Leute*—good people—on door or wall. Openly or secretly the purveying to Germany went on. Immense food stocks, piled up by the thrifty Dutch against the day of need, melted away. No one thought of the morrow. The present teemed with riches. America was still a fellow neutral, the Dutch merchant fleet roamed the seas, and there was the easy confidence that whatever emergency rose Uncle Sam was there to lend a helping hand. Holland boomed with business, yet unconsciously she was sowing the wind.

Now the Dutch had a perfect right to sell Germany what they themselves produced, but when they began to divert raw materials and merchandise that they imported from neutral and belligerent countries it meant that they were trafficking in contraband of war. England very promptly set about to stop it. She declared the whole of the North Sea, with certain minor exceptions, to be a danger zone, while the already comprehensive list of contraband was extended so that it included almost everything that could be made use of in connection with the war.

The Overseas Trust

The British searching of ships began, and Kirkwall became a harbor of inquiry that teemed with neutral vessels. Scores were hung up in prize-court investigations, and the flow of merchandise and material from America to Holland was checked. A great fear rose in Holland that her whole overseas commerce would come to a standstill. She needed merchandise for her legitimate business at home; the mass of it now came from abroad. What was to be done to save her trade from stagnation?

Then, and as a commercial child of war necessity, was born the Netherlands Overseas Trust, or the "N. O. T." as it is better known. It is one of the most remarkable—if not the most remarkable—business organizations that the war has produced, and has a vast interest for the American merchant concerned with the technic of trade. The idea originated with a notable group of Dutch business men, including C. J. K. van Aalst, who is head of the trust, A. G. Kröller, who is Holland's foremost captain of capital, and Joost von Vollenhoven, a dominating figure in the Netherlands Bank.

Briefly stated the N. O. T. is a joint stock company formed to receive in trust and distribute all merchandise and materials imported into Holland. It does no business "on its own," but acts as a clearing house or middleman between the overseas exporter and the Dutch importer. Its function is to give foreign governments an adequate guaranty that all goods received in Holland will not reach the enemy directly or indirectly, and to see that this obligation is fulfilled down to the ultimate consumer. In other words it is the policeman patrolling the contraband beat.

There was no precedent for this unique institution. It launched a whole new commercial procedure. The best business brains of Holland were mobilized, and the work began. Offices were established at The Hague, where Mr. van Aalst took the helm. It proved to be Holland's business life preserver. Within three months a force of more than eight hundred people was employed; the number of applications for its services averaged three thousand a week.

Difficulties lay in the path of the pioneer. On one side stood the Dutch merchant, who has an innate prejudice against any limitation laid on his business; on the other were the Allied Powers, determined that nothing should trickle through Holland that could give aid or comfort to their relentless enemies. The job of the N. O. T. was complicated and thankless, yet it achieved its task to the eminent satisfaction of everybody but the Germans.

The method of operation is quite simple. Any Dutch merchant who desires to import goods for his own use or for consumption in Holland makes an application to the trust for an importer's certificate. As evidence of his good faith he is required to give a monetary guaranty through a bank or by the deposit of securities. If he permits the imports to reach the enemy he forfeits this guaranty. This guaranty, it is interesting to add, represents a sum considerably greater than the value of the goods or materials involved. The greater the degree of contraband the higher the surety imposed. This little detail became necessary because unscrupulous importers were willing to sacrifice their guaranty in order to avail themselves of the excessive prices that the Germans were willing to pay for commodities that they urgently needed.

The Trade Secret Service

Having complied with the preliminary conditions the Dutch importer receives what is known as a "consent," which becomes the official authority for him to operate under the trust. Until America went to war these consents sometimes averaged as high as twenty-three hundred a week for months at a time.

Though the Netherlands Overseas Trust was not organized for profit a considerable income was necessary because the operating expenses were large. To defray them an administrative fee of one-eighth per cent is charged. Any excess over actual expenses is devoted to Dutch charities.

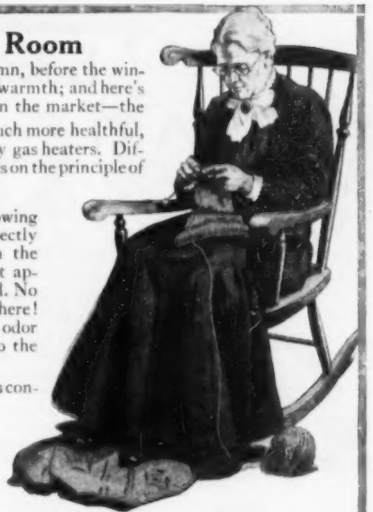
No loophole was left for a guilty commodity to escape into Germany or Austria. For the control of such invaluable raw materials as cotton, copper and rubber special storage bureaus were established and a vigilant scrutiny maintained. A raw-materials branch dealt with this work. All materials were pooled and issued to the importers under license. One check on illicit traffic was the rule that all goods shipped to Holland had to go in vessels of companies associated with the N. O. T. except when cargoes were consigned direct to the trust.

At this point the question naturally rises: What is to prevent the agent of the importer or the agent's agent from letting goods get into the hands of the Germans?

The N. O. T. wisely took out insurance against this contingency by setting up what might be termed an endless chain of supervision combined with drastic financial penalties. It is in charge of a department of control, whose job is to see that the importer or anyone with whom he does business fulfills his obligations to the trust. In this department are men familiar with the practices of commerce, who can read a merchant's books as readily as the average man reads a novel. They are trained to detect juggling with trade-marks or other signs of origin, and therefore render reexport under assumed names and devices impossible.

This is the way the control works: If Dutch Importer A sells merchandise to Merchant B he exacts from B the same guaranties that the trust exacts from him. If B in turn sells to C he is required to do likewise, and so on down the line until the commodities are consumed. The N. O. T. also maintains a sort of trade secret service

For Grandma's Room



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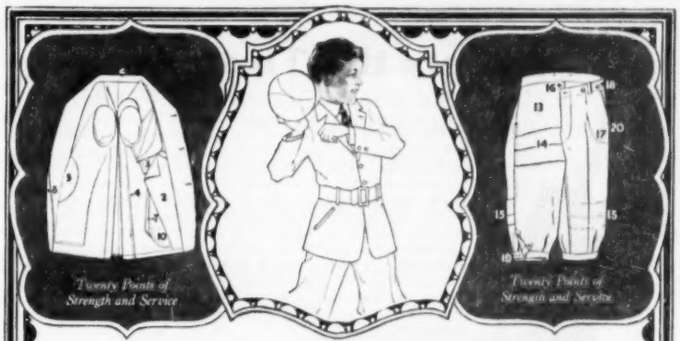
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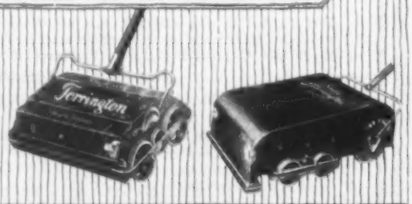
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that has put the fear of goods profiteering into the heart of the Dutch. Once discovered in a breach of faith the importer goes on a black list, and his overseas importing comes to an end.

This system was all right for the Dutchman who had capital or bank credit and who could deal in large figures. But there is a large group of small firms—what the Dutch call the "middle-class trade"—who found themselves up against it. They needed merchandise from overseas and could not provide the necessary financial guaranty that the trust imposed. Something had to be done for them, and it was done in effective fashion. The Rotterdam Commercial Association, the General Association of Shopkeepers at Amsterdam, and the Haarlem Commercial Association were organized to act as intermediaries between the small dealers in these three leading cities and the N. O. T. It meant coöperative importing and distributing. A special arrangement was made for them. They were not permitted to import food supplies or articles manufactured from copper or rubber, but goods like clothing, small wares, stoves, carpets, perfumes, pictures, toys, soaps, fancy goods and glass were included. This arrangement saved the lives of the little fellows as long as the overseas trade was kept up.

Under the three intermediary associations the shopkeepers were able to get goods without bank guaranties and at a small administrative cost. The associations stood surety. Likewise they acted as policemen, maintained a scrutiny over the disposition of the goods and punished any offender with dismissal. Thus the N. O. T. served the large and the small Dutch business men, rendering an almost inestimable service.

It maintained its well-oiled and constructive way until America went to war. We joined England in putting a few extra screws on the blockade, and our exports to neutrals dwindled. We needed ships for other uses; complications with Holland developed; the business of the trust dwindled. But that is a look ahead. The important fact for the moment is that we have placed the N. O. T. in the sequence of Dutch events. We can now go on with the consecutive narrative, which leads us to the first imprint of the German economic heel in Holland—a heel that was thenceforth to leave indelible marks upon her highways of business.

When Coal Was Trumps

Though the Netherlands Overseas Trust effectively disposed of any considerable diversion of imported merchandise and materials into Germany and Austria it had no control over the traffic in home-grown food between Holland and the Central Powers, which went on at full tilt. To be fair, it was not an altogether one-sided transaction. Holland had the stuff to sell; she found it difficult to transport it to England; Germany was at the front door with a heavy purse and a heavier hand. The average Dutchman will sell anything to anybody, and he was not averse to doing business with his eastern neighbor, whose anger he feared to incur and whose vengeance might break any day.

As the blockade tightened the country realized how increasingly difficult had become her position. She was politically antagonistic to Germany and yet was growing more and more economically dependent upon her. Germany now proceeded to capitalize that dependency, and in her usual fashion.

One incident will illustrate: Holland needs a large amount of coal. For years the bulk of it has come from Germany by waterway. The only native coal is mined in Limburg and is small in quantity and inferior in quality. Holland's industrial life—to say nothing of the comfort of her citizens—therefore depends upon the German product. Coal then became the trump card that Germany began to play. When Holland woke to the inroads that the heedless sales of food in the early periods of the war had made upon her stocks and tried to conserve her remaining supply the Germans bore down with what amounted to the ultimatum: "No food, no coal." The Dutch had to have coal, so they were forced to keep up the sale of food to Germany though the reduction in stocks, bad crops, and the cutting down of the supply from America were bringing on an acute situation. Starvation hovered near.

Coincidentally Germany was conducting an intensive propaganda campaign in Holland. While she secretly maintained the economic pressure she openly professed everlasting friendship for the Dutch and "sympathized" with them in their trials. The Hollander was wise to the proceeding, however. He knew the sneer that lay behind the smirk. When it was safe to say so he referred to Germany's protestations of friendship as "monkey love." This is the Dutchman's contemptuous term for a foolish mother's doting and misguided affection for her children. It is a popular belief that the mother ape will squeeze her offspring to death in a "fond embrace." Thus in the eyes of the great mass of the Dutch people Germany was the orang-utan in whose grin lurked a terrible fate.

Germany sought in every way to poison the mind of the Dutch against the Allies. When England pressed the blockade and enforced the black list she said: "England is starving you out." When America came into the war her exclamation was: "The United States is only prolonging the struggle. If she had remained neutral you would have abundant food and the world would now be at peace."

It was the familiar and clumsy German propaganda with which every neutral country in Europe and South America has become sickeningly familiar these past four years. It made less impression in Holland than in most other places because the Dutch have had long experience with Teutonic manipulation of the truth and because they were more kindly disposed toward the Allies than any other neutral was.

The Nigger in the Woodpile

By this time you will have gathered that Holland's war course was not altogether smooth sailing. As German food demands became more arrogant the uncertainty that was the little country's chief war heritage became daily more acute. Each succeeding emergency imperiled a neutrality that the Dutch declared they would defend, whatever the cost.

"Will Holland enter the war?" became the familiar question that you heard throughout Europe. Yet whatever her decision—as far as participation was concerned—she was doomed.

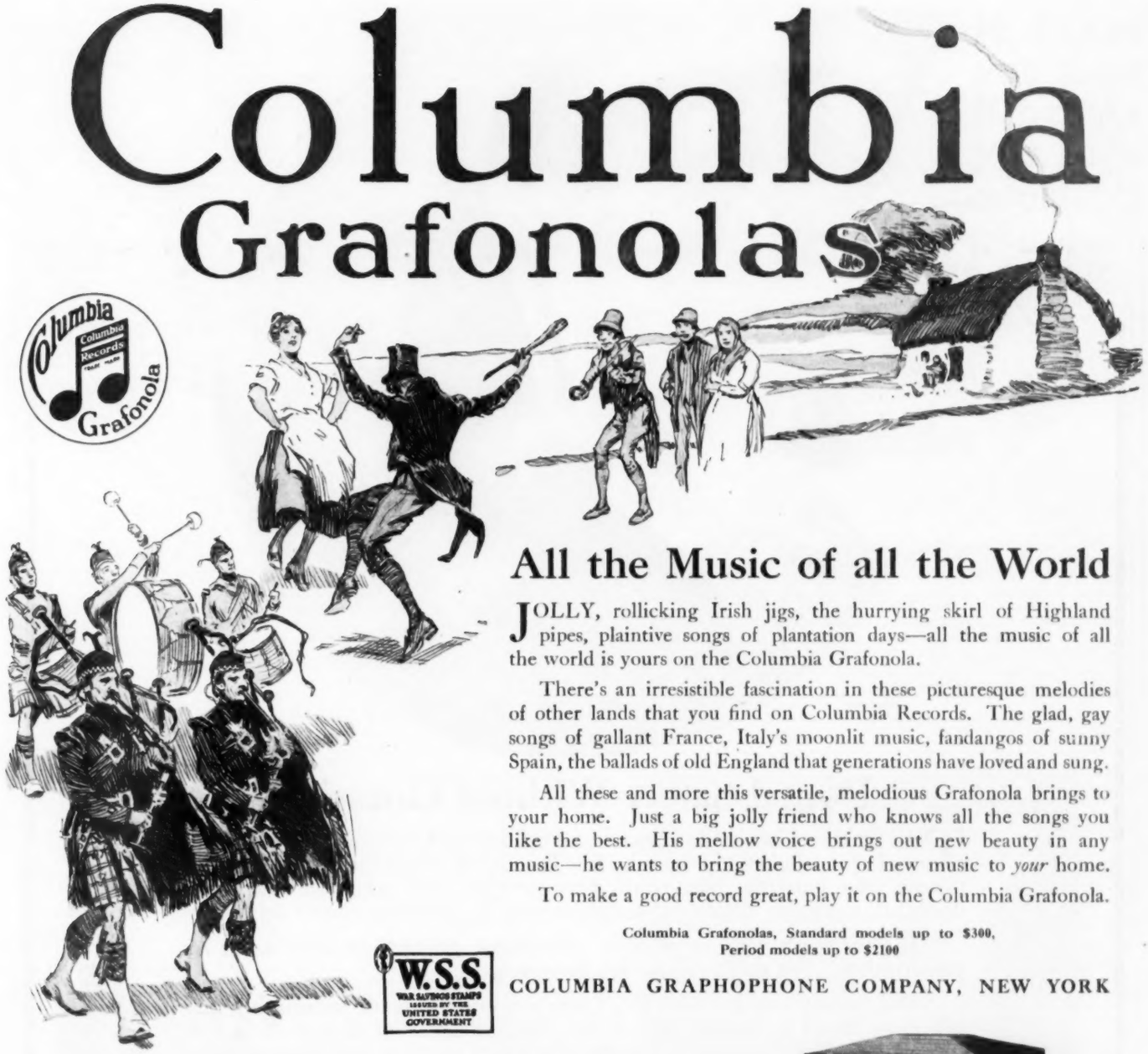
If Germany forced her in on her side it meant the instant loss of her colonies—prize jewel in the Dutch diadem. More than this, it involved a loss greater even than this treasure house. Once under German authority the Dutch knew that their independence was gone forever. On the other hand if circumstances hurled her on the side of the Allies—which she would prefer—she faced the certainty of being made another Belgium. Even the sea, which once aided Holland against the Spanish invader, would not stay the German onslaught. Holland at war would mean the end of the great work of the American Commission for the relief of Belgium, which is now conducted from Rotterdam. Thus the price of Dutch neutrality, dear as it is, is not so high as the cost of war.

Holland's war ordeal does not end here. The compensation of self-sufficiency, which the great conflict is bringing to England, for example, is denied her. Britain is developing an empire self-contained. Holland cannot emulate this example because she is too small. Even if she could grow enough foodstuffs at home and in her colonies to feed herself she must depend upon the outside world for coal, iron, and many other things essential to her industrial and social well-being. In the light of this array of embarrassments that familiar individual caught between those proverbial upper and nether millstones has nothing on Holland.

Every week brought some fresh trial that kept the country constantly in international hot water. Always the German was the nigger in the woodpile. The famous sand-and-gravel episode will illustrate. In 1915 it came to the notice of the British Government that Holland was allowing Germany to ship military supplies, chiefly sand and gravel, through her country to Belgium in violation of the laws of neutral government. The Germans maintained that it was for civilian purposes. In response to Britain's urgings Holland restricted the transit to 75,000 tons a month, or at the rate of 900,000 tons a year. Shortly afterward, and as a result of representations made by the German Government, the Dutch Government altered its decision and permitted the transportation of no less than 420,000 tons a month, or at the rate of 5,000,000 tons a year. A crisis with England followed; Britain cut off Holland's

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 70)

cable facilities pending a settlement, and for a time it looked as if the Dutch would be dragged into the war. From the sworn testimony of escaped Belgians it developed that the Germans were using the sand and gravel in question for military purposes, and that the quarries of Belgium offered all the material needed for civilian use. Subsequently Holland and England came to an agreement in the matter, and the cable facilities were restored. It was a close shave.

In view of the German claims that the material was for the use of the Belgian population Mr. Balfour's scathing comment is interesting. He said: "Is there the slightest evidence that the Germans have ever considered the interests of the Belgian civilian population? Is it not notorious that deliberately and as a part of their settled policy they have destroyed the industrial and economic resources of Belgium because the Belgians would not consent to use those resources for German benefit?"

I cite the sand-and-gravel episode to show how Germany seeks to attain her ruthless ends despite the annoyance and complications that it brings to Holland—or for that matter to anyone else.

Up to this time Holland's chief complications, as far as the Allies were concerned, affected England. With America's entry into the war the zone of trouble expanded. We made common cause with our allies on land and sea. The Holland-American family relationship underwent a sudden change. Instead of being a big brother we became what the Dutch were taught by the German propagandists to consider as a stern and even unfeeling step-parent.

It was not long before things began to happen. Quite naturally they had to do with Holland's chief asset in war and peace—her shipping. Until we declared war on Germany Dutch vessels enjoyed unrestricted coaling facilities in American ports. Now everything was changed. They were in the harbors of a country at war and could obtain coal only under war conditions. When they sought bunker coal they were informed that it would be forthcoming if they agreed to carry back only enough foodstuffs and materials necessary for Holland's normal requirements. America did not intend to facilitate the purveying to Germany through bunkering. At the same time Holland was asked to produce statistics that would show her food stocks and her requirements. The American Government further stated that it would facilitate the purchase and shipment of all needful commodities—in other words, make a normal ration for Holland possible.

Strained Relations

A Dutch commission headed by Joost von Vollenhoven went to America, and the shipping negotiations destined to have such dramatic and historic ending were started. From the beginning indecision hampered the Dutch attitude. To be fair to the Dutch it must be stated that this evasion was due more to fear of Germany than to lack of desire to work harmoniously with the Allies. There was so much delay in producing the necessary statistics that a *modus vivendi* was suggested by which certain Dutch vessels in American ports were to be chartered to the United States for periods not exceeding ninety days; that at the express request of the Dutch these vessels were not to be sent within the so-called "danger zone"; that 150,000 tons of shipping be employed at the discretion of the United States for Swiss and Belgian relief on safe conduct; and that for each ship sent out in the service of Belgian relief a corresponding vessel should leave Holland for America. Two Dutch ships in American ports with cargoes of foodstuffs for Holland were to proceed to Holland at once, while a similar tonnage was to be sent in exchange for charter by the United States.

Meanwhile Dutch ships were accumulating in American ports. Pending the Dutch refusal to agree to the *modus vivendi* no bunker coal was issued. In time these vessels became so numerous in New York Bay that they had to be moved up the Hudson River, where they became a familiar sight to the residents of Riverside Drive.

In the interval practically no food entered Holland. By their evasion and delay the Dutch blocked the way to relief from America. The German propagandists at once got busy. They exploited the situation by saying to the Dutch: "Your old friends, the Americans, are trying to starve you out. Germany is the only friend you have." Yet at that very moment Germany behind the scenes was shaping and influencing the unhappy Dutch attitude in the whole shipping matter, as you shall soon see.

But the Dutch would only see America standing between them and food. They became restive, almost abusive. In October, 1917, Mr. van Aalst, head of the N. O. T., addressed an open letter to President Wilson on what he called "the strained relations between the United States and Holland." He charged us with putting the Dutch ships under arrest by refusing the bunker coal, and preventing Holland from keeping in touch with her colonies. He declared the whole proceeding unfair, and incidentally reminded Mr. Wilson of the great aid Holland had rendered the struggling colonists in 1776. Mr. van Aalst ridiculed the idea that Holland had fed Germany. "If we wanted to do so," he said, "we could not. Our whole exports would not cover the wants of Germany for more than a few days."

This sounded reasonable, but it was not entirely in accordance with the facts. The Allies had not contended that Holland was feeding the Germans as a whole, but they did contend that the constant trickling of foodstuffs necessary for home consumption into Germany had so reduced the Dutch supplies that the slightest break in food communication from America wrought hardship that only became increasingly acute as the gap in exports from America widened. All the time Germany was making hay while the sun of Dutch discontent waxed hotter.

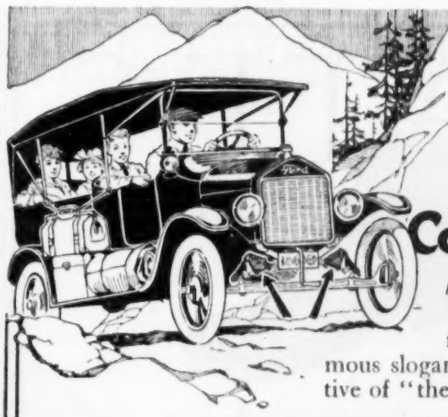
The Law of Angary

During all this time the shipping negotiations hung fire because the Dutch would not or could not agree to the *modus vivendi*. The scene of discussion shifted to London early this year. In January the Dutch delegates went home ostensibly to consult their colleagues but in reality to ascertain the will of Germany. The Germans refused to assent to the proposition to replace ships—that is, for a corresponding ship to leave Holland for every one that left America in the Belgian relief. It is easy to see what was back of the German opposition. They were willing to have the Dutch ships leave America because they would get back to a Dutch port and therefore come under Teutonic control.

The Allies now realized that Germany was determined not to permit Holland to make a tonnage agreement of any kind with them. It meant that the Dutch ships would be tied up indefinitely in their ports. Two months had passed since the Dutch delegates went home. They gave no sign that they would come to an understanding. On March twenty-second of this year the Allies acted. Under the law of angary, which, freely translated, means the law of necessity, and which enables belligerents to employ neutral vessels in their waters, all Dutch ships in Allied ports were requisitioned.

By the terms of the seizure all ships are to be returned to their owners at the end of the war. All losses through enemy action will be made good by the replacement of the ship or its value in cash. Interest at the rate of six per cent per year is to be paid on the value of the lost ship in the interval between loss and repayment. Meanwhile all the ships earn excellent pay during the period of their use. The Allied governments gave Holland an undertaking that all Dutch ships which left Dutch ports after the date of seizure would not be molested in any way. The steamship Nieuw Amsterdam, which happened to be in New York at the time of the requisitioning and which had come out under a special charter, was also exempted. In addition to all this the Allies immediately placed one hundred thousand tons of foodstuffs at the disposal of the Dutch Government, provided they would send ships for it. Such were the generous terms under which the Dutch ships were seized, an event that brought down upon the head of America the bitterest maledictions that it has yet received from any neutral.

The shipping seizure burst like a Zeppelin bomb over Holland. The law of angary became the law of angry! The stoutest sponsors of the Allies denounced it as high-handed and unwarranted. Even so influential a friend as J. T. Cremer, one of the Dutch merchant princes, leader in the vast Netherlands Trading Society, who led the Dutch delegation to the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York, assailed the procedure in an impassioned speech in parliament.



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Good Night!—You Said It!

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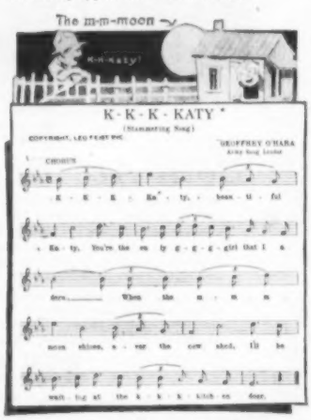
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There was a good deal of camouflage about all the Dutch indignation. Secretly the Dutch shipowners were vastly pleased by the transaction, as several admitted to me. They regarded it as a good stroke of business to have their idle ships put out to work at a high rent and with the guaranty of restoration with interest in the event of loss. In fact one Dutch shipowner, determined that his vessels should not be overlooked, notified the Allies of their whereabouts. The real test, however, lay in the box office. On the day after the seizure was announced Dutch shipping shares went soaring.

The plain truth of the matter was that the Dutch had fallen between two stools. They wanted their cake and they also wanted to eat it; and they couldn't do both. All along they were willing to risk their small ships, but insisted upon keeping their worth-while vessels at home or safely at anchorage in a foreign port. Had they been willing to enter into an agreement such as the Norwegians and the Swedes made with the Allies for a portion of their shipping they would have been spared the requisitioning.

What hurt the Dutch most was the blow to their pride. They are a seafaring nation with centuries of maritime glory to their credit. When the sting to prestige cooled, many were sane enough to see that the shipping seizure was not only good business but that it aided the fight for world freedom. Incidentally it led to direct communication between the Dutch colonies and New York, which cuts out the expensive middleman who formerly thrived at Amsterdam and Rotterdam. An ill wind blew good.

The shipping seizure was nuts for the Germans. It gave them the ideal handle for a great propaganda campaign. While Holland seethed with rage and resentment they shed oceans of crocodile tears and then said sympathetically: "Look how the defenders of the rights of the small nations treat Holland." It was an effective argument and for a time got over.

America became the special target for this propaganda, which took this expression: "America went to war solely for business purposes. She wants to conserve her own shipping for trade after the war, and therefore seizes yours." Another form was: "America is a scapegoat in Britain's hands, but a willing one."

Prussian Bulldozing

But you can always trust the Germans to overplay their hand, or, in the expressive American vernacular, to "gum their own game" just when things are coming their way. While Holland still quivered under the blow of the requisitioning they proceeded to do the usual stupid Prussian thing by sinking the Dutch hospital ship, the Königin Regentin, employed in what was proclaimed to be the safe way between Holland and England for the transport of sick or wounded prisoners of war. The circumstances attending this disaster were peculiarly atrocious, and therefore typically German. A wave of horror swept over Holland. I arrived in time to catch it at the full tide. It proved to be an antidote for the resentment over the shipping seizure, and it gave the Dutch at the same time an illuminating contrast in Allied and German methods. The ships had been seized after long and patient waiting, and under generous terms that gave the Dutch ample compensation for all losses. It was one kind of war necessity. The sinking of the hospital ship—like all the German crimes—was ruthless and unprovoked. It was the Hun necessity.

Meanwhile the Germans did more than merely capitalize the shipping seizure for propaganda purpose. They said to the Dutch in substance: "You have helped the Allies with your ships; you must now help us." The iron heel began to press harder.

First of all the Germans dug up an old treaty with Holland which gave them the right to run through trains from Germany across the Dutch province of Limburg into Belgium. It was a peace measure, of course, but the boche now adapted it for war, and had his way.

Germany now began to bulldoze Dutch shipping. As a reprisal against the taking over of the ships by the Allies she created a new prize law. Its immediate result was the seizure of six Dutch ships returning from Scandinavia on what was called the free way and which was therefore immune from molestation. These ships were taken as prizes to Cuxhaven.

Germany demanded supervision of the crew, cargo and passenger list of every outgoing Dutch vessel. "No citizens of Allied countries can sail under the Dutch flag" was the dictum. Eighteen Americans were compelled to get off the Nieuw Amsterdam, which was about to sail for New York.

The Allies—you may recall—had stipulated that no other Dutch ships would be requisitioned after the original seizure. The Dutch prepared to send out vessels to fetch the food that America had placed at their disposal. The Germans at once interfered, saying "The Allies are fooling you. They will seize every Dutch ship that enters their ports." They could interpret honorable obligations only through German eyes. Thereupon they demanded that for every ship that left Holland a corresponding vessel must leave America. To make their control absolute they announced that no Dutch ship—whatever her mission—could depart without a German *Geleitsschein*—a safe conduct. This applied to the ships that Holland wanted to send for the sorely needed food. Only two of these conducts had been granted by the time I left Holland, which puts the food shortage squarely up to the German.

The result of all this German browbeating was to bring Dutch shipping to a standstill and to isolate the country economically. But it did not stop there. The Teuton took another tack, this time assailing Holland's productive power.

Putting on the Screws

The economic treaty between Germany and Holland expired on March thirty-first last. So far as the Dutch were concerned it could not have come at a more inopportune date. The Allies had seized the ships just a week before, and Germany was in the midst of her campaign of capitalization. The moment the Dutch and German delegates met to discuss a new treaty the mailed economic fist was raised. At once the export of coal to Holland ceased.

The Germans suddenly discovered that Holland owed Germany several thousand horses and an immense amount of vegetables. These had to be paid for before any discussion could begin. The German hand was soon disclosed. Germany needed credits in Holland and the Dutch were in dire need of coal. No diagram is required to show what followed.

"We must have a whole new line of credits," demanded the German delegates.

"But our banks are clogged with your paper now," replied the Dutch representatives.

"Then you get no coal," was the answer.

The Dutch gave in. When they asked the price they were told that not only would the coal cost approximately one hundred and twelve guilders—at the present rate of exchange nearly fifty dollars—a ton, but for every car of coal that the Germans delivered they must also get three times the value of the coal in credits at the Dutch banks. When you are told that the highest war price for German coal up to this time had been forty-five guilders a ton, you get some idea of the double-edged German attempt. The Dutch refused to stand for this Shylockian procedure, and negotiations were at a standstill when I left Holland.

Meanwhile Dutch industries were shutting down one by one because the coal supply was nearing the bottom of the bin. The coal incident mirrors the whole high-handed German attitude throughout the treaty discussions. It likewise reveals the seriousness of the German financial position. Germany would not have tried to put the screws down so hard on a country vitally necessary to her after the war if she had not been pressed for credits.

Incidentally—and according to the Telegraaf, a well-known Dutch daily newspaper—the Germans modestly demanded the right to purchase the following items: 60,000 cattle; 5000 full-grown horses; 8000 one-year-old horses; 5000 tons of butter; 11,000 tons of poultry; 13,000 tons of sugar; 100,000 cattle hides; 100,000 horse and calf hides; and quinine from the Dutch East Indies free from Netherlands Overseas Trust conditions.

When the Dutch protested that they did not have enough for their own needs the Germans retorted by saying that as a result of their espionage in Holland they were convinced that the country was able to supply the demands.

It only remains to speak of the most vital phase of Holland's war ordeal. I mean, of

(Continued on Page 77)

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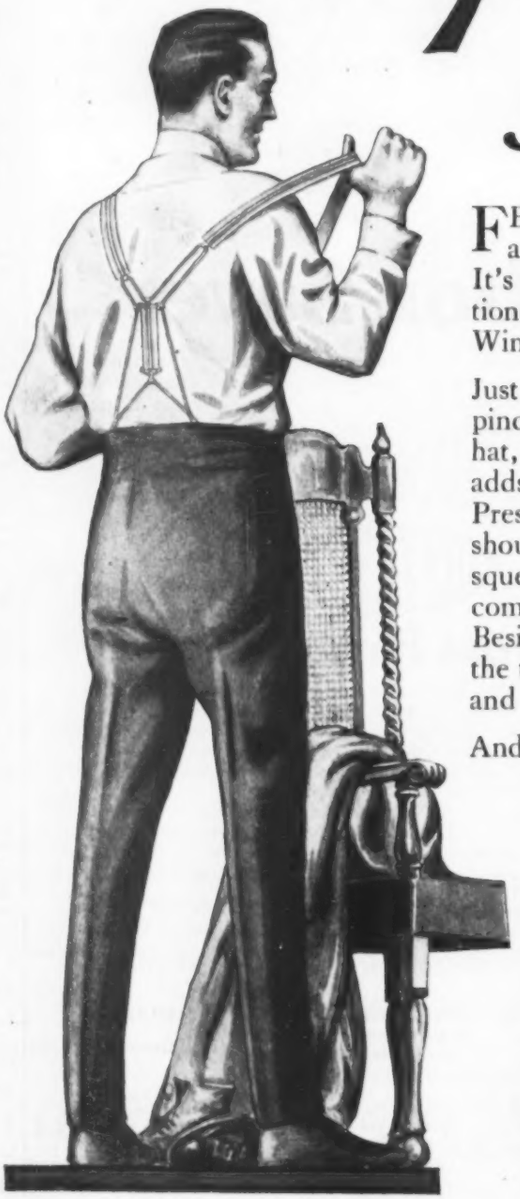
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W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
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(Continued from Page 74)

course, that universal leveler of all rank—hunger. In this war I have studied food conditions all the way from Petrograd to Rome. I have courted indigestion, flirted with regulations, trafficked in ration cards in half a dozen different languages and countries. Yet I am free to confess that not even Russia, riotous after the revolution that overthrew the Czar and when a loaf of bread was as valuable as a gold nugget, presented so picturesque a situation as the Holland I found.

I got a hint of it before I arrived. On the little destroyer-encircled passenger boat that conveyed me across the North Sea the chief steward, a real philanthropist, had said: "Eat all the meat you can on this trip. You will get none in Holland."

I had received this warning on the threshold of other food-pressed countries, and scouted it. This time I was to find that to be forewarned before going to Holland was a genuine human service.

When I sat down to my first meal at The Hague the head waiter said, "Have you your butter card?"

"No," I replied.

"I am sorry, but you can get no food."

In vain I protested that I did not want any butter. Long contact with England at war had sterilized my desire for butter.

Then the waiter proceeded: "Everything in Holland is cooked in butter, for we have no fats. You must have a butter card before you can get anything to eat."

So I had to borrow some butter coupons from an altruistic Englishman.

There you get at the crux of the whole Dutch food problem and find out why butter is a table luxury in one of the world's dairies. For more than two years Dutch cattle have been impoverished. No oil cakes have been imported. Pasturage is none too good. Since there are no fats everything is cooked in butter, and milk and cream are almost hoarded. To get a pat of butter to spread on your bread is a distinct event. The butter card becomes a sort of passport to life itself. Tearing off the coupons is like grace before meals. It has become a rite.

The same is true of bread, of which the daily ration per head amounts to three average American slices. You get a bread card which does not always produce bread; in fact the only time bread is served in Holland is at breakfast. I might add that Dutch war bread, which contains everything but the kitchen stove, is approached only by the Russian loaf in resistance to masticatory attack and digestive powers. Not all the horrors of war are at the Front or in belligerent countries!

Then there is the meat problem, which in Holland is to be approached with reverence and fortitude. By government decree no cattle are slaughtered for food. Cows must be maintained for milk and butter. Yet for fourteen successive nights I had liver for dinner. Since Holland is so near to Germany, where there are substitutes for everything but human life and sunshine, I began to fear that perhaps I had been partaking of synthetic liver.

"How do you get this liver?" I asked after the fortnight's sentence to a steady liver diet.

"It's like this," responded the waiter: "we are allowed to kill beef for the army, and the soldiers do not eat liver."

The Scarcity of Fish

I discovered another and more revealing reason, which is typically Dutch in resource. By the new war regulations a farmer is mercifully permitted to kill a cow that breaks her legs. The number of Dutch cows whose legs have accidentally been broken has grown to a large extent in Holland of late. I was reliably informed that in the rural districts it is no uncommon practice for farmers to break the legs of animals deliberately, and then get a permit from the nearest burgomaster to slaughter the unfortunate beasts. The enormous price of meat readily compensates for the loss of the cow.

The amazing detail of the Dutch food shortage, however, is the scarcity of cheese, which is Holland's middle name. Fancy Edam without the product that made it famous! Yet this is precisely what has been happening. More than once I asked in vain for cheese at a Dutch hotel. When available it is often served at breakfast as a substitute for meat or eggs.

The difficulties that attend the feeding of bird and beast are great. They even border on the humorous. Last year the whole Dutch supply of canary seed was used for feed for horses. I spent a day at the country place of one of the richest men in Holland, whose rose gardens are famous. He told me that he regularly fed rose leaves to his pheasants and bulbs to his pigs. Everyone who can possibly do so is raising rabbits for food—a practice that is now widespread in England too.

With fish Holland faces an inconsistency akin to the cheese paradox. The country that has supplied the whole world with herring is almost on fish rations. One reason is that the brutality and wantonness of the German submarine campaign has decimated the ranks of fishermen and prevented the fleets from going out to sea. The usual hardship followed. What fish did come in was almost prohibitive in price. In Holland fish, like cheese, is a great food staple. The government began to buy the fish catches and dispose of them to the populace at prewar prices.

It inaugurated a paternalistic system which will not be without its effect after the war. In various ways the Dutch Government is assuming the rôle of general provider. Hence the socialistic movement is gaining ground every day and revealing its strength with every succeeding election. By a curious anomaly most of its leaders are pro-German in sentiment.

The Reign of High Prices

After this recital of food travail you will not be surprised to learn that our old friend High Cost of Living is working overtime in harassed Holland. Of course, with money—as I discovered in Russia, Sweden and Spain—you can usually get what you want if you are willing to pay the price. But to the great mass of Dutch people the food pinch has become a genuine privation, not approached by any other neutral, not even Switzerland. The poor are reduced to the extremity of cooking potato peelings for their one meal—if you want to call it a meal—of the day.

Prices are beyond belief. A pound of tea—when you could get it—cost six dollars during my stay in Holland. A tin of Chicago corned beef, which in New York costs less than a dollar, brought six dollars; oranges were quoted at a dollar apiece while meat was never less than a dollar and a half a pound. Coal is almost priceless. Last winter—during one of the coldest seasons that the country has had—the allowance for each family was four small bags, or less than half a ton.

Other necessities vie with food in price. Shoes have advanced four hundred per cent. An American woman in The Hague told me that ordinary white thread costs a dollar and a half a spool. White collars for men that sell for twenty-five cents apiece in America fetch a dollar; while ready-made shirts—the dollar-and-a-half variety—range from ten dollars upward. The shopkeeper considers that he is conferring a favor upon the purchaser when he permits him to buy at these figures.

Even the gas for heating and lighting is rationed. In Rotterdam, for instance, it is turned off between ten and twelve in the morning; between two-thirty and five-thirty in the afternoon; and from seven to nine-thirty at night. When people ask you to come to a meal they add: "Come while the gas is on so you will get a hot meal." Every Dutch city has its own gas hours, so you are required to carry a schedule.

This acute shortage of food alone would be bad enough, but in addition immense difficulties are placed in the way of getting it. Holland has become a continuous ration card. There are books of coupons, or "bons," as they are called, for everything but virtue and content.

This leads to what I call the great food lottery. Every housekeeper gets sets of little books with numbered coupons. Each number calls for a certain article of food. The prizes in the food game are announced in the newspapers. If you cannot read you are apt to go hungry. The way the system works is as follows: On Monday morning the papers will state that "Number 516 will draw cabbages to-day." Hotfoot the housekeeper or her cook hurries to the nearest greengrocer and exchanges her Number 516 for a cabbage.

These little coupon books comprise only a small part of the food literature. There are cards or allowances for bread, butter, meat, potatoes, tea, coffee—in fact everything that passes through the kitchen. Each card has a different color. The food



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supply therefore resolves itself into a sort of bewildering rainbow. If you happen to be color blind you suffer. The struggle to live becomes a real adventure!

This flood of coupons naturally leads to illicit traffic in them. Everyone gets a meat coupon but few people can afford to buy meat. The rich housekeeper therefore purchases meat coupons from her less favored sisters. On the streets in The Hague, Rotterdam and Amsterdam you are accosted by people who have food coupons to sell. Since they are not issued in the names of persons they are easily negotiable.

"How about feeding servants?" you may ask. The Dutch solve this problem in their usual thrifty fashion. When you go to dine in the ordinary Dutch house you discover that when the time comes to serve the food the cook and the maid enter plate in hand to get their portion. This means that the immense waste involved in the American habit of sending all the unused food back to the kitchen is avoided. Incidentally it enables the head of the house to know just how much food is left over, and she can detect any pilfering. In the establishments of the very rich the housekeeper acts as watchdog and keeps everything edible under lock and key except when it is being cooked or served.

The need of this precaution is obvious. An Englishwoman lately arrived in Amsterdam told me that her Dutch servant ate up the whole family allowance of potatoes—it is sent in bulk—for three months in two days! After that performance the victim acquired the Dutch habit of food conservation.

In the light of these hardships, food rivals war as the all-absorbing topic. It is food, not money, that talks. The general term of highest admiration resolves itself into "You are worth your weight in food." Gold is a minor commodity.

Indeed if a Dutch gallant wants to make an impression on a lady he sends her food instead of flowers, just as in Berlin the sausage is a love token in place of a sweet.

Holland has a food controller, Posthuman by name—but he does not always control. If he is required to explain a shortage in flour he declares that it is due to the fact that America will not send foodstuffs. He never points out the fact that America is willing to send food but that the Germans are blocking the way to Dutch relief or that their submarines have made the seven seas a graveyard.

The Holland food drama would be incomplete without the entrance of the real villain in the play—the food profiteer. For the purpose of this article he will "take the curtain"—that is, make the final bow.

Holland's Profiteers

Though he has lined his pockets with gold he is a marked man. I was walking down the Hoogstraat—the leading retail business street in Rotterdam—one day last June, when my companion, a well-known Dutchman, tugged at my sleeve, pointed to a man driving in a smart new dogcart and said, "He's an 'Ower.'"

"What is that?" I asked.

"A war profiteer," he replied.

I then discovered that the Dutch have coined this phrase to indicate the despised type. It is a combination of the first letters of the two Dutch words *Oorlog winst*, which means war profits. When pronounced it sounds like "ower."

Holland "has the number" of these gentry. They are spotted wherever they go, and by an interesting system; it was explained to me by a Dutchman in this fashion: "Whenever you see a man with a new motor car or a new carriage you can put him down as a profiteer. No self-respecting Dutchman will buy a new vehicle these days. Besides—as far as the motor is concerned—petrol is scarce and too high for the ordinary man. Some profiteers try to disguise their cars by buying low automobile numbers."

The profiteers have grown to such numbers that in The Hague alone they occupy a whole residential district. By a fitting irony it is located near the Peace Palace! Here they have taken possession of scores of imposing residences, whose owners have not been able to maintain them under war conditions. It is the domain of the Dutch new-rich. Holland imposes a tax of thirty per cent on war profits. Since 1915 it has yielded the government nearly $100,000,000, which would mean a gross total of nearly $300,000,000. But these actual taxes are about as fair an index to real figures as the inheritance tax in America is to real inheritances. Besides, there is the huge pool of untraceable profits garnered by the farmers, who have been among the principal profiteers.

Then there is the smuggler, who has flourished in Holland. Here you touch German cunning again. Hundreds of Dutch workmen are employed at the great German munition factories in Essen and elsewhere. These places are easily accessible from Holland. The men go over for the working week and come home for their week-ends. For a long time it was noticed that these artisans, almost without exception, crossed over to Germany in new clothes with bulging pockets, and came back in shabby attire with flattened pockets. The Dutch customs officers were lax. Finally it was discovered that the workmen were part of an exchange system that was providing the Germans with new shoes, clothes, food, rubber and other articles sorely needed in the empire. The practice was broken up but not until a large amount of material had been smuggled in by this ingenious process.

The Smugglers of Gold

Gold is still smuggled into Germany, and in a manner no less original. Nearly everybody in Holland uses a bicycle. The Germans began to export machines with especially large frames. A customs official, more vigilant than his mates, became suspicious over the large number of Dutchmen who pedaled across the frontier on these wheels. Investigation showed that the frames were filled with gold for the *Reichsbank* at Berlin and elsewhere.

In this connection is an illuminating revelation of still another more or less illicit traffic in Holland. When I reached the country I found that the British five-pound bank note had a much higher exchange than a check drawn on a London bank. You could get anywhere from twelve to sixteen guilders a pound for the actual note while your check gave you only ten. The same difference existed between American and French notes and checks on banks in New York or Paris. There was a definite reason. Once more the wily German was responsible.

When the Germans made their obscene peace with Russia, largely with the idea of annexing that world's granary and acquiring a new economic vassal, they got a few unpleasant surprises. One was that the Jews in the Ukraine refused to accept German money for their grain. They demanded German goods or Allied bank notes, principally English pound notes. Germany had to have the grain, so she began a systematic campaign to get the money. Holland was the most accessible place, so her agents began to buy up all the available specie, including Dutch.

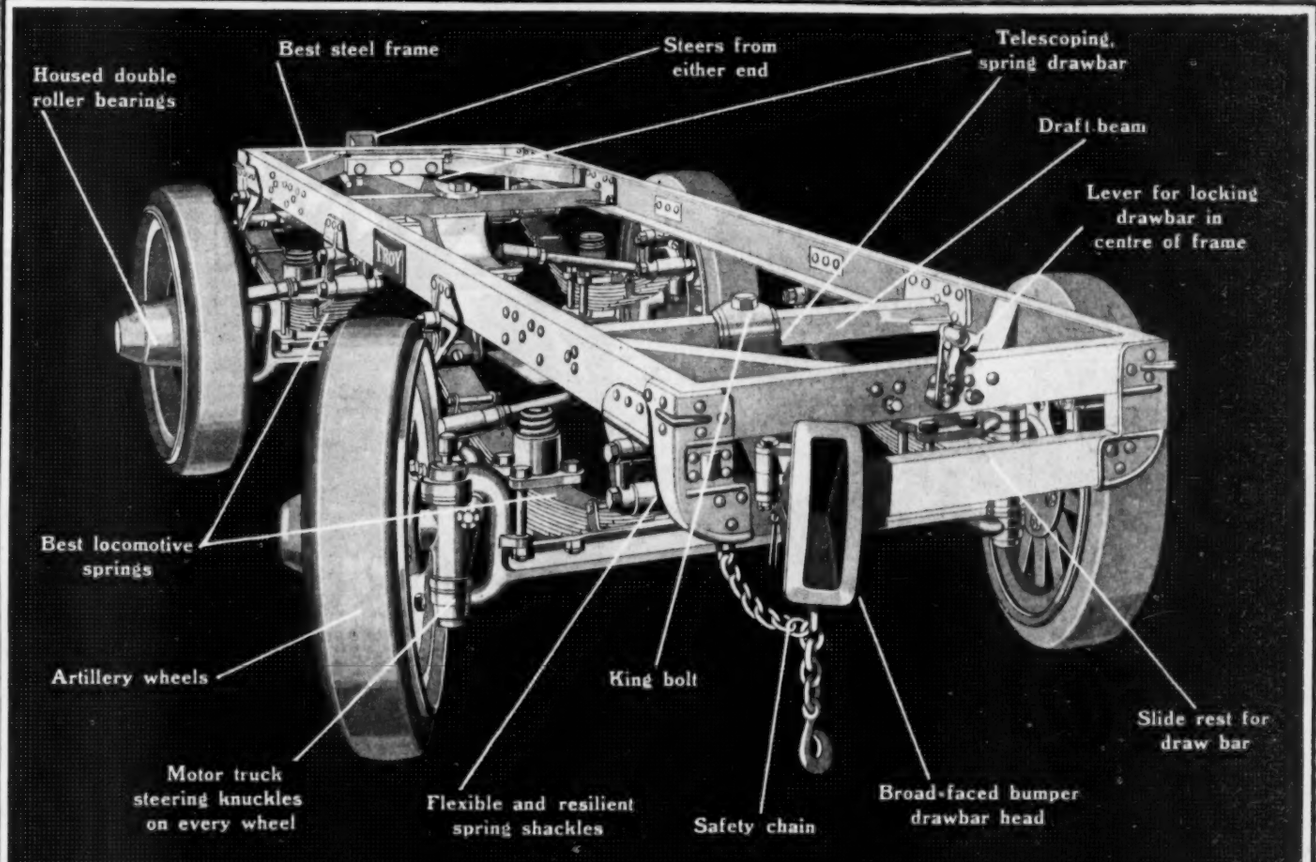
While most of the money acquired in Holland is for the purpose of Russian grain some of it has other and less legitimate uses. The Germans require a large amount of Allied cash for their secret service and other dirty work. It was more than a coincidence that their demand for British bank notes in Holland suddenly declined on the day after England nipped in the bud the latest Sinn Fein uprising in Ireland.

Such is the spectacle of wartime Holland. What concerns America chiefly in the present situation is the temporary impairment of the old and friendly relations, due to the shipping seizure. It will be a waste of money and effort to flood the country with literature and pictures of our war effort. The most effective American propaganda in the Netherlands to-day is food and plenty of it, no matter what obstacles the Germans put in the way of its transport. It is the universal panacea in war as in peace.

Combined with the good-will that this food will beget is still another asset. It must not be forgotten that Holland constantly hovers on the brink of participation in the struggle. With the harbors of Ostend and Zeebrugge bottled up by the British the Germans may commit the folly of violating neutrality by using the waters of the Schelde in order to reach the sea from Antwerp. In this event the Dutch would resist and array themselves on our side.

Meanwhile Holland, beset from without and pinched from within, remains between the devil and the deep blue sea.

Editor's Note — This is the first of two articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the Dutch war situation. The second will tell of the German economic offensive in Holland.

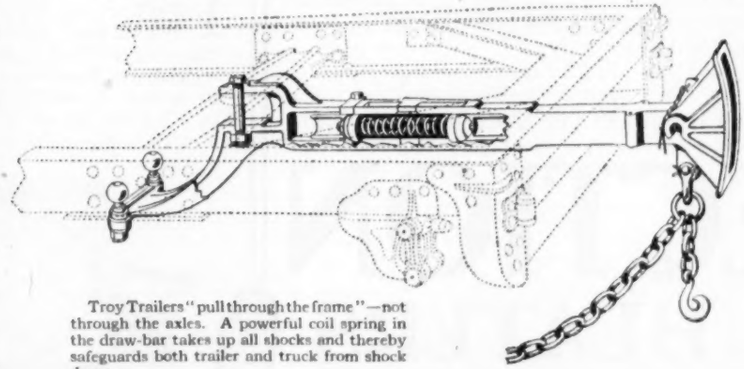


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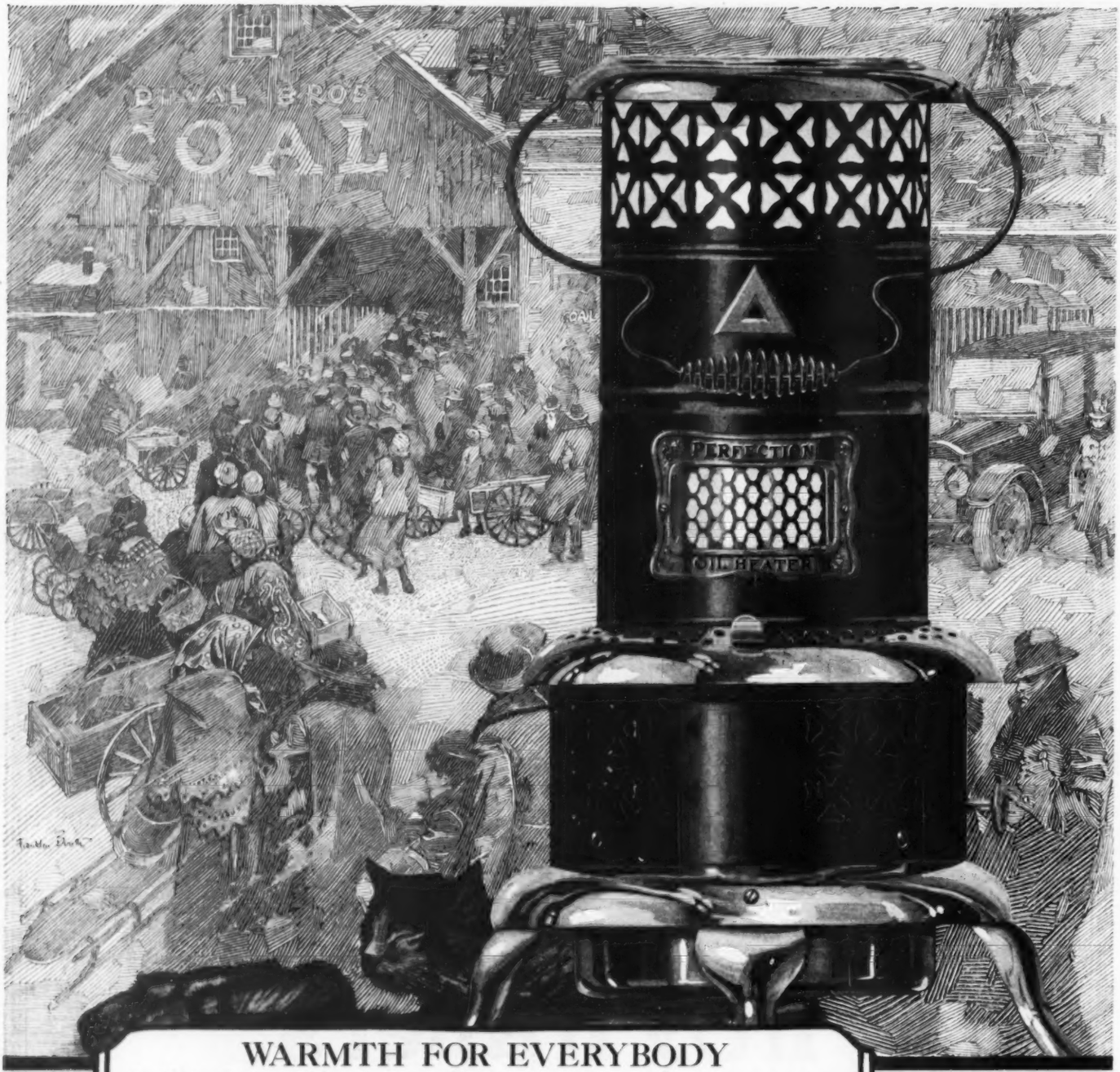
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THE SWEPT HEARTH

(Continued from Page 7)

personal reason is stronger than anything else—I'd become spiritually lazy. Evasive. Always found some good reason for ignoring realities. I'm headed for shoveling dirt and standing in cold listening posts. They're reality anyway. Louis, this stuff here, these skinny chairs —— Oh, come on! Try to get in on the next training camp. You'll either get kicked out or become human."

"My dear fellow, it's because I am human that I don't intend to become a brute, fighting other brutes for God knows what—I suppose he must; no one else does."

"All right, old son. But I'll wish this on you: You can't escape the war. You won't ever be able to forget it. Good-by."

Alert, very cheerful, Benny ambled out of the office.

It was that evening, with an unseasonable sleet storm sneering at his windows, that Louis Whitestone huddled by the swept hearth and tried to forget the world agony in pretty verses about caravans. It was that evening that he fled to Rhoda Eaton.

IV

MRS. EATON had left the octagonal drawing-room on the first floor of the old house on Columbia Heights in all its frigid inhospitality of white-marble mantel and black varnished fire screen, and made the library, on the second floor, the center of the house. With a couch and chairs upholstered in denim, with mirrors and roses and the intimacy of little prints and scattered signed photographs, she had made a room that was primarily to be lived in. It was not too dainty; Mrs. Eaton's negligées and high-heeled slippers and murmurs of excitement supplied the daintiness.

Louis felt that the war could not touch him here. But Rhoda Eaton did not. She mourned: "I suppose you will be going to war, too, and leave nobody to protect poor Rhoda and keep her from making a fool of herself."

She curled on the couch, tucked her flounces about her ankles, lighted a cigarette, threw it away and folded her hands appealingly. Louis patted her shoulder and assured her: "You can't lose me! I'll stay round and give you good advice whether you want me to or not."

He looked at her hungrily. The enervating scent that clung about her, the femininess of her petal-textured shoulders—were in such contrast to Benny Benson and the grim rows of men behind Benny Benson that warm mist seemed to rise and veil him from the cruelty of the war. He held her hand to his lips. The delicate pressure of her fingers stirred him. The terror of evasion melted within his heart. He wanted to weep. They were silent together, but between them like a spoken word was the aura of her presence, made up of white roses and murmurous laces and soft shining flesh—soft, soft, soothing; not corded and scaly and hard like the hands of fighting men.

He crossed her wrists, leaned his forehead against them and whispered: "Dear, I—I'm not a coward, but I don't want to kill. I just want to be let alone and allowed to make beautiful things, and be with you."

"You like to be with me?"

"It's only with you that I feel real!" He held her, a fragrant filmy ball, in his arms, and urged, not like the puttering timorous bachelor now, but boldly: "You're going to marry me! We'll make an island of sanity among these winter seas, an island where there are always an echo of flowers, and skies like a pearl, and you and me!"

"Yes, yes!" she sighed.

Her lips were close to his. He did not wonder—as in sterile cautious hours he had sometimes wondered—whether he was conquering or she stealthily binding him with the flounces of her petticoat.

Yet as he came ecstatically out of her house and marched down the streets, indifferent to the chilly rain, he was confused. She had promised to marry him; had talked of an exquisite little house among the hills of Long Island.

But he wanted to go on being triumphant. He wanted to conquer fear. He wanted to rush to Benny Benson and assert that he dared to enlist.

He did not know where Benny was staying. And in the rustling shelter of his apartment he was bound again by the swathing witchery of Rhoda's caress.

Beside the swept prim hearth he meditated: "I've conquered Nature now! I've put my affection for Rhoda between me and brute men. We two will be civilized while all the rest of the world turns back into howling jungle."

V

LOUIS WHITESTONE and Rhoda Eaton were married privately, but in a bower of white orchids. They wandered through cool and tranquil lanes of Arcadia in the late summer of 1917, and once, when they sat clasped in a twilight of mauve and citron sky, he told her his fancy that Nature is the foe behind all foes.

"Most people would think I was crazy. But I think most people are crazy themselves, to have wars and business rows and social cliques, when they ought to be banded together to keep back barbarism," he concluded.

"What wonderful theory—real philosophy!" she declared.

Her quivering admiration was delicious to him. She loved him demandingly, vividly. He was very happy.

When they chose a country place, between the hills and Long Island Sound, they inquired about snakes, about thundershowers, about sewers and public snowplows. They had a sleeping porch—inclosed by windows. They had an outdoor terrace—inclosed by windows, with a tiled roof and an enormous fireplace. They had a garden—inclosed by a gardener.

They smilingly confided to visitors: "Let's not talk of the war or religion or any of those dreadful emotional things. There's so much that's sweet in the world."

Louis felt that he was at last insulated and safe.

Rhoda's affection played about him like a delicate flame. She was unhappy when she didn't like the flowers, the music, the poetry that he liked. At times he felt enfeebled by her love; no longer was he laboriously attentive to business details. But it was a pleasant languor, like that of a sleepy bath in hot water. On holiday afternoons they motored sedately in a closed limousine or sat drowsily by open windows in the living room.

Louis had not seen Benny Benson again, but in October he heard from him. Benny was stationed at the training camp for recruits on Long Island.

He suggested that Louis come out and see him. They motored out, in the closed car, on a fine upstanding autumn afternoon. They wondered at the stretch of new frame buildings.

"Terribly crude! Don't see how people can live in a place like this," said Rhoda.

But Louis sniffed gratefully at the smell of new pine.

They found Benny training a squad in the use of a machine gun. Benny was eager and not very dignified about it. He squatted and twisted and almost stood on his head.

"Silly work!" said Rhoda.

But Louis did not hear her. He was trying to analyze the change in Benny—the new alertness, the new calm.

They walked for miles through the cantonment.

"I'm terribly dusty; and so tired," said Rhoda.

But Louis was drawing deep breaths of air and muttering: "Haven't been getting enough exercise lately."

They watched an aëroplane painted on the dome of the spacious sky.

"Frightfully dangerous," said Rhoda.

But Louis suddenly longed to have mastery of something besides perfumes and polished woods.

They rode home. They were silent for miles. Then Louis spoke out the things that were heckling him.

It is a rule of that interesting laboratory experiment in human life, the quarrel between man and wife, that a man will start by vaguely stating a wish to do something he doesn't really wish to do, and end by asserting bitterly that he longs, plans and intends to do it. Thereafter he has sometimes even been known to do it.

"I almost," said Louis, "wish I could spend a month or two in one of those camps. Be good for me. Setting-up exercises ——"

"My dear, don't talk to me about setting-up exercises. Didn't you see those recruits going through them? Monkey tricks!"

An Endless Chain of Food Delights

To Users of Bubble Grains



Three Puffed Grains with endless ways of serving

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, shaped like wheat grains, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size. It is toasted, flimsy, crisp and flaky. No equal dainty was ever made from wheat.

Puffed Rice is rice grains steam exploded in like way. It tastes like toasted nut meats puffed to airy shapes.

Corn Puffs is pellets of corn hearts, super-toasted, then puffed to raindrop size. They are fragile and exquisite globules, with a toasted corn flavor never before attained.

All Shot from Guns

All Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. They are sealed in guns, then rolled for an hour in a fearful heat. Then shot.

A hundred million steam explosions are thus caused in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted for easy digestion. Every atom feeds. So these are all scientific foods, better fitted for digestion than grain foods ever were before.

The more you serve the better it is for all. These are food joys that never need restriction.

Puffed Rice | Puffed Wheat | Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c—Except in Far West

These are more than breakfast dainties. See what they add to your fruit dish—what crust adds to shortcake, tarts or pies.

Serve them in every bowl of milk. War-time bread makes this doubly important. Use like nut meats on ice cream—scatter in your soups.

Crisp and lightly butter and you have food confections for children to eat dry.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1990)



Anchor Tops Keep the Home Cars Going

And Just When They're Needed Most!

"Don't lay up your car!" is now a national watchword. Because America's automobiles will have to do Trojan service this winter to conduct the nation's home affairs in the face of war-time transportation difficulties and the shortage of new cars.

Anchor Tops will keep thousands of open cars going all winter and transform them into handsome closed cars with cozy dome light, attractive whipcord lining and snug-fitting doors and windows. Their masterly coachwork is everywhere admired.

Our only trouble will be to supply enough at our low prices—orders positively must be placed early to assure delivery.

This is the time—*right now*—if you want to get rid of the everlasting bother of side curtains. They can't give the protection that women, children and elderly people need from the rain, snow, cold wind and dust. And side curtains don't make a car inviting for anyone to ride in or to look at.

Like a Custom-Made Body Sedan or Coupé

With the Anchor Top you can drive in style and comfort any time and any place. It is light-weight, rigid and fits on the regular body irons of the car. No overhanging, no rattling or squeaking.

Thirty years' experience in fine coach building makes Anchor Tops excel in durability, design and finish.

Write for Pictures and Prices

You'll never be content with any other top you've seen when you examine a genuine Anchor creation. So if you own a Buick, Overland, Oldsmobile, Oakland, Dodge, or Ford, don't fail to write us at once for prices, illustrated circular and the name of the Anchor dealer in your city.

Shipments move slowly these times. You can't be too early. Write today—and name your car and model.

THE ANCHOR TOP & BODY COMPANY

633-C South Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Fine Coach Builders For 30 Years

Sedan Anchor Top Coupé

Glass-Enclosed

"That isn't fair. You can't expect a man to look like a Greek dancer when he is developing the triceps or digging dirt."

"And I don't expect Greek dancers to be compelled to dig dirt."

"Somebody has to dig the dirt," he said crossly.

"We don't," she said much more crossly.

"Well, I'm tired of being an outsider. I suppose, matter of fact, I'd be scared to death flying an aëroplane, but I'd like to try to get myself to the point where I wouldn't be afraid."

"I thought we were going to shut out all this beastly war."

"Yes, but—hang it, I have half a mind to see about these training camps, some day."

They were home now, and with her arms about his neck she begged him not to leave her alone. He promised hastily and fervently—partly because in the face of her adoration he couldn't offend her, and partly because he wanted to escape from her.

He walked alone in the garden at dusk. He leaped a fence and tramped down to the shore of the Sound, tasting the salty air. Slowly it came to him that he was tired of eating sweets. As from the heart of the afterglow a thought was flashed to him—a revelation more crushing than any that had ever come to him in his life.

"Good God! Nature has got me! Not earthquake nor fire; but silky love. Nature the divinity with a sense of humor, watching me dodge her other powers, and then this deadly drugging! I'm gone. Just as much as a sailor on a wreck. Can—can I fight to shore?"

VI

LOUIS had always, except for a few months of frankness with Rhoda, led a life of secret plans and fears. He resumed it now. He was careful not to let Rhoda know the reason why he went up to the Manaquoi Hotel, in the Adirondacks, after the first snows. He said something vague about planning new decorations for the hotel, and he did not take her along.

The hotel hulks among the pines on the shore of wild Lake Manaquoi. It is famous for polite tobogganing, gentle skiing and discreet walks in shoveled paths, between the vast labors of breakfast, morning lunch, lunch, tea, dinner and supper. The less nice people have been known to go out and risk their limbs on the ski jumps of the farther hills, but this year most of the less nice people were in the Army.

On the first day Louis too walked in shoveled paths and gingerly skiied down dull slopes, strictly without jumping.

That evening the guests played a most diverting game of charades in the big foyer. But when a neat youth draped in a cretonne curtain was giving a female impersonation Louis slipped away. He crawled into mackinaw, toboggan cap and lumberman's rubber-footed boots. He tiptoed down the side hall past the foyer. For a second he peered in—had an impression of laughing girls, warm fire, strutting actors.

He stole to the side entrance and slowly opened the door. He shuddered at the edged wind, but it was stimulating after the pocket of stale air at the door. He walked to the edge of the long porch, passing chairs grotesquely turned over and covered with a thin varnish of snow, and looked down the valley, up to the iron sky. He felt larger than usual. His bulky wraps gave him a sensation of having thick muscles. He raced down the steps and started up the plowed path to the top of the hill behind the hotel.

It was a good path and the hotel lay just below him, with its protecting line of lights, but night seemed to come over him in waves of blackness. The silence crackled. He remembered stories of wolves that prowled unseen about Manaquoi. He fancied slinking forms beside him, keeping pace with him, waiting. He hoped that it had not been too hard a winter; that the wolves had been able to find food. He had to force himself to walk the two hundred yards to the top of the hill. He felt that if he could reach the top he would have conquered all fear forever. But when he did reach it, when he turned and saw the lights below, an icy bush clattered; and in a dizzy panic he ran down the path and leaped up the steps to the porch.

Bitterly he wished that he had remained on the hill, accustoming himself to the blackness and the cold. But he had failed.

He went quietly into the hotel; he passed the foyer without glancing at the players of charades; he went gravely to bed.

There was a shortage of labor at the hotel. Only a scanty stretch of the lake had been cleared for skating. Louis loudly suggested next morning that it would be good sport for the guests themselves to clear the snow. A few of them agreed, and Louis led them to the lake after the nine-o'clock stuffing known as breakfast.

His squad preferred brooms and sketchy sweeping, and even with this they quickly became bored; but all morning and part of the afternoon Louis solemnly worked with a scoop shovel two feet across. It was agony to lift the weight; it was irritating to go on working, never seeming to get nearer to the end of the task. He understood now why workmen are sometimes surly. He found himself cursing every scurfy roughness that caught the iron edge of the shovel, and hating the people who went sliding and left him to do their part.

But the physical labor was lulling his restlessness, making him content with cold and glaring surface of snow. He went to bed early, though the other guests urged him to dance.

He was lame the day after. His shoulder twinged as he wriggled into his mackinaw; his hips were so sore that he walked like an old man with rheumatism. But he sturdily limped down to the lake, and again he spent the day in a dull hoisting of shovels of snow. His arms were in pain.

He said a curious thing: "Pain—that's real!"

His fellow guests watching him labor were beginning to consider him an eccentric. The day after he sought to avoid them. He rose before dawn and without even a cup of coffee struggled out. He felt empty and more than a little ridiculous as he wabbled into the early morning wind. From the lake he looked back and remembered a Frederic Remington picture of a mining town by night as he saw the hotel long and low in the darkness, with one or two lit windows of a cheerful yellow. He began to shovel.

At the first of the dawn he made out a Norway pine standing out against the sky. In its long slender trunk, its pompon of foliage, it was more graceful than the slim bits of furniture over which he had been wont to hover with nervous tapping fingers. It was a tall banner of the enemy, Mother Nature, yet it seemed to be his own.

The sun leaped up; it lanced the dark masses of pine leaves, turned them to a revel of green and gold against a sky of virginal blue. Against that glowing sky the Norway pines were like tropic palmettos. Over his work Louis began to sing, loudly, crudely, happily.

On the fourth night he again walked up the hill path back of the hotel. He did not notice the rustling brush beside the path, except to think of it as the contented whisper of night. Nor did he stop and look back at the hotel when he gained the crest, but plunged down into dimmer forest beyond. The night seemed to clear; there was light hidden in the darkness; the drowning waves of blackness rolled back. He could make out bushes, the wan course of the cleared path and the lordly tops of two tall pines. A mile he walked, slapping his arms about him, discovering the deep joy of being alive.

That night he wrote to his wife, but he was indefinite about his return. While he wrote he thought of the skiing he was going to do the next day. He dreaded it; in detail he pictured taking out the skis, starting down too sharp a slope, falling, breaking his ankle, being carried back to the hotel. But he was so droway from his walk and his shoveling that he fell asleep instantly when he went to bed.

He led all the others out to the ski slides in the morning. The better ski men took a hill with a drop that seemed almost perpendicular. Louis wanted to follow them, but he could not get permission from his self. With a feeble "Rats! T-try it later," he sneaked away and slid down a safe and exceedingly stupid hillside. Again and again he heard himself telling himself that he must try the sharper slope; again and again the answer was "Rats! Try it later."

A lone ski man crossed the path of Louis' private slide, so that when Louis came down he found the smooth tracks broken. His ski twisted away from their straight parallel course. He began to fall. He wildly waved his arms as he felt himself going back, back, falling as slowly as in a dream. Then he was down in the snow, unhurt and laughing.

(Concluded on Page 85)

Elgin—

"Guiding Star of the Service"





TODAY our country's destiny hangs on tiny mechanisms. The huge ships of our Emergency Fleet, plowing the ocean's danger-lanes, are at the mercy of certain compact little timepieces which alone reveal a ship's position on the deep.

It is an interesting fact that these Elgins which guide our Emergency Fleet are not special watches. The Elgin in your own pocket may be twin-brother to the watch which—under the binnacle lamp, a thousand miles from land—is guiding this vast tonnage along the terror-haunted highways of the sea.

Elgins! tried and trusted companions of noble endeavor the wide world over! faithful comrades of a great Polar explorer—the reliance of government scientists in the pathless jungle—the official chronometer of our destroyers and torpedo boats.

Thousands of Elgins are used by the Government in the general work of our Navy—tens of thousands by our Signal Corps—and along that winding battle-line in France hundreds of thousands of Elgins are in hourly use by the fighting men of America and her gallant Allies—

—a war essential of the first rank.



Streamline Pendant Patented

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is milled by over 1,400 American Midget Marvel Mills throughout the United States, milling the wheat in the community where it is grown.

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Our Government Asks

that we use home products. When you use **FLavo FLour** you are complying with this request. It has unusual strength, and on account of its new process of milling, retains most of the essential oils in which resides the flavor of the wheat berry.

Bread made from **FLavo FLour** is incomparable in flavor and retaining moisture.

If **FLavo** is not yet made in your community, then buy your best home-milled brand. You will be boosting home industry and helping your country.

A New Milling Process

FLavo FLour is made exclusively on the wonderful, new, patented, self-contained American Midget Marvel Roller Mill. The very latest improvement in milling. It is a beautiful machine, so simplified that anyone without previous milling knowledge, and with comparatively small capital can establish and operate it, and manufacture **FLavo FLour** successfully in any community. Built in seven sizes—from 15 to 100 barrel daily capacity.

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Our Service Department starts you with selling plans, acts as your constant guide, and inspects the samples of your product each month, thus keeping your flour up to our high standard. We virtually assure your success.

You Should Be Interested

in this proposition from the standpoint of helping your community establish a flour mill or owning for yourself this clean, profitable and important business. Write today for "The Story of a Wonderful Flour Mill" and full particulars.

"Help Win the War"

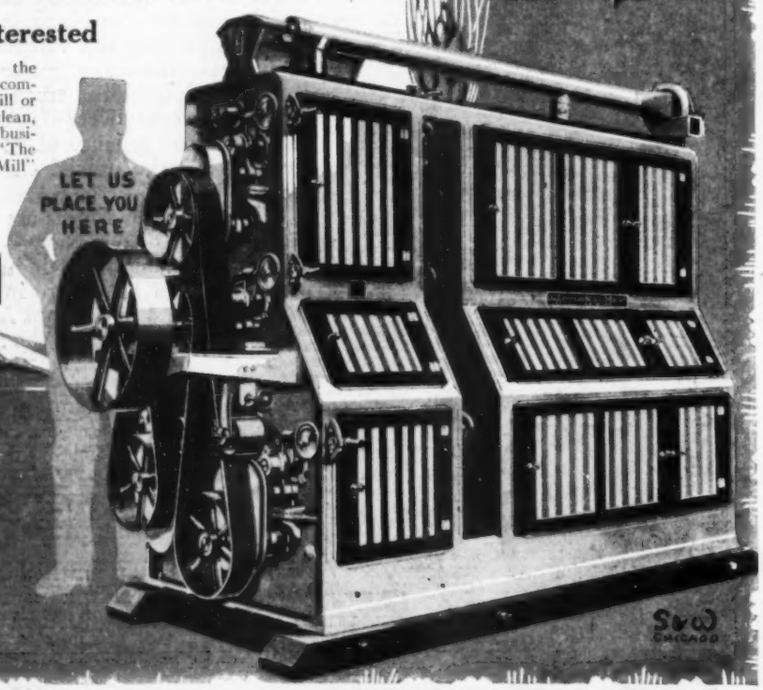
During the period of the War, we will not sell an American Midget Marvel Mill unless its purpose is to supply the local needs of a community, or our Government, with flour and feed.

Wheat Producers

Go at once to your nearest local mill and sign the Patriotic Honor Roll of the Community Millers Association which you will find there. Show your patriotism and back up the boys at the front by agreeing to plant a given number of additional acres of wheat for the 1919 harvest

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On account of its strength, you can use more flour substitutes with "Flavo". Its nut-like flavor will predominate



ANGLO-AMERICAN MILL CO.
2-33 TRUST BLDG.
OWENSBORO, KY.

(Concluded from Page 82)

Five minutes later he was soaring down the steeper hill, his soul leaping forward to meet the drop that rushed up at him.

VII

THE big blizzard struck Manaquoi Lake after Louis had spent two weeks at the hotel. He went to bed in a gray cloudiness; he rose to flying snow. In the warm breakfast room he had the feeling of Christmas Day. As a boy he had seen the writhing gusts of a blizzard as a rout of gray witches sent by Mother Nature to snatch him away. Now he glowed over the strength and cloudy splendor of the storm.

He casually told himself over his second cup of coffee: "This is the time to try it."

The other guests settled by the foyer fireplace, but Louis went to the steward and asked for a lunch of corn pone and cold roast beef. When he came into the foyer in mackinaw and boots the others cried: "You aren't going out into this storm? Why, you'll get lost! You're crazy!"

He had a moment of dread when he stood on the porch. Even in that sheltered spot he was battered by the gale. Mother Nature was roused to hatred of man. She was trying to smash the hotel, to cover the cowering people with drifted snow.

Louis slowly followed the once plowed path. It was drifting full, and in twenty yards he lost it. He turned toward the deeper forest. He had to trudge ahead inch by inch, his head down, his face covered by a knitted muffler. Even so, the needles of snow stung his eyes. He panted like a man smothering. His muffler was covered with ice before his mouth. The world was lost in a confused roar.

He realized that he did not know where he was. He was afraid. It had come. He was lost. He turned and ran. For a time he could see nothing except the fog of snow. He came to a familiar signpost and made out a faint ridge indicating the edge of an old path. If he followed that he might get back. He stood irresolute.

Abruptly he put his back to the sign and struggled on toward the woods. He stopped in the shelter of a hemlock to catch his breath, and reflected:

"I did keep myself from quitting! I'm ready for the test. I can't fight against Mother Nature, but I can fight with her. I'll come back to the hotel with my fear gone or"—the wind shrieked a fury of threats—"or never come back."

He left the tree. The voice of the storm was lustier than ever, but it seemed less cruel now as it welcomed him, and his bulky figure disappeared into the gray whirlpool.

VIII

PRIVATE LOUIS WHITESTONE had dirt in his eyes, in his hair, in his ears; his bristly cheeks were smeared; and he was as glad as any other small boy to be allowed to be dirty. His back ached, and his right ear looked rather queer—as it had ever since the day of the blizzard at Lake Manaquoi, when he had at last dropped, feebly dug into a snow bank, and lain there for three hours.

Private Whitestone was digging in a trench and talking to Corporal Foley, soldier of fortune.

"When the war is over," said Private Whitestone, "you come in to me and I'll give you a job."

"All right," said Corporal Foley. "You're a good lad. And now that I've taught you to use your fists I bet you get some discipline in your office."

"Say! I never thought about it before, but my bookkeeper used to be darn impertinent to me. First thing I'll do when I get back, I'll give him a chance to get fresh and then I'll just naturally half kill him. I reckon I won't be scared ——"

A sound overhead grew from a hissing whine into a roar that was followed by a crash as though the earth had cracked to the center. It was Private Whitestone's first shell.

"B-b-b ——" he stammered. He looked longingly at the corporal, who smiled anxiously. Then for the first time in his life—to the first real comrade he had ever had—Louis confessed the shame of his soul. "I am scared!" he groaned.

"Gee-ee, s-so am I! Can't get over it. Always am, at them dog-gone things!" sighed the corporal.

Louis gaped. "You too?"

"Why, sure! Same with every soldier. Why, once I overheard Raoul Lufberry telling a fellow how scared he's been in his aëroplane sometimes. That isn't being a coward. Being a coward is being scared of being scared."

Louis Whitestone stretched out his arms. He rubbed his dirty cheeks with satisfaction. He waded into the digging—as dirty, as much a part of the dirt as a lump of gravel. He was seeing a new philosophy of man always overcome by Nature, and always laughing at her victories.

But he expressed the depths of his new philosophy only by chuckling: "Gee, I feel fine!"

THE ZERO HOUR

(Continued from Page 9)

screen obscured their objectives—the line of trenches on the opposite ridge, the villages of X and Z, and a dense wood between.

"Say," exclaimed Wally, "you'd think them guys was on parade!"

They were, in fact, doing it much better than at the rehearsal of the attack the previous Thursday. But the advance was not nearly so even as it looked to an observer a long way off. To the men on their left, Wally's company appeared to be maintaining a very creditable formation, whereas they were getting badly mixed up—the second wave was crowding on the heels of the first, and they waded kneedeep through grain and clover.

"Hey, what the Sam Hill!" Wally bellowed, on discovering comrades trying to horn in beside him who ought to have been many yards in rear. "Get back where you belong!"

They were all pressing dangerously close to their own barrage. A shell hit directly in front, and he instinctively threw up his arm to ward off the explosion, but luckily it was a dud. Wally immediately slowed down; he had no ambition to be bumped off by the shorts of our own fire.

Machine guns were sputtering on every side. One battalion of them fired two hundred thousand rounds as a barrage for Wally's regiment.

His company was now veering to the left to close up a gap due to the adjoining company's failure to hold its alignment; but they had barely started the movement when the backward company changed course to the right, with the result that the two bodies of men bunched up considerably. A moment, and they were straightened out again, but a captain and four lieutenants had by that time lost the last vestiges of their religion.

And then there came a pause. Either their eagerness had driven them forward too fast or the barrage had momentarily halted because a portion of the front line stuck their noses in it. So everybody stopped.

Wally found himself near a shell hole and dropped into it. He found Slum there, and three other men.

Slum produced a cake of chocolate, which they ate. Between mouthfuls they lit cigarettes and smoked comfortably.

Trench-mortar bombs were whirling over their heads toward X. Their flight could be plainly followed. Whuh-wheesh! Whuh-wheesh! They sailed slowly above the village and seemed to poise in midair as though searching for their targets. Then down they swooped like hawks on their prey; followed terrific explosions and showers of stone and tile and dirt.

"Look at that guy, will you? Maybe he ain't got nerve!" cried Slum, pointing upward.

A solitary aëroplane was skimming over the German positions, not more than three hundred feet above the trenches. He dipped and darted, sped over X and back, circled so close above the enemy heads that it was a marvel how he escaped the American shells raining there; then climbed for a wider view, and headed back with instructions for the artillery. The men in the shell hole could see two other airmen going through a similar performance far away on their left.

They had now to scramble out and resume the advance, for the line was moving forward once more. Wally then noted, for the first time, that signal-corps men were stringing telephone wires along the ground; keeping pace with the charge; and he marveled.

EVEREADY
MILITARY DAYLO



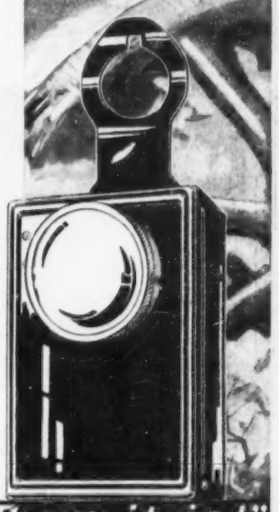
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HERE it is—the new Military DAYLO. Wear it on a button of your coat or shirt or fasten it on your belt. Hang it up or stand it up. Carry it if you wish. A more practical, business-like lamp you never saw. And it lends itself to all sorts of uses, from providing light for reading, writing or shaving to acting as your bodyguard in darkness.

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During September, Eveready dealers from coast to coast will display and demonstrate this light. Don't let "him" go without one—more useful than any other comfort in camp or "over there."



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Next, he caught a glimpse of a couple of tanks through the smoke. They were nosing here and there in a small orchard, for all the world like moles. One lumbered straight toward X. Suddenly it stopped, whirled about with jerky, awkward speed, and bore down on a tree it had just passed.

From the tree came a steady, vicious spurt of flame. One of the tank's machine guns opened on it at a distance of about twenty feet and silenced the boche gunners forever. Then it turned clumsily in its own length and resumed its interrupted progress.

The other came rolling out of the orchard and crushed into a wheat field; a harassing fire from a corner of this patch had been holding up a company farther along the line. The Germans had a machine-gun nest there, contrived of some short trenches, with concrete shelters for the crew. Letting fly with its one-pounder as it advanced, the tank careened toward the foe like a ship in a heavy swell. It simply rode over the nest, flattening out the shelters, and shooting up the enemy who held the position.

Wally's platoon was now going through the enemy wire and he had to watch his step. The barbed strands were lying about in loose skeins. In places wire and posts had been flattened by the tanks and driven into the ground. The whole area was pitted with holes; hardly a foot of it remained unbroken by shells.

Inside the Ruined Town

So far not a man had been lost in his platoon. Some distance to the right there had been a feeble response from a few enemy batteries, but it had been directed against the front trenches of a battalion which was not engaged in the attack. The American bombardment appeared to have absolutely paralyzed the German artillery commanding this sector.

But now a six-inch came screaming straight toward them. Wally had no time to throw himself flat, even had he been so minded. It burst about ten yards from him and two men were wiped out before his eyes. God, how they were torn!

Yet the sight left him unshaken. He went on, leaving the twisted bodies sprawled on the ground. The only thing he could see was their objective, now close at hand; the only thing he could think of was the enemy. He was quivering to get at him. His mouth was open and he was panting as though after a hard run. The hands that gripped his rifle showed white round the knuckles.

Suddenly machine-gun bullets began cracking above him and he could hear them singing like tuning forks all round. A soldier some paces in front leaped into the air and fell forward on his face. Another wavered, came to a halt and slowly crumpled up, his hands clutching at his stomach.

Now they were in the village. The barrage had lifted and moved on. There was nothing between them and the enemy.

What a sight met his eyes! X was a smoking, reeking slag heap. Wally could hardly discern where the street had been. Broken stone and concrete, smashed tile and torn sheet iron, rafters and splintered wood—littered the ground. And from the piles of smoldering débris eddied wisps of smoke. His nostrils were stung by the rancid odor of chemicals.

Where the church had reared its tall spire lay mounds of broken stones and tile and dirt, with jagged ends of walls showing above. The gaunt skeletons of several houses still stood, but the roofs were gone and there were gaping holes in their sides. By a curious freak of fortune the estaminet had escaped destruction and its faded sign of a white horse creaked in the morning breeze.

A tank appeared from nowhere, as is their wont, and lumbered solemnly up the street, crawling over the heaps of débris like a huge caterpillar. It kept up a furious machine-gun fire at the mouths of openings which showed amid the ruins—the entrances to the enemy dugouts. And then it swerved and as solemnly departed elsewhere.

Toward these openings the Americans charged with yells. They were the first to which they had given voice since the battle opened.

The flame-throwers ran ahead, legging it for dear life. With their projectors ready they stationed themselves at the dugout entrances and shot the withering fire down the steps. Meanwhile hand-grenade men were busy in front of other refuges. They tossed grenades into dugouts; they bombed every likely looking hole they discovered. It became an orgie of detonations.

Out from the ruins and caves crawled dusty, dirty, forlorn figures of men. Without weapons, some of them bareheaded, they raised their hands high and ran tremblingly toward the Americans, bleating "Kamarad! Kamarad!"

A score or more emerged from a dugout which the flame-projectors had been spraying. They were singed and their faces and necks were covered with a sort of soot, but they came with rifles in hand, and fighting. The Americans waited until a short twenty yards intervened and then let fly. Three of the boches survived to surrender.

Wally espied a big blond German sneaking on his hands and knees through the ruins of a house, as though to make his escape out of the village. He yelled at him. The boche replied by leaping to his feet and fleeing. He held in his hand a peculiar-looking object on a stick, resembling an old-fashioned potato masher.

Wally kept his eye on that stick as he stumbled along in pursuit, for he knew what it was. Why he did not stop and shoot the boche I cannot say, but he had started out with the intention of bayoneting him, and bayoneting was still uppermost in his mind. He had one of those single-track brains. Soldiers frequently do that; they will chase an enemy hundreds of yards to finish him with the steel when an easy shot might bring him down.

The chase led over piles of débris, round blasted walls and along a caved-in trench. Twice Wally tripped and nearly fell, but he managed to keep close to his victim. Suddenly, just as he neared the corner of a ruined house, the boche flung the stick. Wally ducked behind a wall and escaped injury from the bomb, but he was madder than ever now. He would get that Heinie if he chased him clear to the Rhine.

Round the corner of the house, and there was the boche, walking, as though satisfied his enemy had been disposed of by the potato masher. Wally let out a blood-curdling yell and rushed on him. One frightened glance over his shoulder and the big German tried to dodge, but it was too late.

"Ah-ah-ah!" He gave vent to a long, quavering sigh and sagged forward. Wally freed his point and went on.

When Wally Played it Safe

As he neared the edge of the village a group of the enemy appeared abruptly in the road, advancing in skirmish order. Wally dropped to the ground behind the top of a well and opened fire. He had pulled three or four times when he became conscious of somebody standing over him, and glanced up. A boche had his rifle raised, ready to drive the bayonet home.

Before either of them could move there came a flash close to the German's chest and he dropped, falling across Wally. The latter shoved him off and looked to see who had helped him. It was Slum.

"Get down!" croaked Wally.

The two lay side by side and peered round the well top to see what the enemy were doing. One of the boches approached cautiously toward them with a handkerchief tied to his bayonet. It was the signal of surrender, but his comrades followed not far behind, and they all carried weapons.

Wally and Slum did not even hesitate. There were fully a dozen of the enemy and neither of the two liked the look of the situation. Sighting carefully they fired; and they kept on firing.

"What the mischief did you shoot 'em all for?" demanded an officer a little later. "They wanted to give themselves up, didn't they?"

"Well, sir, I didn't have no confidence in skirmish order," Wally replied.

Of the eight hundred Germans who held the village not more than seventy-five really showed fight. All the others fell over themselves in eagerness to surrender.

Nearly the same thing happened at every other point of attack. The Americans leaped down into the trenches with yells, and the majority of the boches who remained alive came running to give themselves up and save their lives. The village of Z fell as easily as X; only in an adjoining cemetery and in the wood between the two villages did the attackers meet with stiff resistance. At those points the fighting became hand-to-hand, but the Americans cleaned them up.

They cleaned up X in less than twenty minutes. Their orders were to organize a

(Continued on Page 89)

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Remember these things when you see The E. S. B. Co. Giant. Remember that that Giant is symbolic not only of the **"Exide"** Battery but of The E. S. B. Co. itself—the oldest and largest maker of storage batteries in America, the company that makes storage batteries for every storage battery purpose.

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BATTERY "Exide" SERVICE

Our nearest sales office will send you practical storage battery bulletins on request



(Continued from Page 86)

new line about half a mile beyond. They left behind them some machine-gun units, sweating in their haste to set up nests amid the ruins. Signal-corps men were already laying wires and installing telephones. An intelligence officer arrived hotfoot from an observation post, rang up division headquarters from captured X, and reported everything had been carried out according to schedule.

"Like a dress rehearsal," he shouted into the phone. "Right on the dot!"

"Fine!" said his chief. "Where are they now?"

"They're up ahead, digging in. And they're diggin' like merry hell too."

The infantry were certainly making the dirt fly. The average doughboy hates the sight of a pick and shovel, and usually handles one as though he had all year to do the job; but this was different. The enemy artillery observers might locate them any moment, and then a deluge of high explosive and shrapnel. No wonder they grunted with fervor as they wielded the picks! A shallow trench might stand between them and annihilation, so they went to it to link up the shell holes.

Wally and Slum labored with the others of their platoon. They were now talking loudly and boastfully, drunk with triumph. Crossing the fields from X to their new positions the pair had rushed with savage shouts at every bush or other object that might serve as a hiding place, in the hope of catching some of the enemy.

A corporal listened to them a space. "Another of these fightin' units," he jeered. "Hey, you two—cut out that bunk and do more diggin'."

Engineers were out in front, putting up wire entanglements at a run. An aëroplane appeared suddenly over their heads. All glanced up and Wally waved his hand. Good old birdman!—he was surely a bear-cat.

The next moment he was diving for cover, because the airman swooped low and turned loose a machine gun on them. A crackling fire from rifles all along the line, and the boche soared upward. High in air, he began to circle. He was sending the range to his artillery.

"Boy howdy, but we'll get it now!" exclaimed Wally in a scared voice.

Drinks on the House

"Why the devil don't they drive him back?" raved the lieutenant. "Where's our air protection? If we let him stay up there they'll shell us to smithereens!"

But no aëroplanes appeared to tackle the enemy scout. A group of machine guns went after him with a barrage, but he was too high to be reached, and next moment the boche shells were bursting near them.

Almost the first one that fell got Wally through the right arm. A splinter broke the bone and tore the muscles, but it did not lay him out and he could walk. A comrade made a tourniquet for him.

"All right. Beat it," said the lieutenant. "And say—tell 'em to get some water and chow up here quick."

He could not get away fast enough. They had lost comparatively few men in the actual attack; their losses would come now, as he knew, for the German batteries were no longer paralyzed. And the heaviest losses are always sustained in beating off counter attacks.

As he trudged across the fields toward X he looked back. The enemy bombardment was kicking up the dirt all along our new positions. But what had happened? The Americans were pouring a hot rifle fire at something. Dimly through the smoke he descried a thin line of Germans debouching from a tiny wood that topped a hill a few hundred yards beyond our infantry. As he watched they wavered, came on again; wavered a second time, and broke. The wood and fields of grain swallowed up the survivors. The first attempt at a counter attack had been squelched.

Entering the outskirts of X he was passed by a runner, carrying a message from the battalion commander to regimental headquarters.

"Hey, buddy," cried Wally, "what's your hurry? Got a cigarette?"

"You go plumb to," replied the runner calmly, and kept on his way at a dogtrot. His face was smeared with blood from a wound in the forehead where a bullet had creased him, but he seemed unmindful of it. Of all the participants in a battle the runners have most need of iron nerve.

But Wally got a friendlier reception in the village. There he encountered some kindred souls, belonging to the signal corps, who had found a barrel of old cider in the cellar of the estaminet and were engaged in making sure it should not be wasted. They invited him to have one, and he said he wouldn't mind if he did. Shells were falling in the place, but nobody appeared to notice them. Having drunk happy days five or six times Wally remembered about his wound and apologized for leaving, but he had a date at a dressing station farther back. So he walked out, pulled down his blouse, sneered scornfully in the general direction of the German lines, and headed for the rear.

The World by the Tail

A proud man was Wally. He felt he had done well in the fight, and he had come through with his life—for of course he wouldn't be hit again. When the average soldier receives a wound he figures that further precautions are needless for that day. There was just one fly in Wally's ointment—he wanted somebody to talk to, somebody whom he could tell all about it.

Presently three stretcher bearers entered the road ahead, from the fields to the right. They were carrying a doughboy with a bullet in his stomach. He was very pale and wore the look of a man who has given up the fight, but he made no sound. They laid down their burden and asked Wally to give them a hand, but he explained that his own injury forbade. Fortunately an M. P. happened along at that moment and volunteered to help.

Farther along he saw more stretcher bearers picking up wounded in the valley they had traversed in the charge. A party of them lifted a man out of a shell hole and proceeded toward a tree at the roadside, where an ambulance was waiting. When about ten paces from the tree a shell crumped squarely in their midst. Two of them were blown high in the air; one of the two was left hanging limply from a limb of the tree, fifteen feet above ground.

Wally could discern no trace of the stretcher. The ambulance remained standing, but the top was badly mauled. He hurried forward to render what assistance he could, but nothing could be done. Not one of the party was alive. The ambulance driver escaped with a stone bruise on the chin and a severe shock. He merely remarked that it was a bad business, this one of risking four whole men on a chance of rescuing one injured, but showed no disposition to quit his post. At Wally's suggestion he moved his machine to what seemed to be a less exposed spot, and there he waited for the next load.

Wally continued on his way. He passed a medico hurrying toward X to establish a dressing station, and shortly afterward met the chaplain of his own regiment, out to administer consolation to the dying. Some chaplains go into battle.

"Well?" queried the chaplain. "How's the fight?"

"There's nothing to it," answered Wally. "We got the world by the tail, with a downhill pull."

The reverend gentleman nodded as though the situation was now perfectly clear, and bade Wally good-by.

"I'd keep off the road, padre," Wally called after him.

He felt a genuine affection for the chaplain and had borrowed money from him many a time after bad sessions with the dice.

The road wound upward over the ridge down which they had come at dawn. Was it only a few hours since he had descended that slope? He seemed to have lived a crowded lifetime since then.

Just as he reached the top of the ridge the boche artillery started to bombard it, pounding our old front lines—why, heaven knows. They were hours late at that business. A couple of shells whistled close to Wally and he immediately decided that the open road was no place for a stroll. He ducked into a trench at the right, seeking shelter, and stumbled over a soldier lying in it.

"What's the matter, buddy?" he demanded. "What you doing here?"

The other gurgled something, and blood welled from his lips. He was shot through the throat.

"Water," he managed to gasp.

Wally gave him his canteen, and the wounded man drank deeply. Suddenly Wally recognized him. He was an Italian and belonged to his own platoon. Formerly he had been a bootblack in Boston.

WHEN TO SMOKE

If you smoke 6 cigars a day—
Smoke 1 at 10:30 A. M.
3 from 1 P. M. (after meal) to 5 P. M.
2 from 7 P. M. (after meal) to 10 P. M.

If you smoke 5 cigars a day—
Smoke 1 at 10:30 A. M.
2 from 1 P. M. (after meal) to 5 P. M.
2 from 7 P. M. (after meal) to 10 P. M.

If you smoke 4 cigars a day—
Smoke 1 at 10:30 A. M.
1 at 1 P. M. (after meal).
1 at 4:30 P. M.
1 at 7 P. M. (after meal).

If you smoke 3 cigars a day—
Smoke none in the morning.
1 at 1 P. M. (after meal).
1 at 4:30 P. M.
1 at 7 P. M. (after meal).

If you smoke 2 cigars a day—
Smoke 1 at 1 P. M. (after meal).
1 at 7 P. M. (after meal).

If you smoke 1 cigar a day—
Smoke it after your heavy meal.

(1) Don't smoke continuously.
(2) —nor immediately before meals.
(3) —nor immediately before retiring.
(4) Always smoke slowly; it increases your enjoyment and is better for you.
(5) ***Never smoke the heavy, oily type of cigar at any time.***

A good many cigar smokers smoke the wrong kind of cigar. A good many smoke at the wrong times of day. Some men do both. If smoking makes you nervous, it is most likely due to these practices. To help men smoke at the ***right*** time of day and to smoke the ***right*** kind of cigar, we have prepared the above suggestions. Keep them handy, and follow them as closely as you can.

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Having drunk the Italian lay back and closed his eyes. The canteen was now empty. A shell struck the parapet a scant five yards from the pair, showering them with dirt. Another barely cleared the trench, exploding just beyond. As they cowered down a third sent the earth tumbling from the wall of the trench on top of them.

"We'd best beat it from here, Old Timer," said Wally.

But the other shook his head, so they lay there and waited for the strafing to cease.

In about half an hour the firing died down.

"Can you walk?"

The Italian intimated that he could not.

"And I can't carry you," said Wally. "I tell you what—I'll go on and send for you. Will you be O. K. for half an hour?"

The wounded man's eyes grew big with apprehension over being left alone, but he nodded; and Wally made his way out of the trench. He hadn't gone a hundred yards before he encountered some stretcher bearers, whom he led to the spot. They raised the Italian and started back up the road, Wally following with the extra rifle.

The Souvenir Hunt

The enemy had now begun counter-battery work and the shells were screaming overhead toward the American gun positions in rear. They walked past a leafy bower in the middle of a clump of trees and Wally nearly jumped out of his skin, for without warning a jet of flame burst from it and his eardrums tingled to the tearing crash of a gun. The Americans had a battery of 75's concealed under a green screen of camouflage.

Wally parted from the party when they arrived at a line of ambulances waiting beside the road in lee of a steep bank. Every time a machine came back from the Front with a load another would leave the line and speed toward X.

"Well, so long, Old Timer," he said to the Italian, and then to a driver who was watching them: "I tell you what—some of these wops have sure got the guts. They're fightin' fools."

About a mile from division headquarters he ran into a strange procession at a cross-roads. It consisted of forty-odd prisoners, under escort of four M. P.'s. They were moving along dejectedly in column of twos.

He stopped to look them over. Seldom had he seen such a forlorn bunch of soldiers. They slouched along as though all in. Nearly all were pallid with the pallor of underground life; every man of them was dirty and covered with dust. The faces and necks of a few were black with a sort of soot; two had slight wounds in the head. Their uniforms were faded and stained; none of them fitted. Only their shoes seemed new. They trudged along with drooping shoulders, their expression resigned, even lethargic.

Wally sized them up and felt a great scorn. He had always pictured the boche as a big, strapping fellow—strong, alert and soldierly. But there wasn't one in this batch that he couldn't have whipped with one hand tied behind his back. They were a poor weedy crowd.

One lagged behind the others.

"Hey, step lively there," Wally ordered, though it was none of his affair.

The prisoner threw him a contemptuous, venomous glance, and fell back a few paces more.

"I'm an officer," he announced in perfect English. "You have no right to make me march with these."

"I ain't, hey?" cried Wally, stepping behind him with his bayonet. "Get in there and walk with your betters! Get a move on now, before I let you have it."

Marching up the road they met a poilu, who stepped out from a wayside shelter and shouted at them. "The Americans—they won't fight—*hein?* What do you think of them now? We will get you. Bah! The pigs!" And he spat violently on the ground.

But Wally sidled up to one of the M. P.'s, exhibiting his wounded arm as credentials. Ordinarily he avoided "goldbricks," as the doughboys call the military police, making wide detours when he saw one, but this was quite another situation.

"Say, buddy," he whispered ingratiatingly, "how about getting a few souvenirs? Hey? I just got to get me a few souvenirs."

"All right," the M. P. assented. "I've got mine. But grab 'em quick, else there won't be none left soon."

Without further parley Wally approached the line and signified by signs that he would fain possess certain articles a prisoner wore upon his person. The prisoner eagerly pressed them into his hands. Amid the loot was a five-mark note. For some reason he could not have explained, Wally thrust a five-franc note into the boche's hands in exchange. Then he fell in beside the column, and they went on toward headquarters.

The M. P. had advised him well. Long before they arrived soldiers from the village met them on the road, all of them seeking souvenirs, so that when the prisoners were turned into the pen built for their reception in a grove back of the château where the headquarters staff hived there wasn't a helmet or belt or button among them.

Gone, also, were their watches and other trinkets. They still had most of their money, and their letters, and odd pieces of twine; neither had the doughboys disturbed the big hunks of black bread some of them carried; but all else was gone—*fini*.

"You see in what wretched shape they are," a colonel pointed out to a major. "It just confirms what I've said all along—the Germans are short of nearly everything."

As for Wally he stayed only long enough to see his particular batch safely behind the tall wire fences. The pen was divided into several sections—one for officers, another for Alsatians and men from Lorraine, a third for noncoms. Wally had the satisfaction of holding the door open for the officer with the venomous eye, and tarried awhile to gloat. The officer leaned his back against a tree and calmly stared Wally out of countenance. Never was there anything to equal the insolence of his bearing.

"Dog-gone you," exclaimed Wally, furious with himself for blinking, "if I had you out somewheres all by myself I'd beat the whey out of you!"

Still as Wax-Works

Inspection and examination of prisoners was now going forward. A French sergeant stepped into the pen and barked at the boches in their own tongue. There were, perhaps, three hundred of them. They sprang to attention.

The Frenchman thereupon went out on some other business and forgot all about them for twenty minutes.

Wally stared, fascinated. Never had he seen such discipline. They gazed straight ahead at a point in the air; not a muscle moved; not an eyelash flickered; he could not be sure that they breathed. And he had been despising them as soldiers! Abruptly he realized how the boches had achieved their military successes. Nothing but generations of training could produce automatons like these.

For twenty minutes they stood thus, and then the Frenchman returned. Wally skipped and went to a dressing station. His wound was beginning to throb.

That night, round sundown, he lay on a cot in a big tent twenty kilometers back of the line. His arm was in a cast, and he was rather sick; yet a remnant of the wild elation of that wonderful day remained.

There entered a doctor of the field hospital staff. He grinned at Wally as he was passing, and then stopped.

"Well, how did it feel going over the top for the first time?" he inquired, just for something to say.

"Shucks, I never batted an eye! The waiting's the worst. But I wasn't scared, you might say."

"No? Well, you boys did a fine job, anyhow."

"Fine job? Why, doc," said Wally earnestly, "if they'd of stuck a coupla regiments behind us we'd of been goin' yet."



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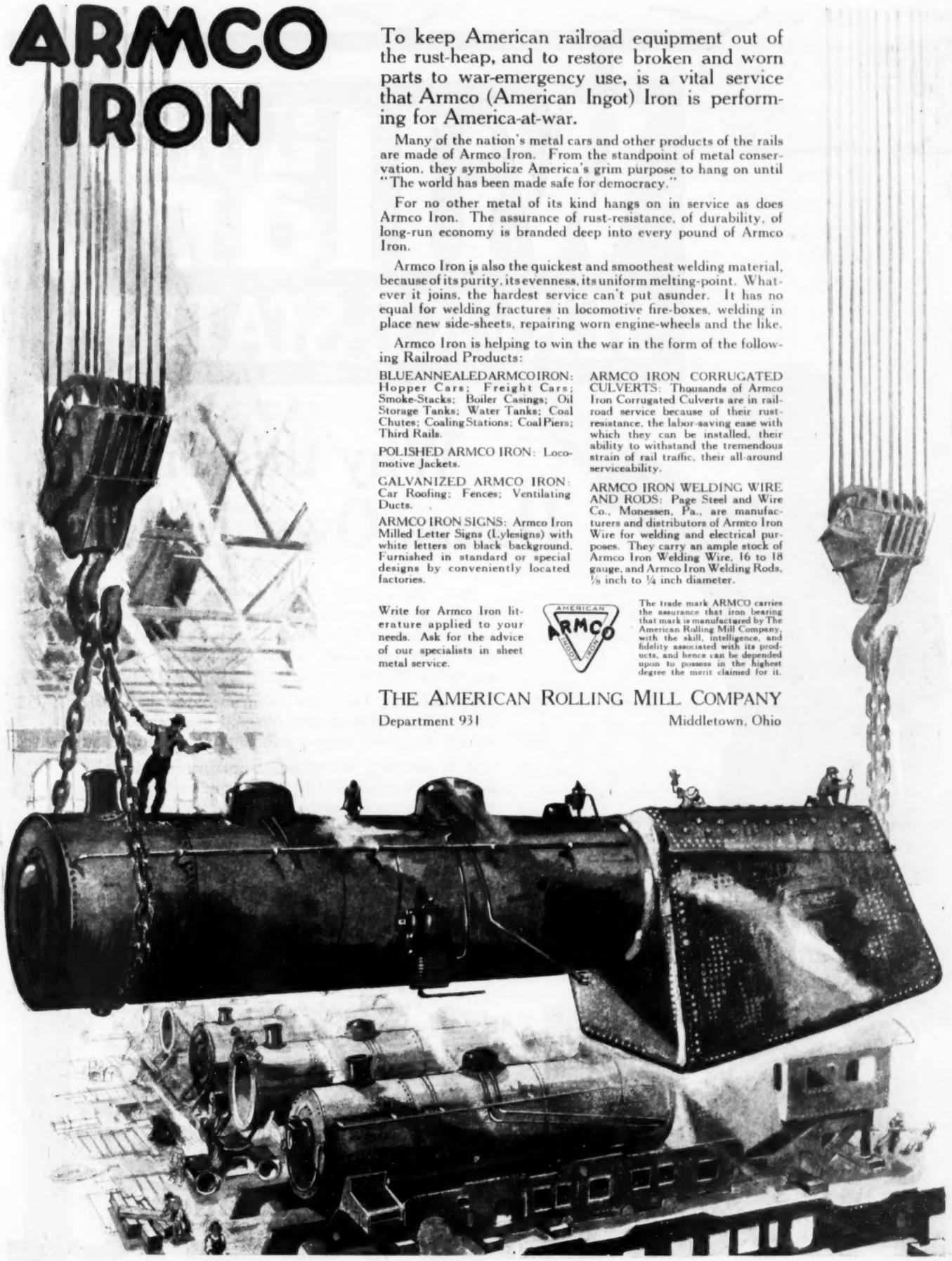
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THE WHITE HORSE AND THE RED-HAIRED GIRL

(Continued from Page 19)

"Do you really think," Peggy laughed, "that you are more frank than I am?"

Yvonne smiled.

"Do you think that Geoffrey is frank?" she asked.

Peggy looked into her eyes. Yvonne's dropped.

"He tells me everything," Peggy answered, with a significant stress on the last word. But the only response was a demure shake of the head.

Within ten minutes Peggy was brushing Yvonne's long dark hair, silky fine, and listening to a pitiful story.

Otto von Schmiedell, it appeared, had lived for a time in Antwerp, and had been the intimate friend of Yvonne's brother and all but engaged to Yvonne.

"I was fond of him," Yvonne said. "His family, in Berlin, were pleased. Jaques was happy about it. Otto went suddenly in July; called to Berlin, he said. He would be back soon, he told us. He knew then, I think, how he was coming back."

She told how one October day, shortly after the city had surrendered, Madame von Stilen had come, crying. Her husband, a lifelong friend of Yvonne's dead father, short-tempered through ill-health, had been goaded into uttering defiant truths and was to be sent a prisoner to Germany. Yvonne might save him.

There was a chance. Herr von Schmiedell had come. Herr von Stilen had seen him at headquarters, a private secretary, treated almost as a son. Surely Yvonne would beg, implore! . . . Yvonne, astonished, indignant, had reminded her of a brother, dead, and of the resolve of Antwerp ladies to speak to no German officers, to recognize no former ties; Madame von Stilen had pleaded the harder. Then the servant had come. Could Madame Campion and mademoiselle receive the Herr Leutnant von Schmiedell? It was the hand of God, madame had said, clasping Yvonne's knees, and she had nodded to the man and run away weeping, murmuring that she would wait in the house for the good news.

"And so," Yvonne said, "he came in. I was crying. I was shaking. I was a child then, a frightened child—and it is not two months ago. So it began. 'It is war,' he said; 'but war is between nations; not between us—not between you and me, Yvonne.' And I was sure that Madame von Stilen was listening, and her cries were still in my ears. I did not turn my back. I did not order him out. And so I lost my chance. So it began. Of course he misread my tears, my agitation. He cried, too—for his friend; his dear friend Jaques."

"Lean back," said Peggy softly. "I can do it better." She kept on steadily brushing, soothing but not caressing, steadying and upholding the girl, who was beginning to shiver. "That's right. Shut your eyes and try to go to sleep."

"No. Let me talk. It is good to talk. I have talked to no one but Aunt Maria, and she—she is beautiful and brave; but she thinks you must never let go. It is such a relief." She drew a long breath. "Monsieur von Stilen was saved," she said; "but I was lost. I had not foreseen, of course—there was no turning back."

"Nor standing still," Peggy murmured.

"You see that, of course—no standing still. He came every day, and every day I had some new favor to ask. We have five old servants in five deserted houses in the city. Their owners are friends, safe in England; and soldiers would be billeted, and their beautiful things ruined and stolen if they had not a friend at court. Other things were more important—one day something very important: I went to a Belgian, Monsieur Chartier, and told him of the night when five submarines would leave Zeebrugge. The news was with the British Consul at Rotterdam within twelve hours."

"Yes, yes——" Peggy stopped brushing.

"I don't know what happened," Yvonne went on. "One never does. After that I was just plain spy, of course. My Government asked; that was enough."

"Of course!" Peggy was plaiting the hair now.

"My king—yes, I have had a message from him. He knows." She lifted her head proudly. "A few others know. All the rest of Belgium calls me traitor."

"But the king," Peggy cried, "will put that right."

"Yes." She added with a mournful pathos: "But it is hard to wait. Monsieur and Madame von Stilen cut me in the Avenue to-day."

"Oh!" indignant Peggy panted.

"Yes. They say now that they would not have accepted his liberty at my hands if they had known I was so shameless. How can you blame them? I cannot defend myself. No one can defend me. I must flaunt my treachery. The common people sometimes say vile words in my ear. A woman said: 'Only the street women and Mademoiselle Duberges speak to German officers.'"

"There!" Peggy said, patting the bows she had tied on the two plaits, which hung below the waist. "Now lie down on the sofa. Yes; that's it." She got a footstool and sat by Yvonne's side and held her hand. "And you only a wisp of a girl!" she said.

"I was, five months ago. *Intrigante* and *aventurière* now—hard as flint."

Peggy laughed.

"You! Oh, yes; flint—flint for your country; but all tenderness and love and kindness for your lucky friends. You have done enough, Yvonne; more than your share."

"I am a political person; an international person," Yvonne cried, with a bitter tang in her voice.

"But, of course, you are!"

"Oh, I mean much more than you think. Poor little me—dragged one step after another; not blind, but helpless. I am part of German policy." She pursed up her lips and said, with charming childish *gaminerie:* "I am German propaganda for neutrals."

Her laugh came clear as a little bell. Then she sighed, smiling, and pressed Peggy's hand.

"It is so delicious to have you. I have not laughed like that since July. I could not think how Otto had such power. I could not think why I never asked in vain. Well, here's the reason. Monsieur Chartier told me. My family is not unimportant. My father was of the *bourgeoisie*, but he was very rich and had many associations with the aristocracy. My mother was of the court and of a distinguished family. Her friends were mostly German. It was so with many of our aristocracy. My father's ships were everywhere known. His name in commerce was world-spread. Now do you see?"

"I am not good at conundrums; but a light glimmers."

Yvonne nodded.

"Propaganda for Germans too," she said. "They say there are some Germans who do not approve of the way my country has been treated. But a marriage——"

Peggy jumped up.

"Of course! Such a marriage shows how kind and affectionate is the German rule in Antwerp!"

"Yes; to Germans and to the United States. That's it. The Germans have conquered by love!"

Peggy was startled. She had not thought such bitter irony could be conveyed in a human voice.

"I cannot put him off any longer," Yvonne continued; "I must escape. I can perhaps get a passport to go with you, for a week at The Hague."

"Yes, yes," Peggy cried. "Oh, splendid!"

Yvonne rose to her feet and stood looking up at Peggy, her two hands resting on Peggy's arms.

"But it is necessary to tell you," Yvonne murmured, glancing down: "Monsieur Geoffrey——"

"Yes?" Peggy was smiling now.

"He did me a great honor; but I——" She shook her head.

"You refused him?" Peggy demanded, drawing back.

"Ah," said Yvonne, "I am afraid so." She flung up her hands in a pathetic little hopeless gesture. "I do not love him," she confessed.

Peggy, astonished, resentful, had a sudden wild suspicion. Yvonne read it. "You saw to-night," she cried with a flaming passion, "what a German lover can do, and you wonder whether I secretly still love

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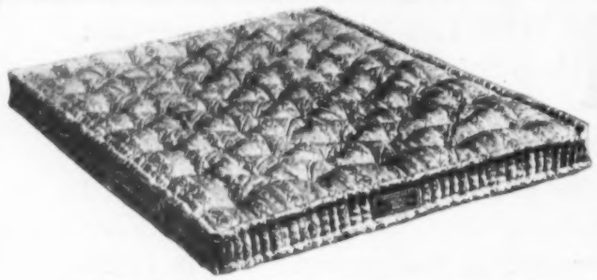


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him. The wine came from the altar of my country as the communion wine comes from the altar of God."

She broke into wild sobbing and Peggy held her close.

VII

PEGGY stood alone in the sun-flooded salon, eying the button on the wall, which she had twice stretched out a finger to touch. She must meet the man. She must have an understanding with him that morning. She must put up with him, stand by him, rely partly on him, whether he was what he seemed to be or proved to be the most objectionable and offensive of individuals. The freedom, perhaps the lives, of everybody in this house hung on his safety. He and she had arrived in a crisis; and this stranger had become the pivot on which all depended. The long war council of the three women that morning had made that clear; had made it clear that there was only one path of escape. Yvonne's danger was greatest, Yvonne's duty was hardest; yet the Belgian girl had brilliantly and steadily planned and that wonderful heartening smile and glance had not once failed or faltered. Peggy, with high-held head, had gallantly accepted her part, and had never dreamed of tremors in its performance. But now she could not send for the man. And yet there could be no turning back.

She told herself that she was acting like a child; worse, like a coward. Was he "the right sort"? Quick of wit, steady nerved, plucky; but was he the right sort? Her brain said he was. Her heart asked how she could know; how be certain from one crowded nightmare hour. All the maidenhood of her was in sudden, fierce revolt. She was agitated as she had never been before. Her heart was beating fast. Her face was flushed. She sat down, clasped her hands, shut her teeth, and fought for self-control. This stranger must not find a quaking schoolgirl, stammering, embarrassed. She jumped up as the door opened.

"The photographer, madame," Clothilde announced. "The best light is in this room. I will tell monsieur."

Peggy started to bolt, checked herself, responded mechanically to a voluble greeting, and watched a hand camera drawn from a basket filled with groceries. Her head was bent and an intently listening ear seemed to catch the sound of footsteps. She burst into a flood of talk, her utterance doubly rapid, her voice pitched high.

At her first word the airman, outside in the hall, had stopped short. The emotion of fear, inherited by man, produces two instinctive impulses, also part of man's inheritance—one to crouch and hide; the other to fly. Sometimes the impulses conflict and paralyze—thus a rabbit may sit up motionless and accept death. Stoneman had faced and fought four enemy machines without a quickened pulse; but he was a frightened rabbit now for a full half minute. He had expected a formal summons, time to prepare, a grave consultation; and, instead, he was confronted with a casual, accidental meeting. He had imagined a troubled and anxious girl, pitifully eager to escape quickly from him and the humiliation he had brought her. He heard a blithe, eager voice pleasantly chatting about negatives and developing. He, too, thought of flight. He, too, knew that there could be no turning back. He went in, a fixed, unnatural smile on his lips, a glassy stare from his eyes.

"Come on!" he heard. "We're waiting for you."

He nodded in the direction of the voice, mechanically shook hands with the photographer, stammered a greeting, and stood stiffly, staring at the camera.

Peggy became instantly more mistress of herself. He was more embarrassed than she. Her thought flashed to his fine entering of the hotel dining room. He was more afraid of her than of a hundred German officers. "If only he was English!" she wished. An Englishman of the right sort would not be embarrassed; but how could she tell with these Americans?

"There, monsieur; please! No; a little this way. I might be seen from without. It is prison for a burgher of Antwerp to have a camera in his own city."

Peggy did not hear, for she was eying a side face with tremulous eagerness. A sudden hot burst of antagonism flamed against this interloper, who had thrust himself so intimately into her aloof, fastidious life. She looked from critical unfriendly eyes; but they honestly told her that the blurred, whirling impressions of the night before were rightly remembered. He looked "fairly decent"; that was her grudging verdict. His chin swept in a fine strong curve. What if it jutted like Humbert Honest's, and his eyes were a horrid sentimental brown? He might be worse, much worse. She dropped her eyes as he turned for a second position—a superfluous precaution, for he never looked at her.

She studied him again. His skin was clear and fresh. He looked wholesome and vital. She must not hate him. She must be friendly. She must make him her friend. She fought her resentment against him. The photographer had finished. She was panic-stricken again. Remember, she was only twenty-three years old. She forgot her plans, her opening words. She sat silent when the door had closed behind the photographer.

She heard the airman coming toward her. He was speaking in jerks, nervously:

"From my mother—the last letter; must be burned, of course."

He was standing in front of her and holding it out.

"From your mother!" she faltered. "But——"

He thrust it into her hand.

"Read it," he said abruptly—"right through. It's the only thing I can show you. The best woman I know trusts me."

He turned, crossed the room and looked out of the window. She was younger, much younger, than he had thought; a girl—no more; and prettier, far prettier. Englishwomen kept so young; he had even hoped to see a gray hair or two in the daylight, without a hat; her finished manner, her perfect ease, had encouraged that hope. Not a line in her face—not a crow's-foot; smooth, vital, young—so young; typical English; like some of the apricots in his mother's garden in Pasadena just when they begin to shade from pink to crimson. So young, and caught like this, through him!

He turned; but she had not finished. That was good of her, that careful slow reading, when she was—the letter was shaking in her hands—nervous and unstrung. Her hair was ruddy in the bright sunshine—lots of it, noticeable, marked; not a head to slip through German lines and be forgotten, or to slip out of complications without consequences. And her slim figure—so young—marked, too, a personality individual; one that stamped itself on memory.

She glanced up. Her eyelids moved like quick shutters. It might have been the sun—she was looking straight at the window; but he believed she was holding back tears. Her head was quickly bent again, and she was reading the letter over again. That was fine of her! No nervous skimming, no pretense at reading; that was a real mother's letter—a mother's heart. She would have confidence in him after reading that letter twice over like that. Pretty? Absurd! She was beautiful—stamped, unforgetable! Her foot and ankle fine-boned; the foot arched, full of spring—just as she was, all through.

Stoneman looked her over, thus, as he had never before inventoried a woman—impersonally, detached. He had a dreadful reason. It was that which had unnerved him. He had only thought of it an hour before. If they were detected and held, her punishment would be worse than imprisonment or death. No woman traveling under a passport that falsely described her as a wife would be respected by the Germans, Stoneman knew. And he found her young and beautiful, and brimming with energy and health. His anxiety was profoundly increased; but perfect self-mastery was restored. He went to a seat by her side as she turned the last page.

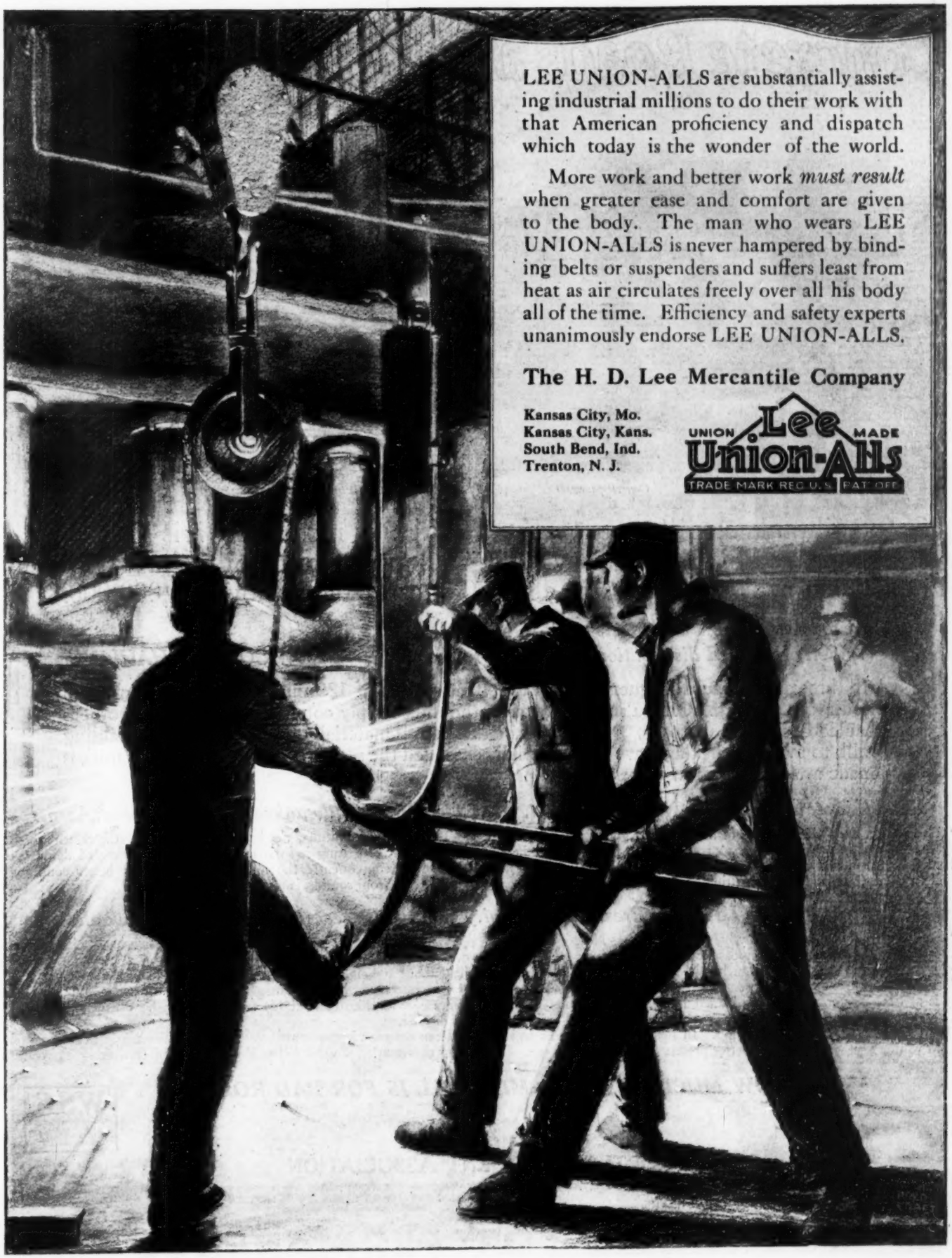
"It's easy for me now. Thank you." Her voice was not quite steady. "I'm more proud and glad than ever," she continued, "that you spoke to me last night. Have they wired yet, do you suppose, that you haven't come back? How awful for her! But your message—that will go as soon as we get across. And how happy she will be!"

"Perhaps to-morrow evening, from Rozendaal!" he cried quickly. "We can get out to-morrow, can't we?"

She glanced at him, smiled, and shook her head.

"Madame Campion says not. She tells me, too, that I could never have got a pass without a husband"—she never flinched as she said the word—"unless the American Legation at Brussels explained his absence. I couldn't go there. They'd make me wait, she says, until they proved my

(Continued on Page 97)



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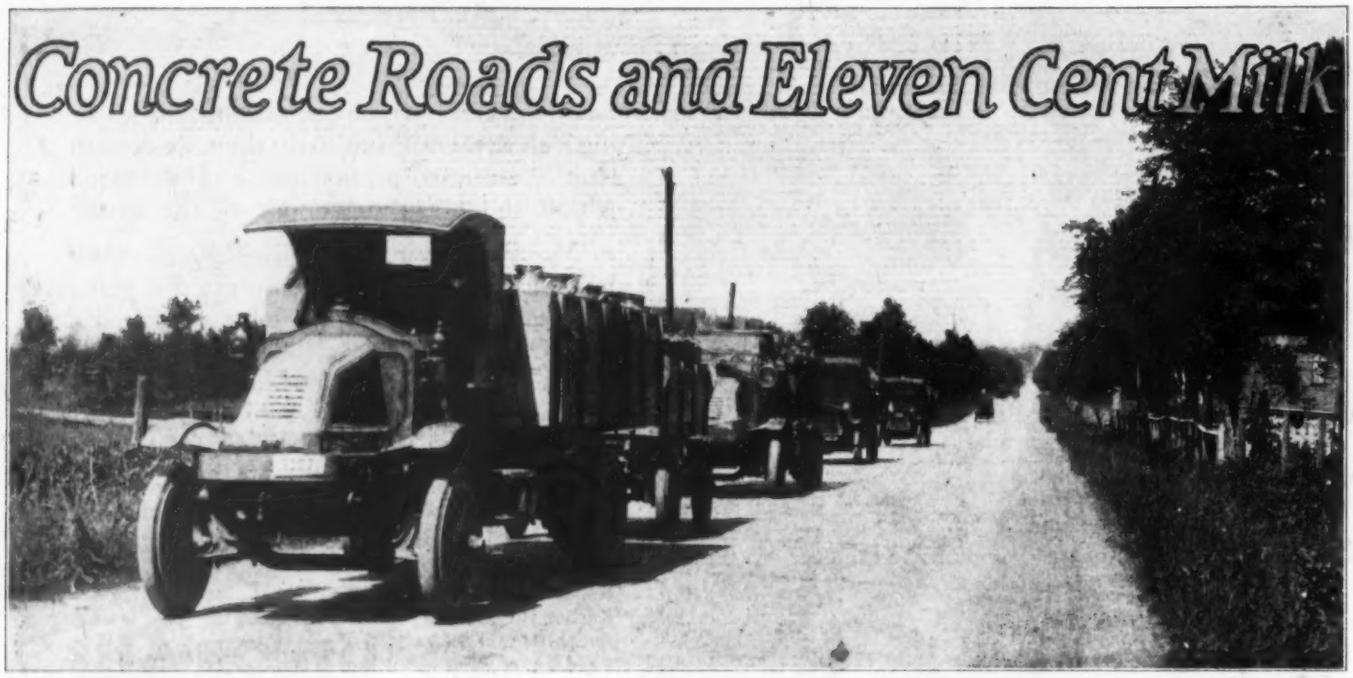
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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

(Continued from Page 94)

story. I couldn't prove it, and my passport would be forfeited. You see, you are as necessary to me as I am to you. We're partners."

He nodded, calm, offhandedly, just as she would have it; but he was not acting. He was precisely as he would be in going over his machine with his mechanic before a flight—alert, concentrated, detached. Her unselfish thought for his mother; her consideration for him, in pretending that he was as necessary to her as she to him, were impressions stored away, to be felt and appreciated later.

"Geoffrey and I are twins," she continued—"twins and pals. And his friends have been mine; jolly good friends, some of them. And a girl with that bringing-up—we were nine when father and mother died—she's different, isn't she?"

She was at absolute ease, friendly, companionable; plans and conditions forgotten; just talking as she felt to a man whose mother could write to him like that.

"I like you," she continued, looking frankly at him. "I did last night. I do more now. I can give friendship."

His eyes answered. She felt their quiet force, as she had the night before. She leaned back, relaxed, comfortably resting after supreme tension.

"I am very curious," she said. "Tell me how you got here, and why."

He protested, surprised. There were plans, vital plans, to be made.

"There's plenty of time," she said. She would have his story.

He rushed through it, speaking twice as fast as usual, inwardly impatient.

"Everything was lucky till the job was done," he said. "A good job. A new Zeppelin, not there two weeks. Oh, it shot up like a volcano! Then—quick—a half gale from the southeast, and a blinding drizzle, half rain, half sleet. Engine stopped; blown miles in half minutes; lucky landing; machine smashed; no harm to me. No one about; but I ran. I never ran so fast, I reckon. A good road, leading north. I could see the stars now. Just a chance, you see; friendly Belgians, if luck served, and into Holland by the underground. I never met or saw a soul. Dead, deserted country; shuttered houses, black, gaunt, ghostly. A river—I was done! All bridges guarded, of course ——"

"Yes, yes; go on," she murmured as he paused breathless.

He took a deep breath and ran on:

"Skirted banks for boat; none. Got chilled, of course. Slipped back to a big house and burgled the second story ——"

"The second story?" she asked.

"Oh, of course, you English call it the first floor. Anyway, I climbed the porch and forced the shutters. Searched for food—not a scrap; but clothes, perhaps. Forced a chest at last in a likely bedroom. A fur coat —— Don't look startled. I have the address, and the thermometer marked twenty-two in the hall. I saw it. And varnished boots, pointed, narrow; but mine would have given me away. And a hat—oh, a monstrous head; but I put paper in the lining. Then off again.

"I walked that river bank—canalized, you see, with a towing path—until it was nearly light. The Rupel. I knew where I was now—from memory of the map; and before long I should come to the Scheldt. I popped into a canal boat, slipped down a hatchway and hid, half standing, in a cubby-hole. I heard the family snoring. Of course I should be found; but you never know—I wasn't. We were in Antwerp by three o'clock."

"And you stood, cramped, in tight patent leathers, for seven or eight hours?"

"Forgot it quickly," he answered, "when I walked ashore, later. The coat did it, of course, and my American accent. The dock guards no doubt took me for one of the agents of the Relief Commission. Their boats come there. One of those lucky chances. Happens sometimes. It was nearly dusk and I went straight to the lightest street and looked for the friendliest face. It was yours. *Voilà!* Now about your plans?"

Peggy stared at him.

"And you carried off that dinner after that?" she breathed.

"If you'd only known how hungry I was! That's history. The future ——"

"Yes, the future," she mocked pleasantly; "there's a lot to be said for it. I have a story too. Oh, nothing so wonderful as yours; but there was a fur coat and an American accent in it too."

She told it well and with a purpose. A friend, a trusted friend of her brother and herself, had posed as husband. That fact, incidentally and casually brought out, would show him, she thought, how wartime and war needs had changed all standards and permitted many things. It's only effect was to bring secret abuse of this Jack Daintry, who had helped to such a folly; but she did not know that. She brought in the mothers of the children, too, and her pledges, and their anxieties.

He listened calmly, perceiving her drift, deeply concerned about her blind courage; preparing for a clash of wills. Madness for her to cross half of Belgium! She should not go to that convent. When she had finished he told her so bluntly.

She bent forward, very grave, her eyes fixed on his.

"Others could get the children," she said. "That isn't it. But we dare not change our plans. We dare not seem to hurry out of Belgium."

"You hurry out," he interrupted. "I'll stay and get the children."

"And your passport?" she questioned.

"I'll take ours to the Consulate and get a separate one."

"You know you can't," she answered. "You cannot tell the truth, for you would be refused one because you have fought for another country. You cannot deceive them, for you can't prove how you entered Belgium."

"How do you know all this?" he said.

"Madame Campion—she has it all. There is an underground line here too. That photographer, the engraver who is going to imitate the seal, they're all in it."

"I can take this route, or the other under the live wire."

"You could, perhaps. You might get through. But your disappearance —— What about madame and Yvonne?"

He nodded, beaten. The safety of all depended on his getting away openly.

"Their position is desperate," she continued. "They are going to the convent with us."

"Us?" he broke in, startled.

"We've talked it over," she said, "and we all think that safest. You cannot stay in Antwerp, madame says. Any foreigner is a marked man here. You can't go near the Relief Commission or your own officials. That would be noticed immediately. They would have you up."

"I will mix with the commission fellows," he said.

"Think!" she said gently. His eyes dropped before hers. "You know you wouldn't," she pursued. "The man who bombed this new aërodrome, who destroyed their new Zeppelin, who was their guest at dinner the next night, protected by the commission, even innocently —— What would happen to the commission?"

"I give in," he said.

"Thank you," she said with an accent of relief. "It's hard for you, perhaps, to let Madame Campion do all the planning; but she's had months of experience." She flung up her hands. "The things she's been through—and Yvonne! Our troubles are slight. We get passes to-morrow. We leave on Saturday morning. Sunday at Brussels."

"A day lost. Why?"

"To keep the lieutenant in good humor," she said, smiling. "He is coming to lunch there, remember." She glanced at her wrist watch. "And to-day, too, perhaps. You see, we had to break an appointment, as the passport wasn't ready; and so he must be invited. If he comes you—I'm afraid it's necessary"—she smiled at him—"must be ill. He might ask for your papers, just to see how he could help you best."

"I shall be ill."

"Now you see what we must do," she said with grave friendliness. "You and I have to travel for several days in a family party—well, under difficulties. And the slightest mistake, the least hesitation ——"

"Yes; of course."

"Well, we must be the same always; now, indoors, outdoors; always the same—just ourselves, natural, friends."

"That is the only way."

"It's Peggy and Monty, then. . . . Now Yvonne and I are going shopping this afternoon. You must be *perdu*, madame insists, until the papers are ready. You make a list of the things you need—and please, Monty, give me some francs."

Her handbag lay between them. She pushed it toward him. He opened it, without a word. A great roll of bills lay inside. He took it out and saw some German money.

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"You'd better have some marks too," he said calmly.

"If you think I'll need them."

"Five hundred of each," he said, counting them out. "Can you make that do?"

"Oh, yes—that is, if your list is short."

"Want your hand bag?"

"Of course!"

He put the roll of bills into his pocket.

"Don't forget a pocketbook," he said; "large, with a strap. I can't carry this stuff loose."

"I'll remember." She rose. "You've made it very easy for me," she said gratefully.

"Easy! For you?" he cried eagerly, thunderstruck at such humility after the courtly splendor of her consideration for him. "I——"

"Now, now, old boy!" she gibed, as she moved toward the door. "Have your list ready. . . . Oh, I forgot something!" He came over and stood facing her. "I've learned a lot this morning," she said. "They never let themselves down—these two. Yvonne did last night; and it's done her a world of good. But it's the first time, she says. They keep smiling even when they're alone. They seem to frivol sometimes. Now we are going to see lots of things that'll hit us hard; and——"

"I get you, Peggy," he interrupted. "Hard neutral hearts until we are across the border. Alone or together, with friends or enemies, just surface and smiles."

"You have it to a T," she said. Then suddenly her manner changed. She held out her hand and he grasped it. "Geoff will like you," she said, with a catch in her breath. "Dear old Geoff! He always likes my friends." Then she turned and went out.

He picked up his mother's letter and went slowly, with bent head, to his room. Peggy thought she had taught him friendship. She had taught him love.

Half an hour later he opened his door to a flushed and angry Clothilde. Her words buzzed out with r's rolling like a drum.

"Monsieur will please come to *déjeuner,*" she said.

"The Herr Leutnant has not come, then?" he asked.

"No, monsieur; he has not come," Clothilde exploded. "He has sent a brother officer; but monsieur is to come, all the same. Oh, *le chien canaille!*"

"Officer, Clothilde?"

"Monsieur will see." She turned on her heel.

He went to the door of the salon and stood on the threshold watching three absorbed women who silently stared at a basket on the table. In it, on a blue silk cushion, stood a silent, inquisitive toy terrier. It wore a coat—it was shaped and fitted and must be called a coat—of German gray, bound and piped with mauve. The mauve was of the precise shade of the collar of Leutnant von Schmiedell's uniform.

Stoneman burst into irresistible laughter. Three women turned challenging heads and glowered. Peggy caught the infection first; and then came such a burst of merriment as that house had not heard in many a month.

"It's not the dog's fault," said Peggy, "that he was born in Berlin."

"Monsieur Geoffrey," Yvonne murmured, "was fond of all dogs." She caressed the tiny intelligent head, while Peggy eyed her.

"A little gift," madame said, pointing to a note on the table. "Ah, the beautiful, the delicate tact! And his name——"

"To be perfect," the airman said, "it should be Kaiser."

The dog yapped. Stoneman looked incredulously from one silent girl to the other; but he had guessed right.

"*Madame est servie,*" Clothilde announced from the door.

They went into the breakfast room, the dog dancing about and tinkling a sleigh bell on his collar. An incredible meal, gay to frivolity, with easy laughter at little things, light badinage, frivolous chatter; Peggy's spirits bounded, after a dreaded task had ended so well; Yvonne had at last a friend and confidante; the lieutenant had not come and there was hope of escape; she, too, had reason for joy. Madame gayly explained the extraordinary meal. Stoneman had never seen, even at a banquet, such a profusion of hors d'œuvres—anchovies, sardines, lax, caviar, pâté de foie gras.

"Eat as much of these as you dare," she challenged him. "They are from our storeroom—from before the war. There is only macaroni au gratin to follow."

They pressed him for homely details. He gave himself once again a clean bill of health—no sprains, no cuts; livid bruises on his leg, but nothing serious—no doctor needed, no bandages, no lotions. Had he found the new toothbrush? Madame had forgotten to mention it. Yes, that and everything necessary. He had not had such a bed in months; it was like heaven! He proclaimed himself in the pink.

After the meal Madame Campion appeared in a long housemaid's apron, and she wore on her stately head a blue silk bandanna. Monsieur must help her to pack. There were still beautiful things in the house, and perhaps these would not be smashed to bits by the German soldiers. If they all got safely to Holland soldiers would be billeted there. There was little hope of saving anything, as Germans were like naughty passionate children. In a temper they broke up toys.

She hummed the Brabançonne as she worked. She teased her admiring helper about the wonderful inventions of his memory. She shrugged her shoulders as she left a large Rubens to its fate. Indomitable old lady, she showed him a great box of old lace, inherited, as dear to her as it had been to her grandmother. The little terrier jumped into the box and nestled down.

"A true German!" she said, laughing. "They will wipe their boots with it."

At four she brought the passport.

"*Voilà, monsieur!*" she said. "They will pass the store we met in front of at half past four. If you are there they will accept the lieutenant's invitation to tea. They cannot arrive at the hotel alone. It is well that he should not be twice disappointed in one day. *Vite, monsieur! Vite!*"

"There is plenty of time," he said, glancing at a clock.

"You forget," she answered. "When a German writes it is German time—an hour earlier."

He was there at the hour named; but they did not come. Stoneman wandered up and down, watching the crowds in the gathering dusk, thinking of that meeting of the night before; growing anxious, of course. He saw people stop. He saw Germans straighten and smile, Belgians bend forward with saddened eyes. Two German soldiers marched by in the street, one behind the other, and at the right hand of the first, who carried his rifle on his shoulder, bayonet fixed, walked a civilian.

"Poor devil! Under military arrest—here in Antwerp!" Stoneman's eyes were as the Belgians'; but the expression changed as conviction came that he knew the man. He racked memory. "He sold me a car in New York. Honest! Humbert Honest! Poor devil!"

Down the avenue, a hundred yards away, Peggy and Yvonne were walking with Oberleutnant von Bahrheit, who had just joined them.

"We are scandalously late," said Yvonne, smiling; "but I got confused, as I always do. It is your dreadful German time."

"Where Germans rule, mademoiselle," he said, "it is German time."

"Oh, of course!" Peggy bantered. "We know the sun rises and sets at Potsdam."

Then Humbert Honest was led past, chin flung out, looking straight ahead.

Peggy saw, paused, stared; then added a quick, dangerous gibe:

"But you have yet to make your place in it, Herr Oberleutnant."

"Even Yankee guns and munitions shall not prevent that, madame."

"I was stupid!" Yvonne cried quickly. "The lieutenant's note said half past four."

"And you thought a German officer would make an appointment by German time?"

"What I forgot, Herr Oberleutnant," Yvonne said, with her disarming smile, "was that Germans are always an hour in front of the rest of the world. Isn't that so, Peggy?"

Peggy nodded as though she heard.

Humbert Honest, so straight about passports, so careful about his neutrality, must have been arrested for helping her. Such was Peggy's conviction. The Germans had discovered that no husband of hers had left The Hague for Brussels.

"Oh, Monty!" she cried. "Sorry we're late. Mr. Fargo—Herr Oberleutnant von Bahrheit."

"Glad to meet you, Herr Oberleutnant."

"The honor is mine, Herr Fargo."

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